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THE

INSPECTOR,

AND

LITERARY REVIEW.

VOL. I.

Semper enim sapienti restabit quod inveniat, et quo animus ejus excurrat---libet ergo hæc invicem scribere, et hanc integram semper egerere materiam, circumspectantibus tot millia hominum inquieta.---*Seneca*.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.---*Bacon*.

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PREFACE.

THE remembrance of difficulties overcome, is a consolation almost equivalent for the anguish of their endurance. It is by no means the editor's intention to turn a mournful moralist, or excite the sympathy of a reader; but in penning the preface to the first volume of *The Inspector*, surely he may be allowed a retrospective glance—a glance which recalls his many weary hours, and anxious doubts; the gloomy representations that did not appal; the ungenerous opposition that could not crush; the *cold, reluctant hand of patronage, and the vacillating smiles of friends, whose brief approval vanished in desertion.*

There is little need of a recurrence to the original appearance of *The Inspector*: many who will peruse these lines, have not forgotten the cheerless prospect that frowned on its solitary existence. A stranger to the venal artifices of publication, and unacquainted with any resources, save the *limited* ones of honest intent and candid endeavours, the editor stood quite *alone* at the onset—his *only* choice to relinquish, or combat his difficulties. The unkindness, and the secret foes, that have assailed *The Inspector* in its progress, will never be unremembered; but, like those who resorted to their aid, they are too unimportant to awaken one pang of resentment: their animosity was too baseless to endure—and too undeserving to succeed. The weapons of malevolence do not always inflict torture; they sometimes recoil on the coward who wields them.

Doubtless many a prophet will lessen his admiration for his foresight, on beholding the first volume of *The Inspector*! The inanity of his wisdom may perhaps secretly disconcert the conceit of his imagination, though it fail to remove the prejudice that lurks there.

Those who have contributed their fostering aid to our attempt, will not regret to learn the probability of *The Inspector's* obtaining a

permanent situation among the periodicals of the day. A reference to the pages of the first volume will, it is hoped, not discover a memorial of follies, or the stolen lumber of long-forgotten volumes. It has been the proprietor's endeavour to embody there sufficient talent to command attention, and enough information to communicate improvement and amusement. He is conscious that some failures have attended its career, and only requests, that future progress may be deemed a competent apology for past omissions. As the publication has been removed from a provincial, to a metropolitan, sphere, the change of locality will both enlarge its interests, and enrich its resources. Each successive month, we rejoice to find, is the herald of new friends and correspondents; and this increase of strength, added to the unwearied and solicitous application of its conductors, will generate improvement, while it forwards success.

To monopolize our pages by a tedious preface, would be as unacceptable to the reader, as unnecessary for the writer: but acknowledgements must not be withheld, when their absence might be understood as the result of ingratitude. Most cheerfully, then, most heartily, with honest fervor, do we return thanks for the patronage that cherished our endeavours when most required; and to the friends who have assisted, when succour was generosity. They will not, we trust, accuse us of affecting a gratitude that is unfelt, or a recollection that is unreal, when we conclude our grateful recognitions by saying, that every kindness is treasured where it should be—in the memory of the heart.

London, Sept. 25, 1826.

INTRODUCTORY.

JOHNSON has remarked " some are too indolent to read any thing till its reputation is established: others too envious to promote that fame which gives them pain by its increase." The gifted author of these two affirmations never felt their truth more than we do at the present moment. We have been hesitating for some time, whether we should prefix an Introduction to our new work, or leave it to the courteous disposition of the reader to supply one himself: judging it reasonable, that he would know best how to tickle his own fancy. However, after a respectful cogitation we have resolved not to prove rebels to custom, and therefore boldly enter the arena, not to sup-
plicate the soft compassion of the spectators, but to make an honest display. At the time when we first produced the Inspector, in its diminutive octavo form, several literary gentlemen suggested to us the idea of publishing a magazine, which we were compelled to decline, from various conflicting circumstances, not requisite to be explained here. At length, we are about to realize their wishes, and our own, by giving birth to a NEW MONTHLY PERIODICAL, which we promise our readers shall not be satiated with the dull, untutored compositions of folly, or the mercenary offerings of interested contributors; but shall combine the brilliant advantages of truth and candour, supported by all the talent to be collected within the scope of our research. The grand mark by which it is intended to distinguish the West of England Review from its numerous monthly cousins, will be originality both of matter and design. We are aware that much labour and cost must be incurred in the prosecution of our intent; but as we prefer the ample discharge of our duty, to the indolent satisfaction of gratifying our desires, at the expense of our readers' pockets, we warrant ourselves "true men," firm to the post we have chosen to occupy. Sensible, too, of the variety of tastes to which it is probable our monthly offering will be exposed, we shall endeavour to embody in it the

charm of unobtrusive novelty. Being enslaved to the interest of no party, we shall not pause in resolutely giving our opinion on the relative merits of the books, &c. we may review: and those who are the racy victims of prejudice, may lash us with censure, or applaud our openness, without offending us on the one side, or nourishing our vanity on the other. There are only two roads for us to pursue, that of Truth and Interest; and as we fearlessly select the ruggedness of the former, in preference to the easy windings of the latter, the approbation of the discriminating few will be a sweeter source of pleasure than the extending patronage of the unprincipled many. As our periodical emanates from the West of England, we intend that each number shall contain a register of the month, including a correct account of the different marriages, deaths, &c. &c. which have taken place. In fine, we will not lengthen out our introduction to a few more pages, in order to blunt the scrutinizing faculties of our readers, but leave it for them to determine whether we bring to a completion the engagements we have promised to perform, observing by the way, that "our greatest glory is not in never falling, but rising every time we fall."

March 26th, 1826.

THE INSPECTOR,

AND

WEST OF ENGLAND REVIEW.

SERPENT-WORSHIP.

It is involved in obscurity and doubt; and it is one of those subjects which, after a tedious investigation, rewards your anxiety by a conviction that its antiquity and attributes are far beyond your research. It may seem extraordinary, that the worship of the serpent should really have obtained an introduction into the world; and it must appear still more remarkable, that it should almost universally have prevailed. As mankind are said to have been ruined through the charm or influence of this being, we could little expect that it would, of all other objects, have been adopted, as the most sacred and salutary symbol, and rendered the chief object of adoration. Yet so it was: and we have attempted a somewhat difficult task, in arranging the particulars relative to the particular species of idolatry, which the learning and industry of different writers have collected, and the history of which the learned Bryant justly considers a *desideratum* in literature.

In most of the ancient rites we find there is some allusion to the serpent. In the orgies of Bacchus, the persons who partook of the ceremony used to carry serpents in their hands, and with horrid screams called upon *Eva, Eva*. They were often crowned with serpents, and still made the same frantic exclamation. One part of the mysterious rites of Jupiter Sabazius was to let a snake slip down the bosom of the person to be initiated, which was taken out below. These ceremonies, and this symbolic worship, began among the Magi, who were the sons of Chus; and by them they were propagated in various parts. Epiphanius thinks, that the invocation of *Eva, Eva*, related to the great mother of mankind, who was deceived by the serpent: and Clement of Alexandria is of the same opinion. But I should think that *Eva* was the same as *Eph, Ephra, Opha*, which the Greeks rendered *Ophis*, and by it denoted a serpent.—*Bryant's Anc. Mythol.* vol. ii. page 197.

In Egypt was a serpent named *Thermuthis*, which was looked upon as very sacred; and the natives are said to have made use of it as a royal tiara, with which they ornamented the statues of *Isis*. We learn from *Diodorus Siculus*, that the kings of Egypt wore high bonnets, which terminated in a round ball: and the whole was surrounded with figures of asps. The priests likewise upon their bonnets had the representation of serpents.—*Ib.* vol. ii. page 200.

It is said, that, in the ritual of Zoroaster, the great expanse of the heavens, and even nature itself, was described under the symbol of a serpent. The like was mentioned in the *Octateuch* of *Ostanes*: and, moreover, that in *Persia*, and in other parts of the east, they erected temples to the serpent tribe,

May, 1826.—VOL. I. NO. I.

and held festivals to their honour, esteeming them the supreme of all gods, and the superintendants of all the whole world. The worship began among the people of Chaldea. They built the city *Opis*, upon the Tigris, and were greatly addicted to divination, and to the worship of the serpent. *Inventi sunt ex iis* (Chaldeis) *augures, et magi, divinatores, et inquirentes Ob, et Ideoni*. From Chaldea the worship passed into Egypt, where the serpent deity was called canoph, can-eph, and c'neph. It had also the name of Ob, or Oub, and was the same as the basilicus, or royal serpent; the same also as the Thermuthis: and in like manner was made use of by way of ornament to the statues of their gods.—*Ib.* vol. ii. page 203.

We are told by Orus Apollo, that the basilisk, or royal serpent, was named oubaïos: it should have been rendered oubus; for oubaïos is a possessive, and not a proper name. The deity, so denominated, was esteemed prophetic; and his temples were applied to as oracular. This idolatry is alluded to by Moses. Lev. xx. 27, who, in the name of God, forbids the Israelites ever to inquire of those demons, Ob and Ideone: which shews that it was of great antiquity. The symbolical worship was, in the first ages, very extensive; and was introduced into the mysteries, wherever celebrated: it is remarkable, that wherever the Ammonians founded any places of worship, and introduced their rites, there was generally some story of a serpent. There was a legend about a serpent at Colchis, at Thebes, and at Delphi; likewise in other places. The Greeks called Apollo himself *Python*, which is the same as Opos, Oupis, and Oub.—*Ib.* vol. i. page 58.

The woman at Endor, who is said to have had a familiar spirit, is called Oub, or Ob; and it is interpreted Pythonissa.—*Ib.*

In the learned dissertation on Egypt and the Nile, from the ancient books of the Hindus, (See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iii. page 345, 8vo. edit.) mention is made of a serpent called Heredi, famed throughout Egypt. The Mussulmans insist, that it is a shaikh of that name transformed into a snake; the Christians, that it is Asmodeuf mentioned in the book of Tobit, the *Ashmūdī* of the Persian romances; and the Hindus are equal to them in their superstitious notions. "My learned friends at Cassi inform me," says Lieutenant Willford, "that the sacred snake is at this day visited by travelling Sannyasis."

Abaddon, or Abaddon, is supposed by Mr. Bryant to have been the name of the ophite god, or old serpent, mentioned in the Revelations, (chap. ix. 11. xii. 9. xii. 2.) with whose worship the world had been so long infected. It probably originated among the people of Chaldea, who were greatly addicted to this species of idolatry. From Chaldea it passed into Egypt, and in Egypt Moses must have learned its history.

It may seem strange, that in the first ages there should have been such an universal defection from truth; and above all things such a propensity to this particular mode of worship, this mysterious attachment to the serpent. What is scarcely credible, it obtained among Christians; and one of the most early heresies in the church was of this sort, introduced by a sect, called by Epiphanius, *Ophitæ*, by Clemens of Alexandria, *Ophiani*.—*Bryant*, vol. ii. page 218. *Lightfoot*, vol. i. page 1022.

In the religion, or rather the mythology of the Hindus, the sovereign of Patala, or the infernal regions, is said to be the king of serpents, and is called Śēshanaga.—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. i. page 249. In Montfaucon, there is a representation of the two opposite principles of good and evil, under the symbols of two serpents contending for the mundane egg.

The serpent also was in Egypt, occasionally, the symbol of the deity, of the heavens, of the sun, of eternity, and of health.

From the poison with which Providence has furnished some of the numerous species of serpents, they may be considered as appropriate symbols, or emblems of evil, destruction, and calamity. In India, the destroying power, or death, we are told, is signified by the serpent; and in the northern mythology, *Lok*, the genius of evil, is styled the father of the great serpent, the father of death, the adversary, the destroyer. Nothing is more common on the ancient helmets than the figure of a serpent for a crest. We read of a class of soldiers called *draconarii*, from their ensign being a dragon, i. e. (in Latin *draco*) a large snake. Our *dragoons*, and the French *dragons*, derived their title originally from the same insignia. The transferring of the serpent to the skies, as we find from the delineations on the celestial globe, and assigning to "*Ophiucus huge*" such an immense space in the heavens, is a presumptive proof, that this also proceeded from an act of idolatrous serpent-worship.

As proofs of extraordinary intelligence, it is said, for instance: 1. That when attacked, the serpent immediately conceals his head, by either thrusting it into the earth, or surrounding it in a spiral line with his body; 2. That, concealing himself in sand of the same colour, he lies ready to bite whatever passes by; 3. That, before he drinks, he spits out his own poison, lest by swallowing it he might destroy himself; 4. That, by exposing only the small protuberances on his head, which resemble grains of corn, he catches birds that fly to him, mistaking them for food; 5. That, in the winter, when his sight is injured, he restores it by rubbing his eyes with fennel; 6. That, when his scales are stiff and torpid, he scratches them with juniper prickles; 7. That he presses one ear close to the ground, and stops the other with his tail, that he might not hear the voice of the charmer, or enchanter; for *Bochart* has shewn, by numerous references to classic authors, that there were many persons in the east, who possess the art of charming serpents, taming them, and enticing them from their holes by music, and muttering a certain form of words.

The Charming Serpent is met with in Long Island, North America, and its powers of attraction are such, that on placing itself under a tree, and fixing its basilisk eyes on the feathered songster perched above, the latter invariably, on perceiving its deadly enemy, falls from fright a victim to its voracious maw.

Anecdote of the Guardian Snake.—On a journey from Baroche to Dhuboy, a Mr. Forbes stopped at Nurrah, a large ruined town, which had been plundered and burnt by the Mahrattas. The principal house had belonged to an opulent man, who emigrated during the war, and died in a distant country. Mr. Forbes was privately informed, that under one of the towers there was a secret cell, formed to contain his treasure: the information could not be doubted, because, it came from the mason who constructed the cell. Accordingly the man conducted him through several spacious courts and apartments, to a dark closet in a tower: the room was about eight feet square, being the whole size of the interior of the tower; and it was some stories above the place where the treasure was said to be deposited. In the floor there was a hole large enough for a slender person to pass through; they enlarged it, and sent down two men by a ladder. After descending several feet, they came to another floor, composed in like manner of bricks and channum, and here also was a similar aperture. This also was enlarged, torches were procured, and from their light, Mr. Forbes perceived from the upper apartment a dungeon of great depth below, as the mason had described. He desired the men to descend and search for the treasure; but they refused, declaring that wherever money was concealed in Hindoostan, there was always a demon, in the shape of a serpent, to guard it. He laughed at their superstition, and repeated his orders in such a manner as to enforce obedience, though his attendants sympathized with the men, and seemed to expect the event with more of fear and awe than of curiosity. The ladder was too short to reach the dungeon; strong ropes were therefore sent for, and more torches. The men reluctantly obeyed, and as they were lowered, the dark sides, and the moist floor of the dungeon, extinguished the light

which they carried in their hands. But they had not been many seconds on the ground, before they screamed out they were enclosed with a large snake. In spite of their screams Mr. Forbes was incredulous, and declared the ropes should not be let down to them till he had seen the creature; their cries were dreadful; he however was inflexible, and the upper lights were held steadily, to give him as distinct a view as possible into the dungeon. There he perceived something like billets of wood, or rather, he says, like a ship's cable seen from the deck, coiled up in a dark hole; but no language can express his sensation of astonishment and terror, when he saw a serpent actually rear its head over an immense length of body, coiled in volumes on the ground, and working itself into exertion by a sort of sluggish motion. 'What I felt,' he continues, 'on seeing two fellow creatures exposed by my orders to this fiend, I must leave to the reader's imagination.' To his inexpressible joy, they were drawn up unhurt, but almost lifeless with fear. Hay was then thrown down on the lighted torches which they had dropped. When the flames had expired, a large snake was found scorched and dead, but no money. Mr. Forbes supposed that the owner had carried away the treasure with him but forgotten to liberate the snake which he had placed there for its keeper. Whether the snake was venomous or not, he has omitted to mention, or perhaps to observe; if he were not, it would be no defence for the treasure; and if it were, it seems to have become too torpid with inanition, confinement and darkness, to exercise its powers of destruction. Where the popular belief prevails that snakes are guardians of hidden treasure, and where the art of charming serpents is commonly practiced, there is no difficulty in supposing that they who conceal a treasure, (as is frequently done under the oppressive government of the East) would sometimes place it under such protection.

CURIOUS COLLECTION OF MOTTOS.

At the distance of about eleven miles from Bath, is a nobleman's seat, particularly elegant in its furniture, and so situated as to command a prospect of a most beautiful vale, laid out in small enclosures, diversified by little cottages and farm houses, and bounded at a proper distance by a rising amphitheatre of hills, which are covered either with trees or with fine turf. The gardens lie behind, and are above the house: they are adorned with vases, busts, and statues of several sorts. Some of the statues are of marble, and are exquisite in their kind: but every statue and bust has an inscription. I was so particularly pleased with the mottos, that with the gardener's permission, I transcribed them. You will oblige me by inserting the catalogue, as it may incite others to follow this method of inscribing such sentences upon pedestals, as may at once explain, adorn, and enliven the statues which they support.

Apollo, in marble, larger than the life, by *J. Flamingo*.

Motto.—*Eris mihi magnus Apollo.*

Paris, in marble, by ditto, holding the apple of discord in his hand.

Nobis forma placet: sapientia, regna, valet.

Venus de Medicis, in marble, by ditto, with a little *Cupid* riding upon a Dolphin, and triumphantly holding up the apple of Beauty. At the feet of *Venus* another dolphin.

Victrix nuda Venus, dubitat quis vincere nudam?

The *Hermaphrodite*, in marble, by ditto.

Hermaphroditus enforma duplex! nec femina dici.

Nec puer ut possit: neutrumque et utrumque videtur.

Bacchus, in marble, I know not by what sculptor; the hands and legs are modern, the body and head are finely carved.

Quisquis es, O hospes! Baccheia sacra frequenta.

In the portico of a neat little edifice, built in the garden, stand two marble busts of *Fauns*, and between them a small marble antique statue of *Sylvanus*. The motto to the latter, is

*Stet domus ista diu, stet nostro numine tuta ;
Dis aliis coelum, sed mihi terra juvat.*

The motto to the young *Faun*, (a boy,) is

Faunus ego, faunus nympharum et ruris amator.

The motto to the laughing *Faun*, (a girl,) is

Ridet amatorem fauna puella suum.

These if I mistake not are all the marble statues which stand in the garden : there are others of lead, upon the pedestals of which, are inserted the following inscriptions :

Ver. (A statue of *Flora*, representing spring.)

Nati sine semine flores.

Æstas. (A statue of *Ceres* with a sheaf of corn and sickle.)

Parva seges satis est.

Autumnus. (A statue of *Bacchus* with a bunch of grapes.)

Minimum Falernis invidet uvis.

Hyems. (A statue of *Winter*, represented as an old man.)

Tacitis senescimus annis.

A bust of *Pan*, upon which is this motto.

*Pan fuit armenti custos nunc pretegit hortos,
Nec pudet Arcadiam deseruisse sitam.*

About the distance of a quarter of a mile from the garden, at the bottom of the hill, is a spring of the clearest water I ever beheld. In the midst of it stands a rock of petrified water, taken out of the Hooky hole, near Wells, and upon a stone are engraved these lines.

*Wonders our county boasts, and those her own,
See liquid water turn to solid stone!
Let Derby's peak the devil's labour snow
Our petrefactions all from nature grow.*

The spring itself is dedicated to the Juvenal of this age: the words of the dedication are

*Gulielmo King
Eruditissimo amicissimo,
υδρονόρε
Hunc fontem sacravit,
O ————— 1742.*

Under an old oak, near the spring, stands a stone bench, upon which is engraved

*Ecce Scamnum !
Otia dat pigris reddit Solatia fessis,
Et senibus somnum, et mensam messoribus aptam,
Preabet dura nimis, sed grata cubilia nymphis.*

Upon the borders of the spring, which are paved with stone, two little boys are placed, the one playing with the castle top, the motto is

Ludo in æternum.

The other with a *green hat* on his head, explains his posture by his motto :

Cum socio mingas, aut saltem mingere fingas.

The heads of three Poets stand amidst oaks, bays, and laurels, on each side of the water : upon *Virgil's* pedestal is engraved

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata
Hic nemus.*

Upon the pedestal of *Horace*,

Ære perennius.

Upon that of *Homer*,

Nec te pœniteat ruris, divine poeta !

The whole is encompassed by a little garden filled with shrubs, flowers, and evergreens.

ATTIC SUBLIMITIES.

THE RULING PASSION.

Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?
'Tis in the ruling passion : there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning know,
The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.

Pope.

The famous Duke de Rochefoucault, among many others, was of opinion, that self-love or interest is the true motive of all our actions. Upon this principle he builds most of his moral reflections and sentences, which were read with eagerness at their first appearance. Our virtues, says he, are most commonly nothing but vices disguised. What we take for virtue is often only an assemblage of diverse actions and interests, which fortune or our own industry disposes in a certain manner ; so that it is not always a sign of valour or chastity, that men are valiant and women chaste. I know Mr. Addison is very angry with those who espouse this doctrine, as tending too much to depreciate human nature. But the great poet, from whom I have taken my motto, has shewn us by the strongest reasoning, dressed with all the graces that the Muses can bestow, that to think too meanly of themselves is not the fault of mankind. He has shewn us our connexion with other created beings ; the true and only means of happiness thence resulting ; and made us acquainted with the springs and motions of our hearts, uniting the reason of a Plato with the music of Orpheus, he has unfolded the plan of that mighty maze, our own order and duty. According to him, we cannot judge of man by his nature, his actions, his passions in general, his manners, humours, or principles, which are all subject to change. It only remains, if we can, to find out his ruling passion : that will certainly influence all the rest, and that only can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of his actions. Now if we make interest or self-love the drift of this ruling passion, as it certainly is, we may easily reconcile Pope and Rochefoucault. They mean the same thing : an affection to self, or something that seems to us pleasing or desirable, in which therefore still we love ourselves, is the true spring and motive of human action, by what name or character soever it has been distinguished in morality, history, or idea. This may convince us how necessary it is that the ruling passion, especially in them who have it in their power to do either great good or mighty mischief, should at first take a proper turn and direction.

Behold, if fortune or a mistress frowns,
~~Some~~ plunge in business, others shave their crowns;
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
 This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
 The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

It is of great importance likewise, for those who are about the persons of princes and eminent men, to inform themselves of the ruling passion that influences him whom they serve; but to discover this, is the great and difficult task; some disguising the motives of all their actions so artfully, that the nicest observer cannot discover them, and others being even unacquainted with their own principle and action. In order therefore to form characters, we have no other way, according to the same poet and philosopher, than to take the strongest actions of a man's life, and strive to make them agree. For even those characters that are most plain, are in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent; and the same man is utterly different in different places or seasons. One caution he gives us, in judging of the ruling passion of other men, is, that we should not mistake second causes for first, the means for the end: an error the wisest may fall into. Happy it is when this ruling passion is turned towards points of real advantage to the community, when the Lucullus's and Cæsar's of a people see one common interest between them and their fellow citizens! But where abstracted self, or the gratification of any low sordid appetite, is the ultimate view of those in power, miserable must be the condition of all beneath, in proportion as they are possessed of any share of the favourite morsel. If this morsel be power, no means will be omitted to monopolize it; if riches, great property alone shall be a capital crime; if sensuality, it will be a sufficient misfortune to have a sister, a daughter, or even a wife of superior beauty; if increase of territory, the natural advantages of situation, that should entitle to a powerful protection, will always deprive of a protector; if all united, havock, devastation, and despair attend the steps of this monster of nature, this worthless favourite of fortune.

People are ready to blame Alexander for conforming to the customs and manners of the Persians, after he had made himself master of the Persian empire; and the excess he ran to was undoubtedly blameable: but abstracted from that, the conformity itself was a proof of his sagacity, and his residence among them was the way to conciliate to himself the minds of his myriads of new subjects. To have gone back over the Hellespont, and from petty infantile Macedon to have given laws as far as the Indies, over lands flowing with milk and honey, would in all probability, even during his short reign, have rendered contemptible the son of Jupiter Ammon, after all his victories.

Of the Monosyllables "Yes" and "No."—There seems to me nothing in life more difficult to account for, than the various productions of the two significant monosyllables, "Yes" and "No." To satisfy myself in this particular, I have several times this winter detected persons of all degrees, whom I perceived to be in a wavering and critical situation: my readers will excuse my not mentioning names, my design being rather to reform than expose; but those who feel themselves affected by what I say, and are conscious I have been prying where they thought nobody could peep, would do well to act more cautiously for the future.

These phenomena in my own species, led me to consider seriously the general cause of them; how it comes to pass that a whisper in the ear, or a squeeze of the hand, can have such an effect upon the tongue, as to make it say *yes*, when the mind, that should regulate all the organs, is very clear that the word ought to be *no*; and here my penetration informed me, that the fine nervous vessels, in those two parts, have an immediate communication with the muscles of the tongue, independent of their *known* system, which sends them all to the brain. Custom, bashfulness, or hypocrisy, may indeed frequently give birth to a *no*, when both judgment and passion plead strongly for *yes*; but this cannot have continually the same effect, except only in a few cases, where generosity and good nature prevail over prudence. When the blushing virgin says *no* to the man her soul most desires, and persists in the same tone an unreasonable length of time, we know it is custom that directs her; and I have often seen *yes* upon the internal mirror, on these occasions, in such prominent characters, that they looked as if they would have started from the place. I have also been a witness that mere bashfulness has restrained the vigorous youth from insisting on his claims, even when he was morally certain of success; by which means the wished-for nuptials have for a long time been deferred, and sometimes totally prevented, through the interposition of more experience and resolution, though perhaps less sincerity. If the widowed damè be unusually sudden in her compliance, and the man past his bloom less ceremonious, it is not because the appetites are then stronger (as some have erroneously asserted) but because both the one and the other know what they have respectively felt in youth, through subjection to custom, or a boyish tenderness. The experienced lover often says *yes*, for the same reason that the hypocrite says *no*, because he perceives it the only way to obtain the end of his wishes.

The man that refuses honour, dignity, or power, is seldom in earnest, and only desirous to have it pressed more upon him. This is that kind of hypocrisy which produces a negative instead of an affirmative, though with an absolute design to have it understood in a manner directly contrary. When a reverend gentleman in black says, *Nolo Episcopali*, how would it disappoint his piety, if the dean and chapter should proceed to put up a new candidate? When an ambitious layman is offered place or power, though ever so little suited to his capacity or inclinations, he may indeed say, "for God's sake, sir, consider better, I am not equal to the task; you have many more worthy and able servants." But he would hardly leave the presence with full satisfaction, if the monarch should take him at his word, and answer, "Well then, I excuse you."

Cæsar, we are told, had a crown three times offered him by Mark Antony, which he as often put back gently with his hand, to try the temper of the people, but the old hatred to monarchy still remained among the Romans, who, though they submitted to regal power in this great dictator, shouted for joy to see him refuse the regal title, but which he secretly coveted. Cromwell was in form addressed by his parliament to accept the same title, and fooled so long with them in disputing about the illegality and inexpediency of it, that they thought him in earnest, and desisted from their persuasions. But Kouli Kan had before secured himself such a party in the army, who he knew would stand to their point, that, after much apology, he suffered himself to be prevailed on to accept the crown of Sophis; which the ministry seeing, though they disapproved the thing, they were the first to declare him alone worthy of that diadem.

Here we see ambition, twice in three instances, defeating her own purposes by pursuing them too far. This is worth their consideration, whoever they be, that cry *yes* on every other occasion, and *no* when the constitution calls upon them. If they do thus too long, may it not be feared that their *yes's* and *no's* will be fixed to eternity?

Slander, applied to Professions.—There is no practice more unfair, than to ascribe the faults of particular members of a profession to the profession itself, and thence to derive ridicule and contempt for the whole.

Physicians and lawyers have very sorely experienced this temper in mankind: the clergy themselves have felt its bitterness, to the no small advancement of irreligion and immorality, by lessening that awe and respect which we ought to bear towards a body of men, who are particularly appointed to instruct us in the way of true piety and virtue, and who ought to deserve the unaffected regard of the public.

The method in which these slanderers proceed, is artful enough. They at first institute a cant phrase, by which they pretend to denote insufficiency and demerit in the several professions; and having at length sufficiently fixed those vitiated ideas to the words, they apply them indiscriminately to the professions themselves—and thus *quack*, *petty-fogger*, and *parson*, have at length come to represent the serious characters of a physician, lawyer, and minister of the gospel.

There is still another body of men who are doomed to feel this injustice, and who, though not assuming the privileges of a profession, deserve the good will of mankind. I mean those gentlemen who, by their writings, have either improved the understanding, corrected the judgment, or entertained the imagination; such, especially as have blended their talents together, who have tempered instruction and correction with wit and humour, and have led us smiling through the paths of knowledge and virtue.

Now as there are cases wherein this has been attempted by men of inadequate capacity, while others have perverted great talents to corrupt the minds of men, and especially youth, by disguising falsehood in the colours of truth, and vice in the dress of virtue; such writers have justly deserved the contempt and indignation of the wise and good, and have been stigmatized with the appellation of *scribblers* or *hirelings*, &c. But who will deny that such cognomen have been indifferently and improperly applied? Those especially whose talents have been directed to expose the vices and follies of the age and country, are most certain of incurring this censure. A man of great talents, in whatever sphere he may chance to move, will always form some *character*, which shall be peculiarly and properly *his own*. Servile imitation is the proof of a narrow genius, and never can raise a man to any degree of true eminence.

Homer, Virgil, and Horace, were all great poets, superior to the rest in their several ages, yet all with different kinds of superiority. *Demosthenes* and *Cicero* were both the first orators of the times in which they lived; but the artful insinuating flow of the Roman's eloquence differed much from the awakening thunder which animated that of the Greek. Let us carry this distinction a little farther. *Alexander* and *Cæsar* were both military heroes, yet they appear to have been quite different men in their pursuit of the same end. *Cardinal Richlieu* and his contemporary chancellor *Oxenstiern*, were both ministers of great capacity, but the honest penetration of the Swede would be injured by a comparison with the crafty ambition of the Frenchman.

These, and many others, are marked in the annals of time, as originals in their several ways. There have been attempts to imitate them all, but without success—for he that aims at imitation only, must ever fall short of the original.

P——, P——.

WHAT IS PITY?

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

I.

What is pity?—deep remembrance
Of that pure, immortal love
Which brought down the Godhead's semblance
From his worshipp'd throne above.

II.

What is pity?—'tis the kindling
Of the soul at moving woe;
The heart from earthy mixture dwindling
Gently as the melting snow.

III.

What is pity, but the stealing
Anguish from an aching heart;
And nursing each convulsive feeling
Till the briny tear-gush start?

IV.

What is pity, but the throbbing
Of the breast in stillly grief;
The angelic nature sobbing
To bring a kindred one relief?

V.

What is pity?—'tis the glancing
Of the tender beamy eye:—
Every passive gaze enhancing
With a heavenly-soft'd sigh.

VI.

What is pity, but the blending
The whole soul in soothing thought?—
'Tis the mourner's lot amending,
By communing sorrow wrought.

RES ECCLESIASTICE.

"Here lies the original and spring-head of all our mischiefs, that the gate of ordination is too broad, the entrance too wide and open: hence comes it that we have such a multitude of priests who have little learning and less piety."—*Bishop Colet.*

There is no want of laws for the government of our holy church: the wisdom of our forefathers has provided wise and excellent regulations, both to prevent and remedy the evils which might hereafter infest it. We require no new constitutions, but a strict adherence to those already laid down: while this is not the case, the worst enemies of the church are those admitted as its servants. We are too apt, in lashing the enemies of the church, to forget, that impurities within, have often proved the original cause of hostilities without. "Let the canons be rehearsed" says an estimable writer, "which command that benefices of the church be given only to those that are worthy; and that promotions be made by the right balance of virtue, not by the nearest of kindred, or carnal affection, or acception of persons; *whereby it happeneth now-a-days that boys, and fools, and ill livers do reign and rule in the church, instead of old men, and wise and good.*"

The gross violations of clerical duty, and total disregard to the decencies of church discipline, occur too often and too publicly to need much attestation, to confirm the truth contained in the closing lines of the above quotation. What, is there not room for censure and unreserved condemnation, when livings are advertised to be sold by auction indiscriminately, like houses and furniture? Where is the hallowed regard, that should be ever maintained, in the selection of ministers for the duties of the church, when the auctioneer's hammer knocks down souls by wholesale, to be left to the miserable cure (or rather infection) of any rich fox-hunter or dissipated libertine in orders, that can afford to carry off the purchase from a crowd of similar competitors? Another evil that sorely pollutes the church in the present time, is the careless examination whereby a candidate is admitted to ordination. If he can construe a line of latin, manufacture a greek verse, and prove himself an adept in the explanation of sophisms—he is deemed a proper person to preside over the care of souls.

Literary, rather than good moral qualifications, are the principal endowments required by a successful candidate. Now if the pedantry of collegiate learning alone, be considered adequate to complete the character of a minister of the gospel, why call our ecclesiastical establishment sacred, instead of bare literary? But surely the deep erudition of scholarship, unsupported by the christian graces of purity and virtue, cannot, in the sight of unerring heaven, be considered all that the Divine Being requires! Inspect the manner in which benefices are distributed, we shall find that vile polluter, simony, often procuring what should only be the dignified reward of worth. This is not a blustering false statement. How many half-starved curates are lingering in the depths of poverty, with nothing else but their virtue to support them, while the rich and immoral rector is revelling in the banquets of luxury and idleness, unfairly gained by filthy simony? It has frequently struck me with indignant grief, to observe the curate struggling amid the cares of an increasing family, on the pitiful salary of sixty or seventy pounds per annum, to keep up the honest discharge of hard duty; while the lazy shameful rector is lapping his exquisite holiness in all the blandishments of affluence and voluptuousness.

People are too apt to consider the gentility and gentlemanly character supposed to appertain to the clergy, rather than the deep responsibility which solemnly engages them. Most of our young rectors, for instance, arrive to their promotion in the following manner: Mr, such an one, a man of some property, and large family, having a living at his disposal, very naturally wishes a child of his own to enjoy the income. To accomplish this, one out of the budding stock is chosen, and packed off to Oxford or Cambridge to take his learned degree, and then, after he has shewn himself a fellow of spirit and consequence, by cheating all his tradesmen, and running the complete round of dissipation, debauchery, and folly, he takes holy orders, and entering into immaculate priestship, hurries away to assume the charge of his living; i. e. he finds some poor whining curate, to accept the pittance his greedy hand manages to squeeze out, burdens him with the whole toil of preaching sermons, christening babies, and burying old men, and flies to London scenes and fashionable haunts, with the serious title of a *Reverend* to form his introduction. This is debasing the station of a clergyman to the level of a mere profitable plaything, to be handed about in careless disposal, just as may suit the whims and profit of the owner. Let the ministers of the Church of England strictly maintain an immovable adherence, and unshaken fearless observance of every ordinance and law that tend to promote its sacred character, and those dissenters and enemies who rejoice in hunting out errors, and cavilling at discrepancies, will soon cease to brand so many of our clergy with the disgraceful epithet of hypocritical.

Doubtless, we may fairly boast of many bright ornaments that adorn our establishment in the present times; may enumerate with patriotic pride, the ennobled names of those whose ungarnished piety, erudition, and high respectability would alone be sufficient to strengthen the tottering building of our church; but against them, what a train of careless, unprincipled, and worldly men are there to be found, whose hearts and morality are of a deeper dye than the black gown they dishonour. Another point of the greatest influence, when truly observed is the personal residence of beneficed clergy, having the cure of souls in their churches. The general practice is, that all offices are left to be performed by vicars and parish-priests, and whether they be perfectly qualified for their sacred duty, is left for the parishioners to discover, instead of a previous investigation being made by the rector himself, who ought personally to preside over the people committed to his charge, and enjoy the association of a curate to lighten his labours, not to allow him the liberty of a total and shameful absence. The excellent and learned Dr. Law, Bishop of Bath and Wells, in his admirable charge to his clergy, has most eloquently persisted on the absolute necessity and propriety of the personal residence of beneficed clergy. When this is neglected (as it often is) how is it possible to prevent the gradual encroachment of evil heresies, and divisions among the people? Where is the responsibility to be looked for? A volume might be written, if needful, to demonstrate the bad consequences likely to accrue from the absence of rectors from their livings, where, like shepherds of the people, they ought to preside with vigilance, and take an earnest interest in the spiritual and temporal felicity of those under them. It would be beneficial to themselves and church, if all those who assume the outward garb of the Christian clergy, would also condescend to clothe themselves with virtues and graces, that would render the white garment a type of the heart that beats beneath it. It may be asked, not unreasonably, are not clergymen tempted with

like passions, stamped with human weakness, and made of the same materials as other men? True: but as their office gives reason for those who are not in the church, to consider them in a special manner fit to be teachers, it follows that even a light fault on their parts will appear more notorious, and therefore much caution cannot be preserved to prevent a direliction. Clergymen should be as beacons, displayed for imitation; and the dignity of the Church of England will flourish most when the public and private character of its ministers and servants is most respectable.

A few more remarks on this subject, and we conclude. The canons should be rehearsed concerning the right bestowing of the patrimony of Christ; which commands that the goods of the church be consumed not in costly building, not in sumptuous apparel and pomps, not in feasting and banquetting, not in excess and wantonness, not in enriching of kinsfolk, not in keeping of hounds, but in things profitable and necessary for the church. "The goods of the bishops ought to be divided into four parts; whereof one part ought to be for the bishop and his household, another to his poorer clergymen, the third to repair and uphold his tenements, the fourth to poor people."

M—————Y.

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG AUTHOR.

" 'Tis pleasant sure, to see one's name in print.
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

To all the sprouting sons of genius, who are absorbed in the delicious contemplations of seeing their names ere long neatly printed in an elegant hot-pressed duodecimo or perchance in a fine, thin, sky-blue covered octavo—to all my compeers who are dreaming of favourable notices in the New Monthly, or a review in the Literary Gazette, I would address these my confessions, hoping that from the various convulsing scenes I shall produce, they may learn to profit by my experience.

I am the son of an author, whose father was an author; in fact, authorship seems to be a family disease; there is hardly a relative of mine, (not excepting cousins themselves) who has not published; so that I may fairly say, I was born with a quill in my hand; my nurse has often related with an old woman's wonderment, that even when rocked in my cradle, nothing pleased my childish fancy more, than to be handling with my baby hands any book that was offered me. Soon as my tongue could lisp out its broken accents, my friends fixed me at a day-school, kept by an old lady, whose name, if my memory do not deceive me, (for authorcraft has a great many destructive qualities) was Mrs. Malagrowther. Here my astonishing germinating talents began to shew themselves, and of course to be admired. I became the pride of the establishment, and was always called up to the drawing room to spout some piece of poetry, when a new scholar was brought, or a stranger applied for a card of Mrs. Malagrowther's terms. After remaining at this preparatory school long enough to convince my governess and relations that I was intended for "something great," I was sent to the grammar school, in order to be initiated into the mysteries of the Latin and Greek tongues; here, too, as expected, I outstripped all my equals, bore off triumphantly all the annual prizes, and began to show a talent for composition both in prose and verse. From

this fatal discovery, I state all the distresses, and heart-rending mortifications I have since endured. A poetical translation of an ode in Horace chanced to fall into the hands of the master, who, pretending to perceive in this my first attempt, something that augured well for future ones, and would be splendidly successful, it so flattered my vanity, that from that hour, I have been an unceasing scribbler of sonnets, madrigals, elegies, stanzas, odes pindaric and regular, original essays, tales, treatises, &c. &c. and have spoiled enough paper to supply half the retail booksellers in England. My father leaving me the sole inheritor of an independence, sufficient to enable me to live as a gentleman, and indulge myself in my literary pursuits, I devoted my whole soul and wishes to the pleasing anticipations of authorship. In order to convince my friends and connections of my steady importance and ardent love for literature, I began to wear a solemn dignified air, preserved a constant sullen frown on my brow, and affected to be "lost in thought" when spoken to;* and when the rest of the company around me were laughing and enjoying themselves in innocent glee, my head was always found resting on the palm of my hand, while my fixed eye and melancholy look, denoted that I was deeply embosomed in the fairy romantic regions of fancy, and sublime contemplation. I mean to be minute in naming these particulars for the benefit of my successors; for let them be assured, that if these hypocritical tricks be played off in a neat manner, they will admirably serve their purpose. I laid down, at the commencement, a few rules, whereby I directed all my movements: 1. Never to smile when others did, but to remain a calm pensive observer, without demonstrating the least feeling of sympathy or emotion, that I might be considered as one of the stoic school; 2. Never to take my perambulations without cramming into all my pockets small authors, and when parading the street, to be busily prying into the contents of a new book; also, when pulling out my pocket handkerchief, to let some essay or scrap of poetry fall on the carpet, as if by chance, that some one might be tempted to pick it up, and thus discover my modesty and genius; 3. To show a total disregard to the fashions of the day, in my habiliments; and to be so immured in reflection as to enter a room full of company with my hat on the wrong way, and my shoes untied:—*mem.* if not quickly observed, to upset a chair without perceiving it; 4. Always to be found in my morning gown, when visited by a friend, and to have a thick common place book lying open on my library table, with a sublime piece of poetry scribbled in the first page,—*mem.* not to see the visitant but suffer him to approach my side and rouse me first; 5. When conversing, to manage to bring in "according to Locke's theory,"—"as the immortal Shakspeare says," and a few other elegant and classical speeches, only made use of by authors, such as "the emanations of the soul"—"the gradual opening of the mind"—"the susceptibility of taste"—"the conjectures of philosophy," &c. &c.—*Mem.* In praising a book, to mention a great deal about the "merits of its originality;" 6. To be very ready in the application of quotations: and in displaying my knowledge of various authors, to remember to express my regret, that "men of talent should have to cope with so many difficulties:"—*mem.* to add, with a sigh, that great abilities would finally surmount all obstacles. Having stocked myself with these regulations, I commenced already to put myself down as an author. Every public library

* The silly excuse of every blunderer now-a-days. Newton might be excused for roasting his cheeks by the fire side, before he remembered it was possible to recede from it; but ignorant rudeness pleading depth of thought for its anomalies; is preposterous affectation and convicted presumption.

in the town recognized me as a promising literary young fellow, and I frequently found, that when introduced to strangers, I could see something of admiration at my character expressed in their countenances. Several choice bits "of my own composing" were now floating about the circle of my acquaintance; and whenever I chanced, as a particular favour, to accept an invitation, bright eyes were gazing on me when I came into the room, while buzzing whispers met my ears on all sides, from which, with delicious rapture I collected, that they were naming to each other that I was Mr. M. M., the young man who wrote the piece of poetry, and the "Essay on Moonshine." Returning home one evening from a morning ramble, which I made a point of taking every day to betray my love of solitude, I threw myself into my chair, a little weary, and much out of temper. A very unusual question attacked me; which was, what had I done to deserve the reputation I had acquired? I became alarmed at the tottering foundation on which my pride and hopes were built; "'Tis true, said I, my original lines of poetry on 'Auburn Ringlets' and 'Music's Echo' have been much admired among my friends, but what of this—do they not flatter me?" I could not debase myself to think so, and after two hours excruciating cogitation, I determined to visit a waterfall to-morrow at sunrise, that the noise of the waters might inspire me with sublime ideas. After taking a very light supper, that nothing of an indigestible nature might clog my sensations, I set my alarm clock at the hour of five, went to bed at twelve, (earlier than usual) and dreamt of magazine-day, tables of contents, and notices to correspondents. True to the time, I awoke next morning, and repairing to an unfrequented cascade (chrysal of course,) with pencil and paper, and standing in a poetic attitude, (arms crossed, and the right leg a little bent,) I remained earnestly exhausting my eye-sight in looking at the water, till I found myself completely sublimated, and before I left the spot, I seated myself down on the dewy herbage, till the moisture reminded me of my situation, and sketched out the plan of a poem, which was to be sent to the *going* magazine of the day; epithets were chosen on the spot, these being the most likely to be the exquisite offspring of glowing feelings. The noon of the same day beheld me an author; that is, I put myself down as correspondent to a periodical, having just sent off a piece of poetry, entitled, "Lines suggested on beholding a Waterfall, by M. M." putting my signature just after the title, that the editors should consider me of some note by this bold stroke. As my communication was sent in the early part of the month, I had time to dally myself with the most pleasing fancies of success, and to spread the report about, that I was become a correspondent to a magazine—but pretended to feel much compunction in naming the title of what I had sent. At last the wished-for moment arrived, I was hurrying off with a full conviction of seeing something of mine in print, and was on the point of entering a bookseller's shop to purchase the number of the magazine, when oh! ye great gods! ye little gods! and all ye gods! what a shock did I experience—what wounded pride smote me!—a young man, whom I had long considered as my rival in fame, and on this account somewhat jealous of my reputation, exclaimed, with a malicious laugh, "M. M.'s Waterfall won't suit." Can words express the phrenzies which danced in my brain on hearing this; while, with a trembling hand, I pocketed the work, and returned, biting my nails and twisting my thumbs; for I could not bear to open the book in any one's presence except my own. On my arrival at home, I locked my door, shut down the windows, stirred my fire, and then—was courageous enough to read my fate

among the damned. True enough, there it was printed in small type, "M. M's Waterfall won't suit!" Although I was a christian, in the fashionable sense of the word, i.e. I made a practice of going to church once every Sunday morning, and kept a Bible with my name written in it, I did not hesitate to drown my passion in a stream of imprecations on the editor and his work, for presuming to treat me so disrespectfully. "Yes," said I, "may his fingers be cramped when he attempts to compose! may bad pens and damp paper be his everlasting lot; and may his publication decrease in sale two hundred copies every month!" I agonized myself, for a quarter of an hour, in contriving methods of revenge. Two ways for paying him off arose to aid me; one was, to post him a downright bullying letter: the other, and far more noble one was, to write "A Satire on Editors," and publish it. I rejected the former, as nobody but myself would know of my retaliation; by adopting the latter I thought I should lash him more, and acquire for myself the name of being an excellent satirist. With this resolution, I seated myself down to my writing desk, nibbed my pen half a dozen times, smoothed my paper half a dozen more, and commenced my task; but either I was not in the humour to write, or I did not know how to: for after rubbing my forehead till it was almost sore, I only produced the following line, which I thought was quite out of the common style:

"Hail, Muse! with all the strength of satire come—"

Here I made a pause; in vain I racked my invention for a suitable rhyme for "come"—I thought of *some*, *mum*, *hum*, and *drum*; but neither of these could be appropriately introduced; so I burnt my paper, and fed for the remainder of the afternoon on the pleasures of disappointment! My next trial was in a newspaper: "Stanzas written on a Withered Tree, by Q. Q."—Here, too, I was mistaken; this editor seemed to have had as little taste and judgment as the former: all the gratification I had, was to read the following pittance doled out to me—"We fear Q. Q. has mistaken his talent!!" This was a deeper wound than ever, and I muttered out a curse that I would never subject myself to such ill treatment again. For a month or so, I remained stoically firm to my resolve, but no longer. My fore-mentioned rival was fortunate enough to succeed in getting a piece into the ——— Gazette, and nothing was more talked of than his precocity of talent; every one I met, put the question to me—"Have you read Mr. L.'s poem in the Gazette?" I could bear this no longer; my ambition re-kindled into its former flame, I turned on my heel, sought the retirement of my library, and penned some lines on "The Rising Sun"—and, oh! bliss unutterable! they *really did appear in a magazine*, and what still more entranced me into absolute ecstasies, was a line from the editor, soliciting the "favour of my further correspondence." Reader, had I not reason to be proud!—was I not an author? I purchased a dozen numbers of the magazine, distributed them, and by the close of the week, I was receiving compliments from every quarter for my beautiful lines in the ——— Magazine. At this time I practised a piece of generalship worth communicating; I made a point of recommending to all my connections what an excellent work it was wherein my piece appeared. This praise tempted many to get it immediately, and thus I was discovered, having put my real name, as I had considered the poetry super-excellent. This hard-gained success imparted fresh energies; I devoted henceforward the principal part of the day in perusing the best poets, to gain "sublimity of thought," and

never caught hold of a piece of paper without leaving a poetical line to grace it. Of course, my fame as a poet was greatly flourishing among the ladies, and numerous invitations waited for my acceptance, that I might insert some record of my genius in albums, scrap books, and many other little books, which idle women keep for the preservation of their idle thoughts.

Some poet I think has remarked

"What great effects from trivial causes spring!"

This truth most correctly may be applied to me. From writing fugitive pieces on fugitive subjects, I began "*majora canere*," and really, almost before I was sensible of my madness (for so it proved to be) I was deeply engaged in the manufacture of a volume of poems!! Rising with the sun each morning, and trimming my midnight lamp by the hectic glow of fading embers, was my ceaseless occupation for the six months that elapsed after my first poetical flight. Poetical or *Apollonian*, dreams haunted me while in bed; nay more: I generally employed three hours in laying awake and hunting for the subject of my next poem, and when any brilliant thought suddenly jumped into my brain, I never scrupled to jump immediately out of my warm sheets, and commit it to paper, which always lay on my dressing table with a lighted candle. Often has my toast and coffee been cold in the morning, ere I could afford a moment for the unnatural custom of eating and drinking; and the servant, when sent to summon me to the dinner table, has been compelled to hallo in my ear before he could wake me from my intellectual trance. Most of my relations seriously apprehended that my senses were forsaking me: I was continually committing blunders, and as they did not proceed altogether from affectation (for I thought of nothing but my forth-coming volume,) they oftentimes occasioned much laughter. It was not unusual for me to hand the candlestick instead of the snuffers, to say "yes" for "no," and "no" for "yes", to speak "good bye" instead of "how d'ye do," and call the evening morning, and the morning evening. In short, I was become the airy creature of imagination: my exalted nature could no longer condescend to pay a regard to distinction in terrestrial matters, and while others were talking of deaths and marriages, I was dreaming of "double-peaked snow-crowned mountains," and "cerulean spirits of the silky, circumambient sky." My features too were feeling the effect of my poetical *rabies*: a melancholy hue was now spread over my countenance; my eyes were often unconsciously turned upwards, as if I were gazing on "verdant upland," or "rock's majestic nodding top;" and as for my lips, though not of a very healthy semblance, they looked just fit for bees to place their honied sweets in. I began to keep less company than ever, and when I spared an hour for bodily exercise, I used to resort to an unfrequented field, and there, under the shadow of a wide spreading beech-tree reclined, taste the luxuries of some favourite author; of course my conversation became limited, but when I did by chance open my mouth 'twas always on poetical topics, and the delightful obligation the rest of mankind were under to the poets, whose beautiful works beguiled so many of their hours of languor and of anxious care. The size of my manuscript increased rapidly, till I considered there was enough written to fill up the pages of a moderate octavo. The next thing I had to consider after the provision of poetry, was the dedication and the preface. Conceiving myself to be obligated to the ladies of Parnassus, out of pure gratitude, I dedicated my book to the Muses; and composed a few lines which I headed "Preface,"

wherein I did not fail to express my contempt for reviews and reviewers; adding, "that I left it to the candour of the public to determine on the beauties of my poetry." The reader must remember, that all these mighty labours were unknown to any body but myself; my intention in being so secret was, to strike terrible surprise into the hearts of my friends, when the papers should display to their astonished sights the advertisement of my poems. On correcting my manuscript for the last time ere it went to press, I really became enchanted with the poetry. I thought my versification vied with Pope's in harmony, and Milton's in sublimity: "Yes," cried I, "with thrilling self-applause, this Village Sketch, has something of the delightful simplicity of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' and I need not tremble to place my 'Ode to Spring' in competition with any thing Thompson has written on it; and as for this Anacreontique, has Moore himself equalled it with any thing so bewitching?" With such gratifying soliloquies did I treat myself, while employed in erasing, punctuating, and correcting; not forgetting that wine-bibbing, witty Horace's advice,*

"Sæpe stilum veritas, iterum, quæ digna legi sint,
Scripturus."†

It occurred to me, while dotting an i in the word interest, that doubtless were I to enclose the manuscript with a letter to a London publisher, I might persuade him to purchase the copyright, and if not, at least that he would publish the work and bring it into repute. I did not waste much time in consideration, but at once sent off by the mail a neatly sealed parcel, containing the treasure, post-paid, and directed to the most dashing leviathan of the row. Not receiving an immediate reply, I took it for granted that Mr. C. intended to accept my offer, and that I should have the felicity of glancing over a proof-sheet and pursing some sovereigns. With a beating heart did I seize the Literary Gazette for many consecutive sabbaths, and hastily peruse the article "Literary Novelties," with the fond expectation of reading "A collection of original poems, we understand will appear in the next month in one volume octavo, entitled 'A Minstrel's Breathings.'" But alas! fate had not decreed such bliss for me. Five weeks were elapsed and no sort of notice was taken of my poor manuscript; till one gloomy drizzly day, the porter's car rattled up to the door, and a parcel was delivered to me; its contents were my *manuscript* and the following laconic letter from the abominable, unfeeling publisher!!!

"Mr. C. presents his compliments to the Breathing Minstrel, and begs leave to decline the purchase and publication of his *Poetical Respirations*.

"*London, Paternoster Row.*"

But poets, especially those of the suckling tribe, are not so easily driven from their purpose; I had bravely determined to be an author—no matter of what sort, so that I was one; and therefore persuaded a country printer to print my volume, by advancing cash beforehand. Desirous that my first appearance should not be in a niggardly sordid dress, I incurred considerable

* I hope the reader will not accuse me of disrespect for Horace. Few can admire more than myself the many beauties of his charming poetry. But still, it must be allowed that he was somewhat too fond of toping the "mollis calceum."

† The quotation would have been more complete, had I introduced the "caput asperet," I never practice this poetical trick myself, and therefore omitted the remark in the text.

expense in securing the best hot-pressed paper, &c. &c. At last, the eventful announcement of my authorship took place, and in a few days after, the world was favoured with "A Minstrel's Breathings." I did not stir for some time after the publication, but waited at home that I might not disappoint those who would call to congratulate me. But, will you, reader, believe it? I *had no congratulations* except from my nearest relatives, and they I have since understood, flattered me out of compassion for my tender nerves. And, was it possible the earth as usual turned quietly round the sun, that hail and rain came down from the clouds as naturally as ever, that the moon was not converted into blood, that all things terrestrial and celestial were unchanged!—yes: and I, the self-flattered poet, the sweet nursing of innocent hope, the blandid creature of my imaginary fame, was suffered to enter a room without any marked distinction to coax my vanity, and walk the streets without being cheered!! On enquiry I found but few copies of the poems were sold, and on expressing my surprise to the printer, received this consoling explanation: that to *read* a young author's poetry, and to *buy* it, were two different things. To conclude these melancholy confessions, several dastardly puns were circulated about to the sore disquieting of myself and reputation. One impudent editor of a vulgar paper remarked, that "my *breathings* were not of the *purest* kind;" and another, yet more cutting, "said the poetical world would not have much reason for lamentation if I were never to *breathe* again." Thus I was tortured, distracted and crazed,—but finally sensible of turning author before I had sense to discern, or judgment to discriminate.

M. M.

STANZAS

TO J. B. RUDDUCK, Esq.

ON THE DEEPLY-LAMENTED DEATH OF HIS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL WIFE.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON, Esq.

(Author of "*Sonnets and other Poems*").

A gloom is on thy troubled heart, that shall not pass away
 Like gray mists from the shrouded hill, or storms from April day,
 There is a shadow on thy brow, a tempest in thy soul,
 No earthly hope may banish now, no mortal voice controul.

For she, the charm, the life of life, hath vanish'd from the scene,
 And thou art left to mourn in vain a vision that hath been.
 Alas! too like a sunny beam from some celestial clime,
 That with a transient radiance touch'd the fitting wings of Time!

Howrah Cottage, Camberwell, London.

HELOISE TO ABELARD,

ON ACCIDENTALLY RECEIVING HIS LETTER TO AN UNHAPPY FRIEND.

(A FRAGMENT.)

WHEN to my lips the well-known seal was prest,
 How swiftly rose each passion of my breast!
 At thought of thee each grief-worn impulse glow'd—
 At thought of thee my tearful eyes o'erflow'd.
 Could I forget thee? oh! the hope were vain;
 Once source of joy, now partner of my pain!
 Still must I bear the deeply rankling thorn
 Of blighted feeling, cheerless and forlorn!

Dear worshipp'd Abelard! whose lofty soul
 No woes can bend, no earthly fears controul;
 Oh! form'd for all the wise deem good or great,
 How dark thy day hath been, how mourn'd thy fate!
 To thee, the Sage hath rais'd a wondering eye
 With pensive dreams, and emulation high;
 To thee, the minstrel brings a deathless crown,
 And yields his envied laurel and renown.

Oh! when with fond and sympathetic care
 You tried each art to soothe a friend's despair,
 You little deem'd your Heloise's eye
 Would read the tale of woe and cruelty—
 You little deem'd that Friendship's voice would prove
 The source of Heloise's grief and love!
 But ah! thy words rekindled warmth impart,
 Entrance, yet lacerate, my sadden'd heart,
 While memory brings each former grief to view,
 Probes every wound, and bids it bleed anew!

E'en now, e'en now, in awful horror dight
 A scene appears that dims my aching sight,
 The master demon, smiling through the gloom,
 Directs the fatal blow that seals thy doom—
 His ready slave, with eyes that fiercely roll
 Infernal light, and let out all his soul,
 Hath rais'd his brand above thy manly form
 With fiendish force to mangle and deform.

But ah! I can no more——
 My rage, my grief, my pangs, my shame restrain,
 Rend the lorn heart, and rack the maddening brain

London.

R.

A LEGEND OF STANCHAWES.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

CHAP. I.

The battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403, although it proved so fatal to the interests of the Earl of Northumberland, did not extinguish the animosity which existed between that nobleman and the royal family of England. A show of remonstrance, two years after that event, admonished the court to withdraw that complaisance which had hitherto supported the appearance of amity between two powerful claims; and it was not till after the death of the Earl of Nottingham, Lord Bardolf, Glendour, and lastly Northumberland, that Henry found himself free from all his domestic enemies. Having once established his throne, to which, however, at one time, his pretensions were sufficiently gross, in the estimation of a people who had so long been familiarised to the hereditary succession of their monarchs, his prudence and address secured him even a greater ascendancy over the haughty barons, than the law alone was ever able to confer. Instances, therefore, are not wanting of the clemency of his disposition, the humility of his deportment, the frankness of his counsels, and his candour to an enemy. The civil and parliamentary transactions of his reign, if somewhat more memorable, are nothing out of character with his predecessors; for if Richard was accused of using unwarrantable means for procuring to his partisans a seat in the commons, Henry IV. scrupled not to tread in his footsteps.

But there was one feature of the times, the management and disposal of which, occasioned the administration considerable perplexity. It originated in the disgust which the laity had received from the numerous usurpations, both of the court of Rome, and of their own clergy; and not only had the effect been to wean the kingdom from superstition, but strong symptoms appeared of a general desire to shake off the bondage of the Romish church. The aversion entertained against the establishment, soon found principles, and tenets and reasonings, by which it could justify and support itself. John Wickliffe, a secular priest, educated at Oxford, began in the latter end of Edward III. to spread the doctrine of reformation by his discourses, and his disciples became numerous among all ranks and stations. They were distinguished by a great austerity of life and manners, and their enthusiasm the better qualified them to oppose a church, whose characteristic is superstition. The Duke of Lancaster, who once governed the kingdom, encouraged the new principles: and Lord Percy openly countenanced the reformer upon his trial. This, however, was not to be tolerated by the ecclesiastical authorities, and the king, anxious to acquire their favour by gratifying their vengeance against opponents, engaged the parliament to pass a law for that purpose: it was enacted, that when any heretic, who relapsed, or refused to abjure his opinions, was delivered over to the secular arm by the bishop or his commissaries, he should be committed to the flames by the civil magistrate, before the whole people. This weapon did not long remain unemployed in the hands of the clergy; but when it fell with resistless force on the devoted head of the venerable Sautre, rector of St. Osithes, instead of terminating the dispute, and silencing all opposition, a torch continued to blaze, long after the flames of persecution had subsided, which no efforts could extinguish. The king had

no sooner issued his writ for the execution of the unhappy martyr, than thousands of his friends, who had assisted him to the throne, revolted, in heart, from such sanguinary proceedings; and the little band who had fearlessly, though unsuccessfully, opposed the current of oppression, as it rolled from the House of Commons in the shape of bills and enactments, now retired, from an unequal contest, into the bosom of private life.

Among these, the name of Sir Hugh Martindale stands conspicuous, both on account of his distinguished rank and high military attainments. Nothing, however, in the annals of Walsingham or Rymer, Froissard or Dugdale, can be ascertained relating either to the early life of this baron or his predecessors. His name is not even associated with the discontented barons in the early part of the reign of Richard II.; a circumstance which makes it probable that Sir Hugh had joined the forces of the Duke of Lancaster, who had carried into Spain the flower of the English army, in prosecution of his claim to the crown of Castile. This conjecture may be erroneous, though I think it cannot be disproved; and as it is not my province to speculate where my resources are silent, I leave the region open to those who have leisure and opportunity to pursue it. Sir Hugh Martindale had imbibed the tenets of the reformers with the first principles of his education; and yet his consort was the niece of the celebrated Bishop of Carlisle, the only man who had courage, amidst the general disloyalty and violence of the times, to defend his unhappy master, and to plead his cause against all the power of the prevailing party. The issue of this marriage was but one child, Emily, whose education, under the auspices of her excellent mother, might yet have been too highly coloured, but for the ingenious maxims of her father. As she grew in years, her person adorned with every charm which nature can develope, her religious and political sentiments had scarcely betrayed themselves into expression, when her maternal parent was called to exchange her temporary scene of existence for immortality. This was but a short period before Sir Hugh resigned his seat in parliament, and probably had no mean share in influencing his conduct—for what parent could look on such a child as Emily Martindale, without a consciousness that the energies of a life employed in the formation of her mind would be gratefully rewarded. There were other claims which Sir Hugh found it impossible to resist: for Emily's mind, whenever it had ventured to display itself, was evidently the counterpart of her father's, and she might not have been altogether free from her mother's prejudices. There were principles to strengthen, and a judgment to correct. She had been accustomed to the language of statesmen and politicians from her earliest infancy, and her manners had acquired a sort of forbidding aspect, which, to those who knew her not, appeared to indicate a selfish, if not a morose disposition. Strange as it may seem, her father, instead of checking this habit, actually encouraged it; and was not a little proud to think his daughter reflected the most remarkable trait in her sire's character. But Emily affected no mysteriousness in her manner to forward any sinister purpose. Her features were somewhat masculine, and her tresses of jet black presented a striking contrast to the extreme fairness of her complexion. She was not only her father's idol, but the idol of *his party*, at the head of whom, must be reckoned the celebrated, though unfortunate, Lord Cobham. It is not improbable that the congratulations of her father's friends seconded her inclinations to espouse their interests, and identify them with her own. True, she had not yet forgotten the voice which was wont to harass her judgment; but a single

glance at the signs of the times, convinced Emily she could not err in resigning herself to the interests of a cause, supported as it was by rank, genius, and learning. Her passions were not formed in a mould of indifference; they partook of the same semblance with her person; and in the cabinet her services were as important as her presence was grateful. Well skilled in all the chicanery of diplomatic authorities, her penetration was often rewarded with the applause of noblemen, who were proud to yield the palm of merit to their fair competitor.

It was amid the confusion incidental to a change of residence from the town to a retired castle in Gloucestershire, that Emily received a summons to attend the death-bed of her maternal uncle, the Bishop of Carlisle. Contrary to all expectation, this prelate continued to enjoy his preferments and emoluments, notwithstanding his opposition to the present succession; and Henry's policy, perhaps, was never more conspicuous than in the selection of proper objects for his clemency and regard. In the case before us, nothing that the malice of enemies could invent, nor the persuasions of the council, could induce the king to revenge himself on a man whose eloquence was once employed against the present monarchy, and whose honesty disdained the sacrifice of principle at the shrine of popularity. Emily was not surprised, therefore, on her arrival, to find a goodly company of noblemen, gentlemen, and ecclesiastics, assembled in an anti-room, apparently engaged in deep discussion, and unconscious of her intrusion: for she had entered the sick chamber, *sans ceremonie*, without her presence being so much as noticed. The venerable prelate, seemingly intent on some important affair, had turned his head and the expression of his eyes on a young man, who was kneeling at the left of his bed, while the celebrated Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, appeared leaning over on the opposite side, his hand grasping that of his dying colleague. Emily had no sooner entered the apartment, than (his natural vivacity still remaining) the eye of her uncle sparkled as it failed not to detect a tear in her own. He beckoned her approach, but she seemed to lose her usual self-possession in the presence of the primate, whose office, independent of his gorgeous apparel, was calculated to inspire reverence and awe. She approached tremblingly, however, on the side where nothing appeared in fair looks and a handsome countenance to terrify or alarm. The Bishop of Carlisle seemed satisfied with her choice, for taking her hand, he exclaimed, "Emily, I have availed myself of a plea which you could not reject, notwithstanding the difference of sentiment which has separated our families. An aged relative on the brink of eternity."

"There needed no such arguments to second your request," said Emily, the tears of real affection rapidly bedewing her pale cheek, and moistening the hand which grasped her own. That she had something new of which to be informed, or perhaps something to *promise*, or *perform*, and which her venerable relative seemed anxious, yet unwilling to communicate, Emily, in a very short time, fully persuaded herself. This, and another circumstance, made her uneasy. The youth beside whom she knelt, was no stranger to her, although her father would never receive him as an acquaintance, for reasons which will be explained hereafter.

"The political warfare in which I have so long toiled," said the bishop, still addressing Emily, "is now at an end—for ever: and nothing can be more gratifying to my last moments, than this testimony of affectionate regard from one—"

His eye, at that moment, caught the motions of the archbishop, who was leaving the room.

"Stay, my lord," said the departing prelate, exerting his voice beyond the powers of nature so much decayed, "you will hear nothing which I wish concealed; something, perhaps, you may do well to witness."

Arundel returned in much expectation, and the bishop continued.

"The mother of this child, whose semblance she bears—nay, whose image I recognise, was the only daughter of a deceased brother. I might have opposed her marriage with one whose religious principles, it was thought, were incongruous with my own and the church, and whose political opinions were opposed to it: but I permitted the union and sanctioned it, at the expense of friendship and popularity. If I erred, and it is now too late to justify or repent, the providence which has brought before me this offspring, speaks favourably of my conduct on that occasion, and but one expression from her lips, and I die in peace. Emily, weep not for her whose sainted spirit rests in heaven: for me, you have known me not enough to form a sentiment of my departure; but one thing I could wish. You cannot again partake the benefits of maternal solicitude. Your father (I never judge the motives of any man) may be consistent with himself; but your character and principles must be formed from your own judgment, and from means which you will find in your power after my decease. I do not summon you to enjoin on you any religious creed or political hemisphere; but, if your affections have never wandered from your heart, to present to your notice a friend who has shared my counsels and instructions, and one, too, whose interests I have often wished to see united with yours."

Emily, whose countenance was always fair, now betrayed unusual paleness; and her agitation only permitted her to beseech her relative to spare a conversation which might prove fatal to him; but it availed not.

"I will not receive your reply," he continued, "till you have heard the opinion of my choice from this exalted pillar of the church, (and he smiled as he said it) Frederic Mortimer."

At the mention of the last name, Emily started as if an electric shock had suddenly surprised her; and ashamed at having so hastily, and somewhat rudely, released her hand from the affectionate embrace of her ancestor, she would have stammered out an apology, had not the voice of the archbishop arrested her attention.

"Fair lady," said the primate, "since your uncle has confided in my friendship, might I not, by repeating his wishes, spare him the painful exertion? Mortimer is a name with which, at least, you are familiar?"

"Has he then betrayed me," thought Emily, "and she glanced at the youth whose face was averted."

"And suppose an accident obliges me to plead guilty—must I then, my lord, incur the censure due only to premeditated guilt? I have never been taught to listen to a Mortimer's pretensions."

"For reasons," replied Arundel, "which may easily be imagined. But this is not a season for discussion, and in the presence of a suitor, I must, with an ill grace, plead the wishes of your friend and father!"

This was a spell to impart life to the seemingly inanimate form of Frederic Mortimer. Starting on his feet, he would have seized the hand of her, for whose love he had sacrificed the pleasures which waited only his acceptance, in a sphere of rank and power; but grief was pictured in her countenance, and she repulsed his advances.

"I feared this," said he; "the subject and the scene are little suited to the meek disposition of Emily Martindale."

"As little," she replied, "to the boasted candour of the house of Mortimer."

How long the conference might have held under other circumstances, its *tone* might seem to imply; but one of its auditors was evidently drawing near the close of an eventful life, and the moments which held him a tenant of mortality were fast fleeing away. A calm insensibility betokened no other result; the apartment suddenly became thronged with spectators, anxious to behold the termination of a conflict, of all others, the most terrible. It was in this situation of things, that Emily, unheeded by all save one, withdrew from a spectacle which threatened the subjugation of her wonted fortitude; and finding no other protection, she retreated to the library adjoining the chapel. Here, for the present, we bid her farewell, in order to present the reader with some notices of the house of Mortimer.

It will be recollected that the motive assigned by the Duke of Gloucester for his rebellion against Richard II., was the advancement of Roger Mortimer Earl of Marche, to the throne, by the deposition of a prince so unworthy of power and authority; and, according to a contemporary writer, Richard himself had declared this nobleman his successor. But Mortimer declined the project, and, sacrificing his private interests, was never found in the ranks against his sovereign. It is not improbable that such distinguished loyalty (when loyalty itself was regarded as a bye-word) cemented the friendship of which so distinguished a prelate as the Bishop of Carlisle was heard to boast, in almost the last accents of expiring nature. A younger brother of the Earl of Marche, was equally as zealous in his support of the Duke of Lancaster; and it is somewhat singular, that at the very time the King of England embarked for Ireland to revenge the death of his cousin, Roger Mortimer, who had then lately been slain in a skirmish with the natives, the only surviving branch of that house was employed as a principal agent in the insurrection of that period. We will not presume to say to what particular circumstances the success of that conspiracy was owing. Henry had acquired by his conduct and abilities, the esteem of the public. Historians inform us, that he had joined to his other praises those of piety and valour, virtues which have at all times a great influence over mankind, and were, during those ages, the qualities chiefly held in estimation. He was connected with most of the principal nobility by blood, alliance, or friendship. The injuries he sustained by a stretch of the royal prerogative, as they might in their consequences, affect others, obtained for him, not only the sympathy of the nation, but declared associates in his resentment. The people, who must always have an object of affection, and who found nothing in the king's person which they could either love or revere, easily transferred to Henry that attachment, which the death of the Duke of Gloucester had left without any fixed direction. His misfortunes were lamented; the injustice he had suffered was complained of; and all men turned their eyes towards him, as the only person that could retrieve the lost honour of the nation, or redress the supposed abuses of the government.

Among those who figured in his cause, particularly at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, on the memorable 4th of July, are the names of the Archbishop of Canterbury, his nephew the young Earl of Arundel, and Sir Hugh Mortimer. Our business is not to trace the page of history any farther than its connexion with our subject requires. Sir Hugh Mortimer was not only an enthusiast in

his principles, but consistent in his deportment. He evidently sacrificed his private interests to the cause he espoused, from its commencement; and at last, sealed the sincerity of his regard with his own blood. It cannot be concealed that Henry's pusillanimity lost him a great many adherents, who were attracted by his peculiar situation and sufferings: but when prosperity obliterated from his memory the services of his friends, and their just claims to his gratitude, we are at no loss to account for the bloody transaction at Shrewsbury, which, although it obtained for him a decided victory, deprived him of his principal nobility, and dearest connexions. The Earldom of Stafford, the names of Shirley, Gausel, Massey, and Calvert, became extinct from that moment of civil convulsion; and but for the providential existence of an infant heir, the title and estates of Sir Hugh Mortimer would have lost an hereditary possessor. However elated by the success of his arms, the monarch soon reflected that victory itself was deprived of its splendour, by the sacrifices which purchased it. He thought it not beneath his dignity to assume the guardianship of Frederic Mortimer, whose interests he carefully superintended; and as a peculiar mark of royal sympathy, he even enriched his favourite with a portion of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Northumberland. This instance of generosity in the King of England, appeared equal to his magnanimity in the case of the Bishop of Carlisle; and we may easily imagine the prelate thought not less of the royal prerogative for an instance of benevolent exertion towards one for whose name and family he professed the sincerest respect.

Such then, was the youth whom Emily Martindale beheld in the chamber of her uncle, when summoned to receive his dying commands. The object of her venerable relative could not be mistaken—it was to derive a hope, from her passive acquiescence, that their interests might be eventually united. But, however convenient for political motives, or agreeable to individual feeling, the daughter of Sir Hugh Martindale knew that her father's deep-rooted enmity to the house of Mortimer would admit of no terms of accommodation or compromise. This enmity had derived a formidable aspect from the political movements of that period: but the circumstances which attended the execution of his friend, the Earl of Worcester, and which were instigated by motives of revenge for the loss of so many loyalists, including Sir Hugh Mortimer, effectually prevented the possibility of a reconciliation. The Earl of Worcester, Percy's younger brother, had been taken prisoner immediately after the battle on the 21st of July, and soon after beheaded; though other associates in his treason were treated with the courtesy due to their rank. A few years after this event, the death of the Earl of Northumberland himself, who was slain in battle, though it deprived his party of any efficient ground of hope, confirmed them in the desire of vengeance. The confiscation of this nobleman's estates mortified their pride, as it contracted their power: but when they beheld these estates conferred on a stripling favourite, and the son of Sir Hugh Mortimer, their secret imprecations knew no bounds. What added to the general disgust was, that there existed a legal claimant to those lands in the person of Edwin Percy, then abroad. This youth, the son of the late Earl of Worcester, had been removed from Oxford immediately after the fall of his unhappy father; and through the interest of some powerful friends, with Sir Hugh Martindale at their head, obtained access to the Court of France. Though deprived of his patrimony, he was rich in ancestry, independence, and valour.

At the period when this history commences, young Percy was scarcely re-

garded in any other light than as an object of sympathy and compassion, even by those who esteemed the friendship of his house, as their highest earthly honour. They now reflected that its energies, once indeed, unrivalled and invincible, were at last reduced to a sphere of comparative inefficiency. Disheartening as was the conviction, they scrupled not to acknowledge existing claims to their gratitude and love.

Frederic Mortimer must not be considered as the willing invader of his friend's rights; for strange as it may seem, in no other character is Edwin Percy to be regarded. They were not only educated together, but accustomed to the same habits of study, they had imperceptibly imbibed sentiments of reciprocal regard. Honourable from principle as well as rank, generous in their disposition, and irreproachable in their conduct, their mutual esteem as it was founded on a substantial basis, promised a long continuance. And when, far removed from the companion of his toil and recreations, Edwin Percy first learnt the story of his destitution, he regarded it less as the act of a treacherous friend, than as the triumph of a malicious and powerful enemy. Frederic Mortimer was not in a situation to refuse the monarch's proffered gift. Hereditary attachments prevented expostulation, though a sense of its injustice imperfectly concealed the dissimulation with which he received it. With qualities of a more amiable character, and such too as well suited his youth and inexperience, the texture of young Mortimer's mind was perhaps unequal to the firmness and self-possession which distinguished a Percy.

Precisely in the same judgment had Emily Martindale regarded this act of spoliation, notwithstanding the impetuous decision of her father. Perhaps her heart inclined her to believe that Mortimer's acquiescence was enforced. She had been encouraged by her mother to form a high estimate of his principles, allowing for his hereditary opinions and prejudices. Indeed, her politic parent had more than once managed an interview, sanctioned as it appeared by the Bishop of Carlisle. But all this was unknown to Sir Hugh Martindale, who would have thought the attribute of his house insulted by the approach of a Mortimer. The result of these interviews, however, was the commencement of friendship, interesting in its nature, hopeless in its consequences.

When Emily retired from the chamber of death, Frederic Mortimer knew not whether to obey the attraction which his heart acknowledged. However inclined, the last words of Emily, as they implied reproach apparently deprived him of the power of following her. Long afterwards, he learnt from a menial the direction she had taken, and resolved to obtain an interview before her departure. His approach was recognised by the sound of footsteps, which recalled the senses of the solitary fair from a deep and perplexing reverie. Never before, perhaps, had she felt so much weakness and irresolution.

"I had not disturbed the solemnity of your thoughts," said Mortimer, as he held the door, "but to obtain emancipation from a gloom which your absence and displeasure have occasioned."

"I am above disguise," replied Emily, "most of all when I suspect intrigue. Was not I commanded hither to be betrayed into an engagement from which my higher duties revolt?"

Mortimer was silent. Emily was either candid or reserved: when she did not win by the one, she awed by the other. On the present occasion, the usual dignity of her manner was heightened by an impression of treatment little suited to the temperament of her disposition.

"I thought the high soul of a Mortimer disdained the paltry resources of

artifice——” again she paused, as though her expostulation were intended only to provoke a reply. But Mortimer knew too well the importance of his cause, and the genius of his monitor, to hazard an interruption to her charge.

“Frederic Mortimer,” she continued, “but for my previous knowledge of your character, I should now condemn you for the veriest emblem of design and knavery that ever marshalled Harry’s court.”

“Then is my character secure,” replied he; “and thanks to that prior knowledge, I am not to be condemned from appearances.”

As he spoke this with all the boast of conscious rectitude, he advanced some paces nearer the object of his warmest devotion. Nor did Emily retain her seat on his approach, but instantly rose, to preserve, at least, the form of unappeased displeasure.

“And yet appearances,” she said, “embodied the soul of modern policy: nor could any one mistake the Lancastrian air, who had once suffered from its infection.”

Had Emily reflected but a moment on the wound she was likely to inflict by her raillery, she had hardly ventured to allude to circumstances which could not have been overruled or prevented. She seemed aware of this, for immediately relaxing from an assumed gravity, she demanded, in a tone of playfulness, if her conjectures were not right.

“So singularly happy are you, Frederic,” she said, “neither royalty nor the church presume to discard you from the cabinet. Pray tell me—I conjure you by the departed spirit of my mother, who loved you as her own son—pray tell me, did not the Bishop expect from the weak side of his niece, a passive acquiescence in his schemes and yours?”

“The brother of your excellent mother,” replied Frederic, “knew not the semblance of guile or dissimulation——”

“Nor shall my father’s integrity be sullied in his daughter’s name. Do not therefore attempt to exact from me concessions unworthy the duty of an only child to an only parent. Our interests are widely separated; to unite them on the ruins of independence and honour would but ill beseem the quality of my name or yours. I have long been taught to sacrifice my feelings and pleasures to the exigencies of the times—you have never studied so difficult a task.”

“I know how unworthy my circumstances appear in the estimation of Emily Martindale, owing to those escheated ruins which old Percy valued so much. I would every vestige of them were obliterated from the earth!”

“Then would you be deprived of an opportunity, now in your power, of performing an act of justice to an injured and an indigent gentleman.”

“You mean Edwin Percy—and that I should be condemned as the willing invader of my friend’s property——”

“*A friend!* is then Edwin Percy your friend?”

“Contemptible as may seem my professions, my soul responds to their sincerity. There was a time when Edwin Percy scrupled not to acknowledge my claim, and shall I not deserve the continuance of his confidence if I act towards him as a faithful steward?”

Intrigue and treachery were themes familiar to Emily Martindale, and she replied to Frederic Mortimer with a look, silent and expressive, which nothing but innocence could withstand.

An intimation of the Bishop’s decease, suspended the conversation, and with it we embrace the opportunity of a respite from our literary labours.

(To be continued.)

POPULAR ELOQUENCE.

No. I.

REV. W. JAY.

Mr. JAY is a finished specimen of natural capabilities, alike independent of, and unrestrained by, the trammels of science or collegiate discipline. His style of preaching is peculiar to himself, and quite unknown, at least unacknowledged, within the precincts of Cambridge or Oxford. Little as it savours of the classic school, its effect, perhaps, is superior to any thing of the kind; and an orator, though emanating from an hallowed foundation, or dignified with the importance of a fellowship, would hardly dare to rank with William Jay.

Nature in her display, it has been remarked, is superior to art, inasmuch as she furnishes the original for a copy which must ever but imperfectly represent her distinguishing characteristics. Simplicity is the very soul and essence of elegance, and that, too, in every subject to which its meaning may be applied. They who mistake a showy appearance for the attribute of beauty, are certainly imposed upon by their own infatuation. A man of taste could never mistake the inflated declamation of the celebrated Caledonian, for the chaste, yet dignified harmony of Mr. Jay's discourses.

It would not be difficult, we think, in a few words, to fix the precise character of that established popularity which has so assiduously followed Mr. Jay for so many years. Equally free from the extremes of eccentricity and enthusiasm, the esteem he has acquired is naturally attracted by—the simple display of a heart and mind alike boundless in their feelings and resources. We remember Mr. Jay more than twenty years ago, and it does not appear that during that period he has been either indolent, or mistaken in his estimate of character essential to success in life. If he were not an attentive observer of human nature, his extraordinary descriptions would sometimes be repelled by an impression that they were overcharged or unreal. But although the preacher be evidently fondly attached to the attractive powers of imagination, we are not prepared to say he is too zealous in his devotions. No—Mr. Jay is never *dry*, because he is acquainted with the secret of disclosing facts in their most splendid similitudes: and what breast has not thrilled with the most opposite emotions at the recital and improvement of some sacred historical transaction? We know not the extent of his researches in Oriental literature; but we imagine he must often have identified himself with the inhabitants of Judea and Jerusalem, and the policy and temper of the Sanhedrim seem not beyond his apprehensions. But it is not in the regions of obscurity and doubt, that the preacher, meteor-like, improves the light but partially developed. *The common people hear him gladly*—and this is indubitably the best test of originality and worth. Is there a heart surcharged with grief?—or, a mind flushed with hope, teeming with expectation, and ardent in enterprise? It seems to be detected from the pulpit, when sympathy awaits only the application of individuals and circumstances.

The *manner* in which the most important truths are enforced, has excited considerable remark. Mr. Jay is a perfect master of *effect*, and it is surprising what expression his countenance is capable of. The passions which actuate and often distort human nature, are not more variable than the expression of countenance, which on different occasions he has summoned to his assistance: and it is difficult to say, in which his ability excels. If our judgment be correct, we think that in passages of inimitable beauty, which are calculated to excite feelings of pity or commiseration, sympathy, or resignation, his powers are unequalled. But when the terrible demands a kindred assistance, we have never been deceived or disappointed.

Mr. Jay's action is always suitable. If there be any fault, it is perhaps not sufficiently energetic, or when energy appears an *effort*. This deficiency, however, is easily supplied by the more substantial advantages peculiar to his method and study; and no one, after hearing him would be tempted to remark on any thing but the originality and strength of his mind. To the honour of Mr. Jay be it spoken, he owes not a tittle of his popularity to circumstances of an adventitious nature. Acquired, doubtless, by industry, application, and perseverance, it is not easily shaken by the storms of prejudice or the machinations of envy; although we believe no one is more universally respected. These notices are not intended to form a critical analysis of talent in the subject, or renown in the world, but faithful and impartial tributes to unostentatious worth.

COPY OF THE LAST WILL OF ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

IN the name of GOD, amen. I, ALEXANDER POPE, of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex, make this my last Will and Testament. I resign my soul to its Creator, in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words "*filius ferit*," of these only, "*Et filius qui obiit anno 17 *Ætatis*;*" and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men in the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of coarse grey cloth as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen, Lord Bathurst, Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, the Hon. William Murray, his Majesty's Solicitor-General, and George Arbuthnot, of the Court of Exchequer, Esq., the survivors or survivor of them, executors of this my last will and testament; but all the manuscripts and unprinted papers which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may be delivered to my noble friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or destroyed, or, in case he shall not survive me, to the abovesaid Earl of Marchmont; these, who in the course of my life have done me all other good offices, will not refuse me this after my death. I leave them, therefore, this trouble, as a mark of my trust and friendship, only desiring them each to accept of some small memorial of me. That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to the library all the volumes of my Works and Translations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of those of Erasmus; that my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuenus, by Buckley; and that Portraits of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson, which he shall prefer; that my Lord Bathurst will find a place for the three Statues of Hercules or Furnesse, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oscuro, done by Reller; that Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Veurini, and Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi; and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the watch I commonly wear, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborough, and he to me on his death bed, together with one of the Pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item.—I desire Mr. Littleton to accept of the Busts of Spencer and Shakspeare, Milton and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince was pleased to give me. I give and devise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Esq., and to the Rev. Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them, when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen three score of the number. I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my works already printed, as he hath written or shall write commentaries or notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of or alienated, and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item.—In case Ralph Allen, Esq. abovesaid shall survive me, I order my executors to pay him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being to the best of my calculations, the amount of what I have received from him, partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses! If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way I am persuaded he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath Hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the sum of three hundred pounds; and to her sons, Henry and Robert Racket, one hundred pounds each. I also release and give to her, all my right and interest, in and upon a bond for five hundred pounds, due to me from her son Michael. I also give her, the family pictures of my father, mother, and aunts, and the diamond ring my mother wore, and her gold watch. I give to Erasmo Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cottrell, Will. Rolingson, Nathan Hook, Esquires, and to Mrs. Ann Arbuthnot, to each the sum of five pounds, to be laid out in a ring or any memorial of me; and to my servant, John Searl, who hath faithfully and ably served me many years; I give and devise the sum of one hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himself and his wife; and to the poor of the parish of Twickenham, twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the said John Searl. And it is my will, if the said John Searl, die before me, that the said sum of one hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item.—I give and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck street, Cavendish square, the sum of one thousand pounds, immediately on my decease, and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, household goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my will. I give and devise to the said Martha Blount out of a sincere regard and long friendship for her; and it is my will, that my above executors, the survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account of all my estate, monies, or bonds, &c. and after paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all the residue upon government, or other securities according to their best judgments, and pay the produce thereof, half yearly, to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, during her natural life; and after her decease, I give the sum of one thousand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her sons, Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the survivors or survivor of them, and after the decease of the said Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the sum of two hundred pounds to the aforesaid Gilbert West, two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot, two hundred to his sister, Mrs. Ann Arbuthnot, and one hundred to my servant John Searl, to whichever of these shall be then living; and all the residue and remainder, to be considered as undisposed of, and to go to my next of kin.

This is my last will and testament, written with my own hand and sealed with my own seal this twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and forty three.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Signed, sealed, and delivered, by the testator, as his last will and testament, in the presence of us,

RADNOR,

STEPHEN HALES, *Minister, of Teddington*

JOSEPH SPENCE, *Professor of History, in the University of Oxford.*

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

THOUGH Death has doomed thee to that dark, cold bed,
Where Beauty's ashes mingle with the dead,
Though that sweet smile which crowned thy virgin face
No more shall brighten o'er its wonted place,
Lives there no record to enshrine thy worth
Too pure to perish with the mould'ring earth?
Ah! yes, thy sleeping innocence may claim
A mental tablet to preserve thy name
In warmest hearts that throbbed with love for thee,
Fond mem'ry bids thine image still to be!
Frail thing! thine artless look and mimic wile
From tender eyes shall oft a tear beguile,
Thy prattling voice that breathed its music round,
In Fancy's ear shall still its echo sound,
While weeping fondness o'er thy tomb shall cry,
There simple youth and guiltless beauty lie!

SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.

A fine cheerful morning in the spring of 182— found me seated in a post-chaise, between two relations, comfortably posting to my place of destination. Every one acquainted with the county of Hampshire must remember the beautiful prospect which opens on the view, after leaving the Southampton road and turning into the Portsmouth one. The white masts of the vessels lifting their perpendicular grandeur from the silvery current; the gay assemblage of pretty summer villas, adorned in all the graceful ornaments of fantastic taste; the grand appearance of the various gentlemen's seats seen through the shady openings of the trees planted in front, and the distant prospect of the mazy river winding its brilliant waters along its mossy banks, were to me this morning more than enchanting. There is a sort of ingratitude clinging to the human mind, which teaches it to undervalue the pleasures it is accustomed to enjoy. This beautiful scene, which use had rendered somewhat stale to the eye, struck me, now about to bid it a short farewell, with melancholy admiration. Though arrived at an age when the faculties and passions of the soul are gradually maturing, and the tender weaknesses of youth fading away in the germinating strength of manhood, I felt I was about to be separated from the bland socialities and indulgencies of home, and be cloistered within the gloomy precincts of a country boarding-school; and, stoical as my pride would have persuaded me to consider myself, spite of the shame I felt I should merit, if nervous enough to betray an unmanly regret on the present occasion, I verily believe that could I unobserved have dropt a tear, I should have indulged myself, and afterwards taken offence had a spectator reproached me with it. After maintaining an amiable silence (for I was far from being in a sulky mood) for a length of time, considering the nearness of my companions, the slow motion of the chaise told us we were ascending a hill; and being roused from my agreeable lounge in the soft padded corner of the vehicle, by the shrill merry whistle of a passing labourer, I exerted myself to pull down the window, and asked the driver what distance we had to roll over, ere we should reach our place of destination? "Not far, sir," replied he, pointing with his short whip to a hamlet that emerged from the valley before us.

Now, by all the laws of story-telling, my pen ought to commence a description of the irresistible rural beauties that captivated me, the romantic solitude of the place, the wild charms of its situation, and sundry other pretty things always allowed in tales; but the truth is, there was nothing very interesting to greet *my entrance* to Bishop's W——m, for this was the name of the place where I was about to fix my abode. There had fallen some rain in the early part of the day, which had damped the unpaved road, and made its ascent muddy and uncheerful, and as the wheels whirled swiftly round the corner of a rusty old inn, displaying a pendant, rotten, painted sign to view, I exclaimed to myself, "Heaven preserve me from being cooped long in this miserable and inhuman looking place!"

The arrival of strangers in an obscure country town, (particularly if they make a dashing entrance in a post-chaise,) is almost as strange and wonderful to the simple boorish inhabitants, as an eclipse of the sun or moon was to the ancients. Numerous dirty, squalling, ragged little imps poured forth, as we turned up the lane that led us to Mr. J——g's academy, and by their hootings and impudent yells, almost frightened the very horses themselves. I could

not help smiling at the curious glances of both sexes that were peeping from the half-opened doors of the different cottages, while by the whispers of the vulgar beings that buzzed in my ear, I could plainly perceive, that they were mutually putting to each other the impertinent and curious question "Who can it be?" At last, the wheels of our vehicle ceased to turn, the door was quickly opened, and I and my friends limped out of our places, just as we were saluted by the formal school-like bow of the pedagogue himself, my future and ever-to-be respected master. Mr. J——gs, was apparently a middled aged man, whose countenance seemed to say he had already seen enough of life to be weary of it. There was nothing in his person to please the first sight; far from it: to me, when I first gazed on his little parched-up face, he appeared any thing but agreeable; his stature was far below the common medium, and his head, though more than usually attended to, had too much of the French frizzle about the hair. The eyes are generally considered the most expressive of the features; that is, I presume, when they have expression—and as Mr. J.'s were deprived of this most desirable quality, I can only say, that his nose amply made up for the deficiency. There was an insolent pert turn at the end of it, which made it resemble the wooden handle of some pump, rather than the grizly projecting feature of the face.

Conducted by this same stately, though diminutive personage, we passed along the diamond-cut hall, which was hung round by cloaks and hats, and descending two steps, entered a long quadrangular room, indifferently furnished, which afterwards proved to be the "best parlour." Here, a formal introduction took place between myself, friends, and the wife of the school-master. She was trimmed up in holiday style, being apparelled in a full-flowing, orange-coloured silk dress, sleeves cut after the latest fashion, and displayed, as she graciously curtsied, the fine lace of a tasty cap, ornamented in front by a small wreath of mingled flowers. There is, generally, a stiffness of deportment pertaining to the English character, which will often throw a gloom over strangers at their first acquaintance, and keep down a flow of good humour and warm-heartedness, which, though perhaps inherent in the heart, mutually require something more intimate than first sight to bring them into action. On the present occasion, this was soon dismissed, and while Mr. J. and my uncle were sporting away in close conversation, I was making good use of my eye-sight in glancing over the objects in the room, which all seemed to display the profession of the householder. On the smooth glossy mahogany table were ranged systematically, pens, ink, and paper, a box of mathematical instruments, and an ebony inkstand, with some half-finished drawings. Two large highly-polished globes filled up the corners at the lower end of the room, while coloured maps of different sizes, hung round the papered walls.

The servant now brought in a cold collation, and having an appetite not a little sharpened by the country breezes, I gave a very fine specimen at my first meal, of my capabilities in the management of the knife and fork. After we had satisfied the desires of eating and drinking, as old father Homer would say, and began to improve a little in our opinions of each other, the rattling of the chaise-wheels was heard, my friends rose up, adjusted their dress, and left me behind—to think on them; for long-experienced kindness on their part had taught me to value their warm affection.

Having thus simply depicted my arrival and entrance into the school, my reader will, perhaps, be anxious to understand, before I introduce him to any further company, the object of my being placed here. My chief purpose was

to finish my studies, and prepare myself for matriculation at Oxford. A London advertisement had made known to the world, that there was a *finishing* establishment in the retired town of Bishop's W——m, under the superintendence of Mr. J——gs, professor of languages. Hither, then, I was brought, and delivered to the watchful guardianship of the governor, with a charge that I was to be considered in all things as under his immediate guidance, and though in the quality of a parlour boarder, was not to be "free as the air, and light as the breeze." A walk over the premises in company with my master, brought me to discover a little of his disposition and temper. He was evidently one labouring to be very great and important, but his futile person and pedantic deportment made him resemble any thing but a gentleman and a scholar. From a few observations, I discovered that he was what the world (the vulgar part of it) terms "a universal genius." He was a smatterer in every thing, but an adept in none—a complete quack in the sciences, and meddler in the arts. "How," cries an inquirer, "how is it possible that so short an intimacy should give you such an insight." To this it may be replied, there are some men whose wisdom is too retired, too deeply locked up in modest keeping, for every new acquaintance to espy it at an early introduction, while there are others, whose boastful emptiness and tawdry vanities, burst on the view after the brief interchange of a few words. Such was J——gs. As we paced up and down the middle path in the private garden, not a flower was handled, smelled, or admired, of which the silly pedant did not explain the class, genus, &c. &c.; and then followed a very learned lecture on the advantages to be acquired from the study of Botany. I happened to look up to the skies, and remark how beautiful was the appearance of the dark silky clouds riding along their airy course. "Very, very beautiful indeed," was the reply. "Pray, are you fond of the science of Astronomy? you know, I presume, the names of the planets, and their distances from the earth—can explain the nature of eclipses, and"—His tongue was now in full spring, and heaven knows how much longer I might have been bored with his ill-timed astronomical nonsense, had not the large drops of rain began to splatter thickly over our uncovered heads, and made us speedily seek the comfortable retreat of the parlour.

The departure of those we love and respect leaves a gloom behind them which needs some philosophy to dispel. So was it with me; And while I cast a melancholy gaze on the cheerful faces around me, my bosom heaved a sigh—not because it envied their happiness, but because it was too oppressed to sympathise with them. No doubt all this will be thought by some remarkably childish, and above one arrived at years of maturity. Be it so: still it must be allowed that infancy, though nervously acted on by the impulse of puny sensibilities, is incapable of entering into all those sympathies, whose very existence is a source of delight to a thinking nature. The weather, too, at this moment, was clouded as mine own feelings, while I was supinely reclining at one end of the sofa, forgetful of any one's presence, except mine own, and giving free range to the indulgence of brooding anxiety. This indulgence was very brief; J——gs advancing to me, with a magisterial air, requested the pleasure of introducing me to his two other parlour boarders; I bent my head in assent, and, with a languid movement, and delightful yawn, walked up to the fire-place, and bowed twice most courteously, while the creature thus introduced me: "Mr. Duncan and Mr. Freestun, allow me to present to you a fresh companion, Mr. M———, who, I doubt not, will be a pleasing addition to

your society." I question that, said I to myself, while I hastily eyed my two novel associates ; for, to be plain, neither of them had a very inviting aspect. Duncan was dressed completely *à la sailor*. His full blue trowsers, short jacket of the same colour, together with a pair of broad shoulders, proclaimed him either to be a sailor, or else that he was proud of assuming the naval characteristics ; his manner and voice were equally blunt and coarse, but there was a frankness seated on his brow, which spoke an open soul and benevolent heart ; his round healthy face I well remember : his complexion was unusually fair for a man, and the swimming azure eye that laughed from beneath his light-fringed lids, cheated a spectator into a belief that Duncan was of a more innocent disposition than he had been. I hardly know whether his countenance might be called interesting or handsome ; certainly beauty and expression were blended in every feature, but the calm, passive sweetness spread over the whole, was more congenial to the soft and delicate loveliness of a female, than to the graceful dignity of a man. Strange it was, when I first looked on him, his careless uncouth demeanour did not permit me to consider his person half so agreeable as I have since thought it. Freestun was a good-tempered, silly-looking, red-haired Irishman, with a squalid disfigured face, which Nature had moulded in one of her whimsical moods ; he was considerably taller than his companion, and appeared a harmless being, who was ready to oblige himself or any body else, to beguile the passing hour. Such were the exteriors of those with whom I was about to study and domesticate.

My first evening passed away with speed, and I rose early the next morning that I might reconnoitre the place : my bed-room window directly faced the east, and the gorgeous appearance of the sun bursting with his radiant beams through the matin clouds, beautifully varied with tints of gold and purple, was indeed an enchanting sight to me, as I breathed the healthy breeze, that wafted in upon me from the open window. Having for the principal part of my life resided within the smoky walls of a crowded town, the rising sun was what I had seldom witnessed. The school was situated in an elevated situation, and those who slept in the upper rooms commanded a charming prospect. There was, however, a mist this morning, covering the tops of the thatched cottages which bounded my view, and I was barely enabled to catch a glimpse of an extensive lake, behind the remains of an old castle, shattered and ruined by the devastations of neglect and time. As Duncan slept in the same room as myself for a little while, we agreed to sally forth together, that he might shew me the place. Leaving most of them in the house, quietly reposing on their pillows, we descended from our room with little noise, and passing through the hall, unbarred the bolts of the heavy street door and gained the terrace, where we determined first to pay a visit to the castle, which I had gazed on from my window. As we tripped briskly down the street, arm in arm, we mutually began to inquire about our future destinations in life. My prospects (limited as they were at that moment) were soon explained ; but all I learnt from Duncan was, that he was the son of a lieutenant in the navy, who was supposed to be burnt together with his ship, that he had been a very gay, dissipated young man, and that his father-in-law (at that time editor of the Literary Gazette) had sent him here as parlour-boarder, to give him a fair trial for the last time, whether he preferred to cultivate his mind and enter into a highly respectable rank in life, or to neglect his interest and beggar himself and welfare by it. We were now standing by the moist bank of the lake, and tasteless must he have been, dead to all the finer sensibilities

of the mind, who could have refrained from heaving a grateful sigh of silent adoration at the splendid scene around him. There was a beautiful calm this morning, that spread a delicious softness over every thing in nature, while Nature herself seemed full of love, inviting admiration. The lake was situated in a retired spot, fenced negligently around with bull-rushes and bending reeds; at the south end the babbling of its waters was heard, gliding swiftly under a little wooden arch, on which a kind of fishing hut was built, where the eel-catcher passed many a damp cheerless night in laying his lines; after passing the arch, the stream was confined to an irregular channel, till it broke out again in gentle flow, and lost itself amid the reedy swamps and sunny meadows. On whichever side you cast your eyes, nothing but delightful scenery was seen: here, was a neat cot, smiling with its simple beauty on the verdant uplands, telling that innocence and happiness dwelt within; here, a bowery coppice hung on the declivity, and there the moss-roofed farm with its faded ricks and busy court-yards welcomed the sight. Perhaps I am romantic, and therefore, weak minded; if so, long may that weakness be mine that teaches me to admire with intense fondness the unvarnished charms so bountifully distributed over the whole of Nature's work. A country walk is to me at all times a source of pleasing contemplation, and while pensively pacing along the cool lane, or climbing the grassy hill, I can bury for awhile in oblivion the fretting toils of life, and taste the unclouded joys of inward happiness and content. I had almost forgotten my companion, and strolled unthinkingly away from him to the other end of the lake, when a beckon from him brought me to his side; and while I looked on the ivied walls of the castle, he addressed me. "These sombre looking remains which stand before us, were in their original perfect state a palace, where the Bishops of Winchester for several years held their stately court; and it is from this circumstance that the town has been called by the name of Bishop's W——m. Formerly, I am told, this palace was very grand and costly, but alas! view it now!! these solitary and crumbling wrecks only leave a memorial of decayed greatness!!" The thickness of the walls had preserved them from entire ruin, and a spectator might easily trace amid the confusion, the situation of many of the apartments, while the winding staircases were still perceived through the gaps in the different turrets. It was truly a melancholy spectacle, and while the wind whistled carelessly over these mouldering remnants of former grandeur, my imagination was picturing to my mind the many merry hours and convivial felicities which had once been felt there, when rank and splendour were reigning over them. "Do you know", continued Duncan, "I've stood gazing on these frowning relics with folded arms for many an hour; and thought they bore no forced resemblance to my own state, for once I was proud and happy, but my own follies have reduced me to ruin, like these walls. Often, often have I visited this spot at evening, when the moon lit the spangled skies, and threw her mellow beams over these ruins, and wept with a flood of tears, as I thought of my past errors, and vainly resolved to act with propriety in future; but mine is a corrupted heart, and misery is its best and sole allotment."

From this moment, I began to conceive a different opinion of him, and considered him one whose faults had proceeded more from the head than the heart; still, I could not but feel surprised to hear one expressing himself so thoughtfully, whom, at the first interview, I had taken for a mere blunt, common-place creature. I was on the point of persuading him to communicate his griefs to me, when the school-bell summoned us to breakfast; and obliged me to defer my wishes to a further opportunity.

I should only disgust the reader's patience were I to describe the dry routine of a school to him, as doubtless he once experienced its delights and recurring scenes. As parlour boarders, of course we were more under our own direction than the juniors, whom we used to designate by the name of 'commons.' Our study was a very comfortable room at the back of the house, with one side lined with book-shelves. It was here we prosecuted our studies, unmolested by the discordant twang of the crowded school-room. Some weeks passed off very quietly, and nothing of moment occurred to disturb the tranquillity of each coming day. I gradually began to be attached to Duncan, not that I could possibly be his friend, for our principles and feelings were, in many respects, so opposite, that so close a connection of friendship could never permanently subsist between us. There was a something noble and spirited about him at times, which, when contrasted with his frequent violent aberrations from every duty, only caused me to regret that early irregularities should still predominate over a heart naturally generous and kind. Duncan and the "governor" were never at peace with each other: the latter was wild and restive, buoyant as the very air he breathed, and incapable of being governed, unless the rein was put on in the most gentle manner; the latter was mean and conceited to a degree; full of self and bigoted. Though there is a duty and respect owed from the pupil to the master, it requires prudence and wisdom on one side to command it. A short anecdote will illustrate this: J—gs had hung up in the study, a board, on which were written the rules and studies, to which Duncan was implicitly to conform. As J—gs was a man very happy to show his authority at all times, he did not neglect it in this case. After a tedious mention of twenty different studies on this board, the following prohibition, written in a small-hand, followed: "N.B. Not to be a half a mile from the town without obtaining a card of permission." Duncan scanned over this with a contemptuous eye, at what he called the "little man's impudence," then took up his pen and scribbled the following well-known truth: "You may take a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." Perhaps this, on his part, was both disrespectful and unjustifiable, but the other was to blame for attempting to be so coercive. Duncan had been too much accustomed to follow the bent of his own inclination, to be forced to obedience. A kind word has enslaved him when no stretch of severity could have turned him. The fact was, J—gs was not in the least calculated to preside over the education of young men, as a *little* tyrant to flagellate *little* boys, he was tolerably efficient. A day or two after, looking over the board, we read this laconic explanation, or rather corollary, "But you may drench him!"

The assistant was the prop of the establishment: he was a fine clever fellow, amiable as talented, bred at Eton, and has, I believe, since entered at Cambridge. I was rather a favourite with White, (for so he called himself,) and often have we passed many a delicious moment, in talking of our favourite authors as we traversed the play-ground together. For his memory I shall ever have a deep respect. It was from him I was first taught to acquire a knowledge of the most refined and beautiful of all languages, that of the Greek. He used to tell me he should often think of my ardour in committing the Greek grammar to memory. Having unfortunately commenced to learn Greek at a later period than customary, my application was unremitting, and nothing unusual was it for me to be heard chattering away my *τῶντων, τῶντεῖς, τῶνται*, while my eyes were closed in sleep. Freestun, the Irishman, was sel-

dom within bounds, or with his books before him in the study; his taste was by no means of a studious kind, but still he was not without his accomplishments; he could leap a five-barred gate very gracefully, strike a cricket ball further than any body else, and could ride a horse without any saddle on its back. At this time there were some French, Spanish, and Italian officers, on *parole* here, and our dull town was quite gay of an evening, when they were parading the principal streets, dressed in their blazing regimentals, clinking their spurs on the pavement, and nodding to every pretty face they met. With one of the Italian officers, Freestun became so intimate, that one day they both left the town together, and have not been heard of since. His vacancy, however, was soon filled by a proud, thin, Welshman, of the name of P——, a nephew, by marriage, to the late gallant Sir Thomas Picton. He was liked by none, being neither liberal nor communicative, but surly, and cold as the snow on his own native mountains. Duncan, with all his faults and inconsistencies was far more amiable. It was very laughable to hear the conversations between P—— and him sometimes; and although Duncan was inferior to him in his intellectual attainments, the other could seldom overcome in argument. The Welsh are well known for their pride of ancestry: in Wales it is no uncommon thing to hear a poor man bragging of his ancestors, while he produces a musty old piece of parchment, whereby he traces his origin regularly up to Adam himself! P——, in this respect, was no disgrace to his country; it seems his family was, as to descent, highly respectable, but much reduced by misfortunes. Be it as it may, there was no decrease in his pride. We were all sitting round our study-fire one cold night at the latter end of Autumn, and while myself and J——gs were playing chess, I overheard part of the conversation between P—— and Duncan. P—— had remarked, that no man could be a gentleman, except born so. "Pshaw!" cried Duncan, "genteel birth is only valuable in proportion as it is adorned by other dignified graces. There's many a man *born* a gentleman, who does not *live* a gentleman, and therefore I conceive, no gentleman; a man's true respectability is centered in *himself*, and though it may receive additional splendour from being associated to honourable forefathers, it will ever shine brightly when barely supported by its own intrinsic worth." "I wonder, Duncan," replied P——, "that you, who certainly are the son of a gentleman, are not proud of it; for my part I shall always consider myself ennobled in being tenth cousin to his present majesty!" All that I remember of Duncan's answer to this magniloquent speech, was a very simple but natural question, "And what are you the better for that?"

It was customary for the parlour boarders to write essays every week, and to deliver them with a feigned name, that they might be publicly read in the school-room. On one occasion, while we were anxiously waiting for Mr. J——gs's perusal to determine which among us should prove the successful competitor, we were surprised at hearing a loud continual peal of laughter which came from the school-room, and, on inquiring, what was my astonishment at learning that J——gs had read out a lampoon, that Duncan had written on him!!—In this respect, I approved of J——gs's conduct, as his public perusal of the piece best attested his contempt for it, and privately blamed Duncan for his daring wit, but could not convince him that he had erred. I never could find out his character, although there was not a shade of deception in its composition. Sometimes he was mild and acquiescent; at others, boisterous, and offensively rude. He was truly a strange

being. After he has been using the most indecorous language, I have often listened to him, while he would sit down and sing with sweet unaffectedness a melancholy and touching air. His passions were warm, and when in full flow, not easily restrained. Duncan was a great admirer of what he called "the honest Jack Tar," and, unfortunately, *sometimes* resembled him too much to edify his companions; he erred where thousands do, who think the incivilities of bluntness superior to the bland concessions of true courtesy. It required an intimate acquaintance with Duncan, to find out in what he was amiable, while his errors and inconsistencies were very perceptible from his undisguised manners.

A few months after my conversation with him by the lake, I perceived a marked difference in his manner: he who lately was all sprightliness, loud humour, and jocose to a fault, was become gloomy and reserved. He shunned society, and when interrupted in his walks, he would peevishly withdraw himself. At first, I considered this as a mere whim, knowing his nature as I did; but at last, his constant reserve was noticed by others, as well as myself. He seldom joined the family at the breakfast table till late in the morning, and when he entered the room, it was with a *nonchalance* that told while he favoured us with his personal presence, his thoughts and soul were not in our company. My curiosity was awakened, and I determined to discover the reason of his indifference and melancholy, either by inquiry or scrutiny.

Duncan was a self-taught artist, and had produced several charming pictures; of late, he was with his colour box before him more than usual, but no one in the school was permitted to see his performances. An idea entered my mind one day, as I watched him writing a very lengthy epistle, perhaps he was in love: "in love," said I, "why not? who more formed to be the victim of romantic passion? who so likely to be deceived, and to deceive?—not from a villainous principle, but inability to guide his feelings and guard against his weaknesses. If he be entrapped in the wiles of love, then these pictures and letters, I suppose, are little *douceurs* for the fair one." Notwithstanding, I had a little satisfied my curiosity by this my own explanation, why he should be so mysterious about it, was still to me very strange; surely there was no harm in his being in love;

"Is it in heaven a crime to love too well!"

For myself, I have always a respect for a man in love, as I conceive him to have *some* merits, and therefore Duncan did not decrease in my good opinion. It is true, he was rather young, just verging on twenty, but that is an age when the heart is most fickle and susceptible of all the tenderest and delightful emotions, though it may not be discreet or constant.

There was in the town an academy for young ladies, superintended by a Miss R———, an accomplished and interesting lady; J——— was on terms of friendship with her, and he had once taken his parlour boarders to tea there with him: Duncan had observed to me, after we had passed through the school-yard, where the pupils were taking their exercise, that Miss R. had certainly "some beautiful angelic creatures under her pupilage." This, I thought at the moment, did not appear to me at all unnatural; for what young heart does not sometimes flutter, and give eloquence to the tongue at the sight of innocence and beauty. Diogenes himself would not have told *Sappho* to have removed from between him and the sun, had she stood before him instead of *Alexander*. Since that time, Duncan had frequently poured forth his praises

on a sweet girl there, of the name of Caroline G——, who, he told me, was the daughter of an English merchant, and on the death of her mother was placed with Miss R——. The two schools occasionally met at the theatre, (for even Bishop's W——m had a strolling company for two or three months in the year,) and I fancied he was exceedingly active in paying little attentions to his favourite; but I considered all this a mere flirtation, a boyish circumstance; the issue proved that trifles sometimes constitute the cause of great and momentous issues.

Before I proceed any further in this amatory affair, I ought to acquaint the reader, that Duncan, when dressed in his best suit, was a young man that few young ladies would have objected to. Caroline (for I had often taken a sly peep at her, in her pew during churchtime,) was in the dangerous age of eighteen; dangerous because it is an age when we all think ourselves full of wisdom and experience, while we are in reality mere babies in deciding on what will be permanently conducive to our future happiness. Her figure was one that Canova might have studied to imitate with his divine chisel, and have failed; there was nothing about it that betrayed much design for the display of grace, and yet every movement was graceful as woman's could be. Her countenance was fair but inclined to paleness, and her eyes that seemed to dart rays, as if in rivalry for love, beneath her pencilled eyelids, were a complete mirror, on whose bright surface might be seen all the movements of the soul. In short, Caroline had a face and head that would have vied with perfection itself, and withal too, there was an enchanting loveliness spread over the whole that beautified what was itself of the first order of beauty. Was Duncan then to blame for loving what was made for love?

The walls of Miss R——ll's play-ground, formed part of the enclosure on one side of the churchyard; the school itself fronted the church, and the passenger that stopped, as he traversed the burial ground, to read with many a sigh the sad records of mortality, was often roused from his reverie by the prattling and jocund laughter of the young ladies, which were heard at times among the silence of the tombs.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that I had procured the key of the church door from the simple, unsuspecting sexton, and ascended the church tower, from whence, leaning over the moss-covered parapet, I might take a most extensive view of the surrounding country. This was a favourite resort of mine, and delightful is the remembrance of those undisturbed delights I have felt on this elevated spot; often indeed, did I think with the Roman poet

"Beatus ille, qui procal negotiis,"

while I surveyed the elysian scenes around me. Behind, was the rectory, with its lawn, shrubbery, and cultivated grounds richly spread on all sides; before, my eye could scarcely compass the diversified and extensive view; the Isle of Wight hills were seen, with their tops mellowing as it were into the clouds by their distance, while now and then a sudden ray of the sun would stream along the brow of one of them, and show the white walls of some neat cot. I had another reason, besides the exquisite beauty of the scenery, for visiting the tower this afternoon: Duncan had told me that I might take a glance at Miss R——ll's pupils, while they were amusing themselves in their play-ground, and as I never was, or mean to be, much of a stoic, I thought I would for once indulge myself, by catching a surreptitious view of them. A group of innocent girls forms at all times an interesting sight, and particularly so to a

country school boy, who seldom sees any thing in the shape of a woman save the mistress of the house, and, occasionally the greasy cook.

As I listened to the merry voices of the little parties of girls, who were marching gaily up and down the court-yard, I suddenly perceived Duncan walking cautiously and slowly by the side of the wall, till he stopped at the door at the end of the play-ground which opened on the churchyard walk; here, I watched him apply his eye for a moment or two to the key-hole, and afterwards, the form of a female appeared, who hastily seized his arm, and then advancing together towards the north side of the burial ground, I observed them seated by each other on a low tomb stone, closely engaged in conversation. Here then, thought I, is an *ecclaircissement*: Duncan is certainly the favoured suitor of Caroline, and doubtless, these two young lovers are now plotting some scheme for an elopement, or this may be only a very innocent interview. The creaking of the churchyard gate occasioned me to turn my head to observe who was approaching, and on again looking to the tomb stone I saw Duncan alone, negligently swinging his glove to and fro, and evidently insensible to what was going on around him. I hesitated, as I descended from the tower, whether I should communicate my discovery to Duncan or not: if I did so, I considered that he would be offended, and perhaps suspect me as a spy on his actions; I therefore determined to pretend, as before, total ignorance of the direct truth, and endeavour, by a few jocose intimations, to elicit from him a confession of his attachment. Duncan had removed from the tomb, and did not see me approach, as he stood immured in thought and gently tapping the ground with his alternate toe and heel. "This is a delightful retreat for ardent lovers, Duncan," said I, as I fronted him; "You, I guess, feel a pleasure in frequently visiting this undisturbed spot, to meditate sweetly and silently among the tombs?" "You, perchance, may be partial to it, for my part, I assure you, I only flee here to escape the intrusion of the world." "I understand you, you would rather not have my company at present; but I shall not leave you ere you redeem your promise to me, by recounting to me a little of your history." "Well, if you compel me, I must submit, so walk with me to yonder spreading tree, we will seat ourselves on the oaken bench beneath, while I give you a brief relation of my own checquered and somewhat romantic life."

"My father, M———, as I have before told you, was a lieutenant in the navy, the son of an officer of rank in the same service; my mother was equally respectable with my father, and I remember she was as beautiful as she was amiable and affectionate. But, alas! I have been ungrateful to them, and therefore am unworthy of being related to them. From infancy I was self-willed and passionate, and ere I could scarcely articulate plainly, was incapable of restraint. As my father was seldom in the bosom of domestic happiness, I soon conquered the mild, forgiving disposition of my mother, till at last, my wishes generally took the precedence of her own. While at school, I contracted a fondness for every thing connected with the sea, and my young heart was never more delighted than when I was examining any picture that represented the sea, sailors, vessels, &c. and I often boasted to my playmates that I 'was intended for the sea.' In fact, it was, I believe, my father's intention, had he lived to have completed it, that I should follow the same noble profession as himself. He used, of a winter's evening, when at home, to dandle me on his knee, while my dear mother sat smiling at my innocent admiration, and relate to me many of his sea adventures. Though naturally unruly, there were

times when I was docile and obedient; and when I had been what was termed 'a good child,' my reward was generally a 'story' from my father.

"My father was more resolute and exact towards me than my mother; perhaps he had some foresight, and saw that if not wisely educated, I should hereafter prove a source of trouble to myself and friends. While he resided with me, my temper was a little softened, but after his duty called him away for the *last* time, I gained a complete ascendancy over my mother, and gave vent to every burst of fitful passion. By the time I was eight years of age, I was quite a spoiled child, did as I pleased, and how I pleased. It was no wonder, then, that I was restless, impatient of delay, and desirous of novelty; my desire for going to sea became stronger as years increased. I can never forget how dreadfully I terrified my indulgent parent, by absconding for a whole day, and was found at last at the quay near the Tower, prattling to a number of sailors, and beseeching them to take me on board with them. I was in my fourteenth year when my poor father's death left my mother a widow, and me a fatherless froward youth.

"Something in which I had been prevented from acting indiscreetly, threw me into a raging passion, in which wretched mood I hastily ran out of the house, and procured the situation of a cabin boy in a vessel bound for Calcutta, and which was to leave the next morning. In this humble situation did I rashly leave the blessed endearments of home, and all the tender kindness of the best of mothers. Before we lost sight of the English shore, my heart upbraided me for my cruel desertion, while the hoarse voices of the different officers convinced me that the life of a 'cabin boy' would be one exposed to a thousand hardships and deprivations. Often, often indeed, was my little swinging hammock watered with repentant tears, while the hollow roar of the waves beating against the side of the labouring vessel, bade me think of home. But regret, I thought, could not then release me from my trouble, so before we reached our destination, I was in a great measure become hardened to my fate. Perhaps you have no idea how easily the influence of vicious example will work on an uncultivated mind. It is true I had always been taught to revere every thing that was hallowed; to respect the sanctity of the sabbath; to look up to Providence for unerring guidance at all times; and had been impressed with the blessings attendant on prayer and devotion. But every good impression vanished amid the immoralities which daily corrupted me. Our sailors, of all class of men, are generally the most irreligious and profane, ignorant even of the most elementary points in religion; they are swearers by habit, and seldom speak without damning some part of their bodies. Among such uncivilized creatures, was it wonderful, that by the time I landed at Calcutta, I had learned to curse too, and drink rum till I could boast of intoxication? One voyage rendered me totally a different being; before, I was headstrong, but now I had become violent and dissipated, regardless of all moral decorum, and profane as any untutored heathen! At this time it was, that I prided myself in estimating the character of a tar, and, in truth, bating their vicious depravities, there is a great deal of generosity and true valour found in the English sailor. To this day, I can never see a sailor in the tattered garments of poverty, without innumerable distressing recollections rushing on me, which prompt me in particular to relieve him, for the sake of what I myself had been.

"Our stay at Calcutta was very short; the climate had nearly proved fatal to me. The apathy, superstition, and fanaticism which I frequently witnessed,

were degrading and disgusting. I need hardly tell you, that Calcutta constitutes a town in itself, but its suburbs are extensive, and peopled by inhabitants from all quarters of the globe. I collected several natural curiosities, which I brought to England on my return, and disposed of them to advantage; among them, I remember, there was a skull of an Indian, which I had picked up as I was strolling by the side of the Ganges; it was scarcely injured by decay, and was altogether a rare specimen of preservation. In Calcutta, it is no uncommon thing to perceive quantities of human bones strewed about on the shore; I believe it is the custom of the natives, when their relatives are about to die, to leave them helplessly exposed by the river side, till they perish by neglect.

"Our ship having now taken in its cargo, we sailed back for England; and believe me, M——, only those who have left their native land can be sensible how profusely it is favoured with every blessing and enjoyment. In our passage home I narrowly escaped a watery grave. We were not far from the Downs, when we were surprised by a sudden storm: on that night it happened that I had to watch; the weather had been excessively sultry during the day, and we had all expected a thunder storm; in the evening, the air was a little cooled, though not a breeze seemed to breathe over the stilly surface of the deep. I was pacing the deck, and admiring the moon just emerging from the waters, and illuming them with her soft splendour; but suddenly, a dark cloud overshadowed her crescent, and as her last beam flooded the deep with its light, I saw the white curl of the angry surf, while a violent gush of the wind made our vessel rock. The storm was so tremendous and sudden, that in my hurry to attend to my duty, I fell over-board!—and being unable to swim, must have perished, had not a generous comrade, on hearing my cry of distress, speedily thrown out a rope, by which I was drawn up again. No language can paint to you the horror I felt, while struggling in the deep. I shuddered not so much from the fear of quitting life, as of entering on eternity; and appearing before an awful tribunal. Oh! my friend, at that moment, short as it was, I would have given worlds to enjoy an hour's existence that I might repent, and make my peace with an offended Creator.

"You, who live on land, surrounded with comforts, and safe from the stormy dangers of the wide ocean, can scarcely conceive the horrors of a tempest, when all the elements seem to jar, and the white-crested billows lift up their heads, as if in mock defiance of all the wreck that lay around them. Providence, however, rescued us; and though our masts were levelled, our bowsprit shattered, and yard-arms broken down, not a life was lost.

"After my arrival in England, I soon obtained my discharge, and hastened up to town in tolerable condition: having nearly the whole of my pay, together with the money arising from the sale of my curiosities. How different were my feelings as I entered the metropolis, to what they were when last I left it! I had not written to my mother since my absence; and as the consciousness of guilt and base ingratitude, would not permit me to go and throw myself at her knees and sue her forgiveness, I soon forgot my past trouble, mixed in every scene of dissipation, gambled, went constantly to the theatre, and associated with the most dissolute of companions; my health soon became weakened, and after paying the expenses of medicine and attendance, I found my little stock gone; and myself compelled to be industrious. An old servant of the family informed me that my mother had married again, and that my father-in-law was an

austere man, not at all inclined to favour *me* with a kind reception, should I presume to intrude. I blush to tell you that to such extremities was I driven, that I really was reduced to an oyster seller! there I stood in some public street, with my blue fishy apron, and thick bladed knife, opening oysters, and inviting passengers to buy them!! An unlooked for circumstance rescued me from this degraded situation. One dusky evening, I was engaged as usual in selling my 'nice, fresh oysters,' and had just dismissed a plaguy customer, when a lady dressed in a genteel garb, resting on the arm of a fine grown, gentlemanly looking man approached my standing, and as the latter put the question 'Well my man how d'ye sell your oysters by the hundred,' I recognized my mother's features! my voice was choked, the knife dropped from my hold while my mother screamed out in an agony of surprise 'merciful heaven, it is Duncan himself!!' Here, M———, I conclude my history: I followed my friends home; and after civilizing myself a little, and recovering my health, I was sent here to be educated, and that I may, when adequately competent to the situation, be appointed a civil engineer, through my father's interest in South America."

Evening dews were now descending, and we returned home without disturbing the silence around us with a single observation. At night, after our themes were prepared for the following morn, we usually played chess by way of recreation; it was my turn to have attacked Duncan that evening, but I was disappointed; he was engaged in his bed-room just under my own, and did not enter the study till the rest had nearly finished supper. I had for the last hour, been considering what Duncan had communicated to me, and was regretting that he would not yet become an altered character. The hour for retiring came, Duncan was the first to move, and as he made a slight bow to all around, he said very impressively "Good night, gentlemen," and had just opened the door to quit the room, when, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he advanced to me, looked me very meaningly in the face, and without moving his lips, gave my hand a squeeze that said more than language could, and then disappeared.

I was kept awake till a late hour by perplexing thoughts, and did not close my eyes in sleep till midnight had winged away. We met, as customary, at the appointed hour, at the breakfast table, but no Duncan was there! Concluding he overslept himself, I went to call him—but Duncan had disappeared! His boxes, &c. &c. had been removed during the night; on his bureau I found a note, addressed to me, laconically stating that he eloped with Caroline, and wished me every happiness!!

By what means he had quietly accomplished his designs I know not; the school and town were really in an uproar, and no person knew ought of the matter, but that a parlour boarder of Mr. J——gs had certainly clandestinely carried off one of Miss R——ll's young ladies. I remained a quarter of a year at Bishop's W——m after Duncan's abrupt departure, but where, and how he was, was still involved in mystery when I left. His faults were soon forgotten, and all that was amiable in him was commended when he was no longer present. Perhaps he is now before the mast, far from home, from peace and happiness, neither of which has he a right to expect; but when fond recollection brings his image to my mind, I only think of his *virtues*, and though *my* regret can never atone for *his* faults, I often pay his memory the tribute of a tear.

R. M.

Bath, April 15, 1826.

THE PORTFOLIO.

No. I.

DEAD, I exclaimed, after a long reverie, dead! The words jarred so discordantly on my ear that I looked round my apartment as if I had been spoken to. Tray, aroused by my voice, put his friendly paw upon my knee, glad, no doubt, to see any signs of so long a silence being interrupted; and a momentary glance was sufficient to inform me that—pschaw! the coffee is cold. Half an hour spent in repairing the mischief of an hour's absence of mind, in refreshing the fire, and trimming the lamp, enabled me to recover my recollection, and in part, my usual serenity. Still the coffee was not good, sip after sip it deteriorated in flavour. Burnt sugar or moist, isinglass or no isinglass, it was just the same, every remedy was fruitless. Now it could not be that any unwonted perturbation of spirit convicted my grocer of rascality, and changed nectareous Mocha into the suffocating growth of the Indies. What I, who had renounced all participation in the joys or sorrows of my fellow creatures, I, to whom books—my upturned eye was caught by the serene smile of the “observed of all observers,” whose portrait formed the sole ornament of my contracted study. Did sympathy for thy kind, lessen thy philosophy, O bard of Avon! This reflection fortunately saved my stoicism from being put to the blush; I no longer repeated “Down, down hystericæ passio,” but covering my face with both my hands, the feelings with which I had been struggling the whole evening tumultuously burst forth, and I gave way to a deep and bitter agony of tears. This was more than the poor animal could bear. My former silence had been unsociable, but here was proof that his master was unhappy; and Tray, unlike more rational friends, did not understand how misfortune could warrant forsaking a benefactor. His officious snout thrusting with pertinacious affection between my hands, and his plaintive whine becoming more and more clamorous, prevented my indulging in grief further than the relief of an overcharged bosom demanded. I must confess my weakness. I in my turn did not understand how to neglect the companion of years, though a dumb one, could be looked upon as an estimable gift of reason; and therefore, even for the sake of poor Tray, benefitted myself by restraining the exuberance of sorrow. Calm succeeded the storm, and stirring the fire to a cheerful blaze, I pensively ruminated over the by-gone day. The cause of my past agitation was an event of every-day occurrence, nay trivial from its frequency. But I had never witnessed its effects before. Dead! that would have been nothing, but living death, the annihilation of the mind without extinction of the understanding! Worse, yes unutterably worse than either death or madness is the “burial of hope.” Poor Emma L. the following lines of hers may not possess poetical merit, but have alas! that of truth—

“I thought—that thought has passed away,
It faded with the flowers.
My joys could never know decay,
In this false world of ours.

I thought—all pain was like the thorn
On which the bird reposes,
That singeth until peep of morn,
Love's vigil to the roses.

I know—those flowers will spring again,
Those joys—so like—will never,
I know—no morn will hush this pain,
Save that which dawns for ever.”

I need hardly now tell her story, which in truth requires but few words. Money—this single word might explain the tale, and even so might it stand for the whole catalogue of human ills. Yet shall I not be laughed at for displaying this commiseration. To pity a girl crossed in love, and at my age! But prythee listen how well she loved, and imagine you see her dimmed eye and colourless cheek now.

" Oh ! urge me, urge me not to smile,
 I know not when we meet again,
 Nor falsely can, sweet friend, beguile
 With unfelt looks that thought of pain.
 Forbear to chide my foolish fear,
 I cannot choose but sorrow,
 Those words, alas ! ring in my ear,
 ' We part, dear girl, to morrow.' "

" Farewell, thou stern, thou harsh farewell,
 I never knew thy pangs before,
 But now thou soundest like the knell,
 Which bids the living hope no more.
 Forbear to chide my foolish fear,
 I cannot choose but sorrow,
 Those words, alas ! ring in my ear
 ' We part, dear girl, to-morrow.' "

Her bodings were only too true. When our acquaintance commenced, the lark, whose first notes carrol forth thanksgiving, was not more innocently joyous than herself. She was lovely to the eye, and lovely to the mind, ingenuous because innocent, and innocent not from absence of temptation, but superiority to it. Have you seen the rose-bud modestly open its vermeil leaves to the pure beam of the sun, and " take the winds of heaven with beauty ?" Even so did every charm of the tender girl expand before the influence of first—is there any other—love. Time passed by, on angel wings, but the flower was too delicately fragile to endure, and a father's hand broke—no—withered it on the stem. Her lover had suffered unexpected reverses of fortune. 'Twas a valid reason for crushing a child's happiness, and who could blame the parent had she sunk under the blow.——Some weeks had elapsed since the marriage was broken off, and I went this morning to see, and if possible, console. I found her in the green-house, tending her favourite plants, and the first glance convinced me that consolation was beyond the power of man. A tear glistened in her eye as she held forth her hand ; it was but for a moment, and she resumed her occupation. She went mechanically round from plant to plant, cleared away the decayed leaves, and performed the necessary services with her usual assiduity, but her mind was evidently far otherwise employed. I did not speak much, for my heart was too full, and she probably took my unintentional silence as kinder than vain words. My eyes however were busy, and sad was the tale they told me. Not that any material change had taken place in her person. She was certainly thinner, and her countenance which used to mantle over with suffusions

" ————— so divinely wrought,
 That one would almost say her body thought ! "

remained unalterably pale, whiter than monumental marble. A stranger could not have surmised the canker which was now devouring her " heart of hearts." There was even more than customary neatness observed in the simple arrangement of her dress, and her voice, touchingly sweet—though lower and more plaintive—was unagitated and firm. It was her look and manner which weighed down the heart of the beholder. Hope on this side the grave was extinct. The cup of life overflowed with gall, almost before its sweets were tasted. Morning and night, summer and winter, will change the tide of existence to others, but her years will flow on darkly the same. She will walk through the world as if a denizen of another sphere, alike indifferent to its wishes and its fears. As if roaming over the arid sands of the desert, whichever way she turns, one dreary blank will bound her view. So young, so fair, so good,—dead ! poor Emma, would thou wert.

G. H. S.

APRIL IN BATH.

As many people, who have never been in Bath, have a very vague idea of it, and many who have actually been there, a very erroneous one—it may be as well for me to give a *slight* sketch of the nature of the place and its peculiarities, the manners and customs of the people, their dress, deportment, and habits of life.—*The Bath Man*.

An April in Bath, my dear Ernest, is the finest treat in the world. The city itself, reposing in the very bosom of the gentle Avon, with meadows resplendent in their verdure, rising hills, and walks delighting by the taste and elegance displayed in their arrangement: I verily believe there is no other place to be found, where, look which way you will, such variegated landscapes rise to the view. Modern refinement is conspicuous in the interior of the city: the buildings are magnificent, and in good taste; the streets are large, well paved, and clean. Groves, squares, parades, the circus, crescent, &c. all afford abundant and agreeable opportunities for taking the air: nor must we forget the scene of unrivalled gaiety presented by Milsom street and Old Bond street on a proper pedestrian day. People of pleasure, too, are not without their resources in the splendid ball-rooms, and the enchantment of the theatre.

You know that, in reply to your charge of enthusiasm, I have often defended myself on the plea of natural superiority: nay, I have a certain propensity to revolt from any thing which is calculated to remind me of that folly peculiar to man, whose extremes of skill are intended to vie with the sublime in nature. This deteriorating principle does not surprise us in any other creature. Let a man of sensibility, (I do not say a *connoisseur*,) retire from a modern exhibition of second-rate renown, and from the temporary galleries in Milsom street, or elsewhere, take horse to breathe the air of Lansdown, and enjoy its romantic scenery—pray tell me, you who know the situation, which is most powerful in expression, the most potent in influence? The fleecy herd reposing in unsuspecting innocence and contentment, and the ever-changing prospect, by ‘flood and field,’ unite their various resources to impart a charm beyond the skill of human agency. You are not a sophist: to you therefore, these, my favourite subjects, are both intelligible, and need not the colouring of an artificial display.

Alas! for poor Lady Mary L——, whose youthful charms, once the theme of universal delight in the neighbourhood of Fulham, are now eclipsed in the maze of fashion. The moment her ladyship began to waver in her admiration of the pasturage and the city, the evil genius of the age betrayed her unthinking spirit to its own direful captivity! You must remember her, and so must every one who visited Fulham, prior to the year 1817; or their retentive faculties must be incapable of impression. Do you know what accident introduced her to L——? He encountered her in the lecture-room of a celebrated chemist in the metropolis: his heart surrendered at the first impression, though no warfare was intended. He was bred at Oxford, which may account for his deficiency in mathematical precision—his ardent suit, which awaited not the delay of thought or prudence, obtained a most decided preference, to the mortification of a score of needy adventurers. The result was a marriage, which, without the knowledge or sanction of her experienced

guardian, threatened the subjugation of her hopes, and the complete annihilation of her character. L——'s debts at Oxford were no sooner defrayed by the generosity of his bride, than the fashionable doctrines of absence, and general courtesy instead of confidence and esteem, began to discover to the hitherto confiding wife, the real character of her husband. The victim of early impression, as she has often characterised herself, her heart could not remain unmoved at appearances like these. As her privations and disappointments increased, she easily began to admit other resources to gratify the fruitful genius with which nature had furnished her. Her misfortune was, she was only a superficial observer of human nature—when she had read deeper, she no longer wondered at the intricacies which were used to startle her ingenuousness. Among other resources, those I mean foreign to her natural taste, her periodical excursions introduced her to a sphere, wherein the essence of volatility reigned triumphant. Ridicule, the choicest weapon in the hands of a sophist, was successfully employed against a flower, whose form fading beneath the pressure of a climate to which she had been transplanted, and sighing for the genial influences of a native soil, displayed too clearly the poison of corrupt associations.

I was a good deal surprised, in a rural ramble the other day, to meet this interesting creature, slowly pacing the lawn of a fashionable promenade contiguous to the city. She was in the company of several ladies and a gentleman, and the whole group might have passed unheeded by, but for the well-known expression of a countenance which I imagined could not be mistaken. I paused, turned back—it was to meet the notice of Lady L——, who, with her usual discrimination, failed not to detect in me the demonstrations of an old acquaintance. As yet, not completely shorn of her rustic simplicity, she immediately withdrew from her companions, and with a cordiality unknown to the votaries of dissipation, welcomed so strange, so unlooked-for an encounter. I could not help thinking, even then, that she looked at her present situation with self-reproach, I might have been mistaken: it evidently was not self-satisfaction. Her ladyship politely invited me to breakfast the next morning, I excused myself on the score of a prior engagement, but promised to call in the course of the day!

I parted with her at that moment, to indulge a train of reflection. How little, thought I, do we know of the morrow's occurrences: how little prepared for the unexpected vicissitudes of human life. This was a being apparently as little calculated as inclined for the secret expedencies of fashionable life; and yet I beheld her caught in the snares of folly, relaxing by degrees from the restraints of her early principles. But hold—let me not anticipate a charge which my heart forebodes, but which may have no other existence than ideal and imaginary.

I made it my business to call the next day, when I judged the family might have dispensed with the ceremonials of the dinner table. The *family* I found consisted only of Lady L——, and her domestic establishment was limited. My reception was most gratifying to my feelings; if I grew prouder in my own estimation, it was because the recollection of our acquaintance at Fulham had nothing in it to occasion a regret, excepting, perhaps, its short continuance. At first I thought Lady L——, was deficient only in that natural brilliancy of countenance for which she was so justly admired: and the usual unaffected graces of her deportment were not so easily apparent; they appeared restrained by some counteracting principle. As I ruminated on the

marriage which had astonished the circle, of which she was pre-eminently the centre, I thought, and yet feared to ask after the partner of her voluntary choice. It would have been but a compliment if I had; but compliments are cold without the concurrence of the heart. The moment of suspense was interrupted by the visit of a young lady, apparently just verging from her teens, not absolutely handsome, but interesting; and, as an adept in the fashionable sciences, extremely captivating and popular.

"My dear lady Mary," said this hovering visitant, "I come in great distress, to beg your interest with my aunt on my behalf. I happened to tread incautiously on her favourite poodle, and she vows I shall not only dine in my own room for a week to come, but be deprived of the concert, and Mrs. P——'s party to night, and all to avenge the injury sustained by that ugly brute's officiousness."

Lady L——'s remaining rusticity was hardly proof against such ingenious volubility, and she replied in sweet confusion, that her best services were at the disposal of her fair friend. With this assurance the petitioner seemed satisfied, and promising to return in half an hour, and take her ladyship in her carriage, she departed—without once noticing the presence of a third person.

Lady L—— complained, that in the midst of a complicated society, she had no power or will of her own; that the resources of fashionable life were often tolerated through a supineness on the part of those who really had tastes to be gratified. I could not help expressing my astonishment at so latent a discovery, but her ladyship remarked *the world must be well known before it can be detected.*

"Had I, for instance," she continued, "had I suspected even the existence of such resources, to which perhaps no proper definition can be applied, I had hardly yielded myself a victim to a first error," then, as if conscious she had ingenuously unveiled the disguise which imperfectly concealed her excellent heart, she qualified her confession by an apology still more unworthy the exalted rank to which her judgment had attained.

"Custom," she said, "was a tyrant to whom all the world, more or less, were subject; and she affected to have been in the possession of no extraordinary powers, by which to repel its infatuation." Infatuation, indeed, thought I, cursed infatuation! by which thousands are hurried in the vortex of irretrievable ruin; whatever her *first error* might have been, it was plain she thought it of no inconsiderable moment: and true to the doctrine of influences, it was identified with the remotest thread of a checquered existence. I remarked to Lady L——, that after witnessing so great a variety of scenes, she would have but little relish for retirement.

"On the contrary," she replied, "my hours of privacy are the happiest of my life; but in Bath, one is obliged to conform to the established laws of fashionable society, or a transgression would subject the guilty to an ordeal worse than fire."

I asked for an explanation.

"After my husband's death," she replied, and it was the first intelligence I had ever received of her widowhood, "I sought with avidity the retirement of my youth: but its spell was broken, its charm subdued. My taste, it seems, had already suffered from a vitiated principle, and I was no longer the willing votary of undisguised nature. My acquaintance in London were assiduous in their endeavours to initiate me in all the gradations of fashionable policy; and

uncontrolled as I was by affection or authority, it was not difficult to persuade me to enlist under such favourable auspices. I repeat that the resources of fashionable life are generally tolerated, because we are too indolent to inquire into their respective merits."

I asked how this applied to Bath?

"Not to Bath in particular," replied Lady L — ; "the entertainments of Bath are for the most part equal to their bill of fare, in some cases superior, and this is more than can be said of any other fashionable resort. I allude rather to the *comforts* than the *superfluities* of life."

"Why certainly," interrupted I, "there needs no other proof of its superiority in this respect, than the preference which it has continued to enjoy for so many years. Does not my good Lady L—— sigh for a chimera of her own imagination?"

"Perhaps she does," replied her ladyship; "but when the lighter essays of fashion are *not* suffered to intrude on the more solid enjoyments of domestic life, even *my* chimera will cease to exist."

Our conversation, which then partook of a more general character, was interrupted by the return of Miss Honoria Angelica Spriggs, who, on her second appearance, condescended to notice the presence of your unworthy correspondent.

But how did she notice him? why, in a whisper loud enough to be heard beyond the circumference of twelve feet—

"La, my lady, as I live—if that is'n't the strange gentleman whom nobody knows, and every body wants to know, and my aunt is absolutely dying for curiosity to—"

"Pray," said Lady L——, "allow me to introduce Mr. Frederic F—— to your acquaintance—Mr. F. &c. &c."

"But this aunt," thought I——

"Sir," interrupted Miss Spriggs in a tone of overpowering sympathy, "hope you suffered no inconvenience from the rudeness of the servants; did you ever find your hat? your public notice and offering a reward in the newspapers, was manly and spirited; the public are obliged to you, sir, and so should I, sir, particularly so, if ——"

"In what is it in the power of a stranger to oblige you, madam?"

"O sir, you are no stranger to me—my aunt I mean, and your intercession on my behalf would ensure success."

No stranger?—and so it proved. Every body knew, if not the hour, the day of my arrival, the road on which I travelled, the house of my abode, my peculiarities and temper, my tradesmen, (by whom by-the-bye a gentleman is often to be known.) But this aunt—she was an ancient lady and kept a poodle.

Saturnalia.

No. I.

Risisti: licet ergo, nec vetamur;
Pallentes procul hinc abite cura,
Quicquid venerit obvium, loquamur
Morosa sine cogitatione. *Mart.*

These jovial lines are quite impartial,
And taken from that punster, Martial,
Let no splenetic classic hate them,
Because we waggishly translate them.
"We like bold speech as well as you, sir,
Nor fear to scout blue devils too, sir,
While freed from diabolical hesitation,
We give our thoughts due explanation."

A London Coffee-Room.—LIGHTFOOT, SHARPER, PISTOL, NOODLE.

LIGHTFOOT.

A dismal foggy evening this, gentlemen,—enough to transport an honest man into the region of blue devils: one of the desperate local pests which infest our cockney air so frequently.—Curse me! if I have not been sorely handled and bruised in passing along the streets, or rather in moping cautiously with my arms in full spread, through the misty clouds, that render London at this time almost invisible to man. You seem amused at my somewhat grotesque appearance; but permit me to say, that it has cost me some bodily risks: I have almost been run through by coming in full contact with the brass pointed ends of several walking sticks and umbrellas, have nearly shattered my nose by dashing it against several old gentlemen's foreheads, and have barely escaped being laid prostrate and trampled on by the heavy rawboned hackney coach horses, which gallop over the crossings as carelessly as in fine sunshiny weather; but pray don't let me disturb your carousals, gentlemen, I'll just go and render myself a little more immaculate, and return speedily to join your company.

SHARPER.

Poor Lightfoot seems to have made several unfortunate blunders in his ambulations this evening. I should have imagined a long and constant residence in the metropolis, would have taught him to be more secure; but as the poet says, "humanum est errare," and therefore we must not laugh too severely at him; men, as well as women, will sometimes make a *slip*.

PISTOL.

Talking of slips, Mr. Sharper, what think you of those who slip to rise? For example, there's Mrs. C——, her slip has made her fortune: while if any other poor weak woman were to be her copyist, the partial sneers of morality would expel her from society. This cursed injustice is to me detestable, particularly in this case: I bear no ill will to Mrs. C.; but I abominate the servile flattery and sickening palaver made about her. There is not a paper to be read without some paragraph relative to her; whereby we are informed, perhaps, that Mrs. C—— and suite arrived yesterday evening, and will return to so and so, to-morrow. Another gravely makes it known to the public, that Mrs. C. breakfasted at Lady M.'s on Friday last, and that she intends visiting the Duke of ——, on the following week. Such,—

SHARPER.

Pardon my abruptness, Mr. Pistol, I think you are somewhat too acrimonious in your remarks. Mrs. C. is a very charitable lady; and as for her gaities, and little harmless flirtations, why you must allow, that she has had many precedents among the upper circles. Society, and not herself, is to blame, if her follies acquire a respectability and connected respectability for her character. Consider too, that the aristocracy would be very monotonous, without the relief of an occasional lively intrigue, and though the lady alluded to, is not of an aristocratical origin, she has acquired an aristocratic rank; which, of course is the same thing. Why, man, how do you think it possible, that fashionable, downright people of *ton*, could manage to draw out their

sottish existences, unless there was some noble spirit among them that boldly breaks through each decent barrier, and aspires to things of "high degree." As for the ridiculous parasitic stuff to be seen in the different papers, the public merits most contempt, for the easy way in which it suffers itself to be gulled. The printer shows himself a wary adept in tickling the fancies of gentility, by tracing the different movements of the great in this world. Scraps of news of this sort, constitute the very essence of good breeding now-a-days; and as reading, you know, is the circulating medium of intellectual commerce, it is a very innocent way of cheating time, to lounge over one's breakfast table in the morning, and devour all the chit-chat of the Morning Post, or any other chit-chatting paper.

PISTOL.

True, sir, good breeding is now synonymous with trifling ignorance. The time was, when soundness of principle and integrity were the most solid recommendations that humility could possess for modest promotion; but, *O tempora, O mores!* how amazingly has the age advanced in refinement. Honesty is thought to degrade a gentleman to the rank of a mere silly churl, who has not cunning enough to look to himself. People may boast as they please of our public charities, our hospitals, and our petitions for the abolition of slavery; we have, in the bosom of our own country, evils which grow every day to an alarming magnitude. I am absolutely disgusted with the tricking follies and mercenary doings in high life; half of our nobility who can trace back their family names and honours to some poor Norman runaway, and give a correct detail of their lengthy pedigrees, are mere fools, in matters where common sense is required. 'Tis true, a nobleman always carries his nobility about him, that is, he curses, gambles, flirts and drives his carriage *à la coachee*, but with all these genteel accomplishments, he is often more of a monkey, dressed in state, than a man; his impudence and pride, his ignorance, and a perfect knowledge of the whip, will serve at any time, to hold up a piece of tumbling-down nobility.

SHARPER.

Tell me plainly, Pistol, did you ever read that paragon of all interesting memoirs, the noted Harriette Wilson's?—no doubt you have heard it spoken of, if your modesty has forbid you to read it. I think you mentioned something just now, of *faux pas* in high life, but such a budget of *faux pas* was never before revealed to the wondering eyes of the public; dukes, marquisses, earls, and lords, there they are, all exposed without distinction. A pretty exposure her memoirs must have made to some parties! Only think Pistol, in what a delightful situation the fond, the true, the devoted husband must be in, when he found his sly gallantries all mercilessly displayed; and yet, I am told, Harriette Wilson's book was amazingly courted by all classes of *intellectual* readers, when it first appeared; many a budding demoiselle put it under her pillow, to peruse at an early hour in the morning; and even those fortunate spouses, who had never been cheated, did not consider it amiss just to take a secret peep, that they might gratify a very laudable curiosity in hunting for the names of some of their respected acquaintances. Mr. Noodle, have you nothing to say in our present discussion?

NOODLE.

Very little, very little indeed, sir,—I am a plain sort of man, and always think it wiser to shut my mouth, than to pretend to decide on what I do not understand,—since, however, you have thought proper to ask my opinion, I can only say, that it does not become any man to rail at his betters, especially when there is no good issuing from it, either to himself or any one else. Why, look ye, it is very easy for you and Mr. Sharper to sit over your bottle, and wash down your slanders with a frequent tippie, and still easier to backbite those who are not present to refute, but I say, let us first castigate ourselves, before we attempt to use the lash about others. I readily allow, that there are frequently more vices haunting the upper circles of society, than the humbler walks of life; but the temptations in the former are more abundant than those in the latter: besides, those whom Fortune has favoured, are always narrowly watched and envied; their faults are magnified, and their very virtues, scarce as they may be, are frequently polluted with the detractions of calumny: in short, every rank in life has its attendant follies, and they show most sense who attend to themselves, instead of accusing others.

SHARPER.

Really, Mr. Noodle, you are very abrupt, though I will do you the credit to think you mean to be nothing more than candid. You must remember that my remarks were meant as general, not personal; but here comes Lightfoot.

LIGHTFOOT.

Well, you see, I have not been long in redeeming my promise to return to you, and having renovated my outside a little comfortably, I mean to cheer my inside by way of preserving consistency. Gentlemen, pray fill your empty glasses, which stand there beseeching for a supply, come, "here's to our present and absent friends, and long may benevolence and innocent conviviality be the characteristics of our land."

SHARPER.

Faith, I hardly know what to say about this: I am as proud of our English hospitality as you are, Lightfoot, but I fear that we have more prominent characteristics to boast of—there's another bank gone to-day!

PISTOL.

'Pon my word, Sharper, you are a queer, eccentric fellow: I suppose you mean to tell us, that bankruptcy, is at present our grand national characteristic!!

SHARPER.

Nothing very grand about it, I think, 'tis a shameful beggarly one, wherewith are connected perjury and dishonesty.

PISTOL.

We ought to sympathize with those who experience the reverses of fortune, which no human foresight can provide against.

SHARPER.

Pooh! pooh! don't be so fond of accusing the "reverses of fortune," instead of blaming men's avarice and extravagance. 'Tis unprincipled speculation that ruins our country: and its grand characteristic, as you are pleased to mention, is a partiality for taking the benefit of the insolvent act, which I regret to say, is nothing else but a dastardly retreat for dishonesty to betake itself to. There is no virtue in mincing the present subject: it is one in which every individual, more or less, is interested. As regards the many failures in the banks lately, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the science of political œconomy to decide on the advantages or disadvantages of a paper currency; but this is undeniable, that it is an abominable trick, a shameful pilfering sort of business, for men to presume to open a bank, without the possession of an adequate capital.

NOODLE.

There, Sir, you have my unlimited concurrence. It is pitiful to think on the sad confusion and distresses which these failures have created; the richest have been affected by them, what then have been the deprivations of the poor working class? There has many a sigh been heaved from an honest bosom lately, while the ruined owner has looked wistfully on his little stock, which is all lost by the failure of a bank. The insolvent act, though doubtless originally intended as a merciful alleviation for the distressed, has been most forcibly abused, and given rise to the frequent practice of the rankest perjury. Really men now become bold as their circumstances decline; they are sensible it will be very easy for them to take a false oath to elude the vigilance of their creditors, deposit part of their property for their own use, take the benefit of the act, and go on again with a more daring, dashing appearance than ever.

LIGHTFOOT.

Allons, Messieurs, don't favour us with any more of this dry prattle; surely we may find subjects of a more interesting nature than bankrupts and cozening bankers—not but what the country ought to esteem itself highly indebted to your wise heads for the sense they contain in these matters. Remember, that though you may be rare honest fellows, it would be a very hard task for you to persuade the rest of the world to be so. By way of changing the conversation, let me ask you, if you do not consider it disgraceful to the press, to pour forth its vilely personal attacks against the Lord Chancellor,

whose exertions in the government of the state and perfect integrity, ought to gain him the love and respect of all good men?

SHARPER.

Why, truly, I am by no means an advocate for blackening a man's character without an *ample* evidence of his deserving it, and therefore, notwithstanding I think his lordship is occasionally rather dull in settling causes, it is an unwarrantable piece of malevolence and cruelty, to stab at him as some of the papers have done.

NOODLE.

Those papers may bully as they please, there's not a man in this kingdom who could sit more steadily and disinterestedly on the wool-sack, than the present Lord Eldon. I should like to have the punishment of those poisonous *animalcula*, the abusive editors, who, out of mere wantonness, have endeavoured to decry good qualities they do not possess. They ought to be scouted and branded with shame, sent out of office with turned jackets, like the rebellious Winchester College boys. Lord Eldon has been indebted to his own industry for his high rank in life, and this is one cause, why there are so many dastardly sneerers ready to backbite him. Far more honourable is it to his exalted character, to know that he has placed the coronet on his brow, instead of lazily accepting it from a predecessor. He may boast of gaining a title, many others have only the empty satisfaction of assuming, because their fathers have before them; not that *they* have done ought to merit it.

PISTOL.

Talking of public characters, what do you think of Cobbett? Here is a hero for you! I can remember that man in the humble, but honest occupation of a ———, but now where is our *quondam* ———? turned out the "observed of all observers!" I think it is creditable to England, when her poorest sons have opportunity of raising themselves to eminence, spite of all the difficulties which beset them. Cobbett is a man of wonderful talent in a certain way, and admirably fitted, both by principle and breeding, for a blustering Oppositionist, and an indecent Radical. He is, too, an excellent English scholar, and few, very few of your college-educated gentry, can write it with that purity he does. His sentiments, though too coarse and bitter, are generally expressed in sound and vigorous phraseology. It is my opinion, that had Cobbett been a well-bred man, he would never been such as he now is. His mind is formed in a vulgar mould, notwithstanding the energies that belong to it, and had the gloss of refinement been applied, it would only have weakened its most natural attributes. But, much as I admire Cobbett's exuberant abilities, I cannot respect his principles, which, to say the most of them, are wavering and truly mercenary.

SHARPER.

I detest the busy, chattering, mischief-making fellow, whose weekly offerings are neither calculated to benefit his own class, nor the nation in general. Besides, is he not a renegade? I've long hated the man, because I consider his chief aim merely to rant and villify those placed above him. It is not his origin that I regard, that is an accidental advantage, but I really think it would be a little more decorous to Cobbett, if he would sometimes restrain a little of his pertness and noisy animosity. No doubt, the fellow thinks himself a true patriot; but I shall ever put him down as one, who, under the pretence of a desire to reform the state and correct abuses, is only anxious to raise discontent in the democracy, that he may be applauded for his petty-fogging skill in politics.

LIGHTFOOT.

And, oh! preserve, the animal's impudence, he is endeavouring to get into parliament!! A pretty figure he will cut there too! I advise him to present the members with a complete set of his Weekly Registers, that when he rises to speak, he may not be laughed down; of course, his eloquence would beat Sheridan's, Pitt's, and Burke's completely off the ground, since he has so critically exposed, in his Ploughboy's Grammar, the many grammatical blunders of the present orators there.

SHARPER.

Suppose he should be admitted to enter the house, and be quietly listened to for a few moments, it is preposterous to conclude that all his eloquence would ever draw

the majority of votes in his own favour. The man who has been abusing, blackguarding, and calumniating the ministry and government, must be an entire ass to flatter himself that he will ever have any influence in parliament. He might as well think that if Castlereagh's ghost were to rise and roast him on one of his new-invented gridirons, there would be a general mourning. Let him remain in his present situation; he can never be more noted for his cunning and duplicity. He is a very clever man, but not a good one; he might have been serviceable, but he has exerted his powers to a bad purpose. Of course he is a warm advocate for Mechanics' Institutions?

PISTOL.

If he be, I must frankly say, I am not: I can see no probable advantages that will arise from all the world's becoming learned, and though I would not have any class of society immured in the gloom of absolute ignorance, I would prefer the unsophisticated company of the decently-educated, but laborious mechanic, to that of the scientific upstart, with just enough knowledge to show his ignorance. Time alone will convince the world, that when operative mechanics become what is called *learned*, their labours and industry will slacken. They will be adepts in theory, but neglectful of practice, and instead of the husband's working contentedly in his shop, he will be spending his time in the perusal of fine books, and drawing diagrams. Why should Mechanics' Institutions be required now more than before? It is all very well for their promoters to brag of the benevolence of their design, they cannot be answerable for the consequences. For instance, are not the members perhaps tempted to visit the public house, after returning from their place of meeting? while had there been no reason for leaving their homes, they would have peaceably employed their time in looking to the domestic comforts of their wives and families. There are a thousand evils directly and indirectly connected with these institutions, and rely on it no solid advantage will arise from them.

LIGHTFOOT.

Mechanics will soon cease to be plain and peaceable members of society: they will become restless, conceited, and too knowing to be useful; and what is of still greater consequence, it is not unlikely that ere long, these institutions will excite a spirit of insubordination; and then I suppose, those who are at present their zealous promoters, will excuse their indiscreetness, by saying that their endeavours have operated in a wrong direction. This will be a poor, unsatisfactory compensation for the mischief done. I am no enemy to the prudent diffusion of knowledge; but I will never advocate the present system. Again, as I said before, what necessity is there for *all* men to become scientific and learned? We shall soon have no scholars: all will become capable of giving, not receiving instruction! Bakers will be studying conic sections, instead of putting their loaves into the oven; carpenters will be poring over Archimedes, and hunting for a place where to fix their machine that is to move the world, instead of driving nails into wood (their best and most profitable practical geometry;) and tinkers will turn out profound philosophers!! What a blessed time posterity shall experience, when the vulgarity of trade shall no more be felt, when science shall reign universal; for it would be unreasonable to flatter ourselves that those who are now earning their bread by laborious handicraft, will, when the light of the arts shall have illumined their present dark minds, condescend to remain labourers; preposterous! we shall have Newtons by dozens, and Fergusons by hundreds! Notwithstanding this most glorious prospect, I must say, I am not at all anxious to see it realized in my time.

NOODLE.

Well, Mr. Lightfoot, after this lucid stream of eloquence, after all your exhaustion of wit, you can have no objection that others should give their opinions, if not with so much wit as yourself, perhaps with nearly as much good sense. Let me tell you, sir, you have taken a distorted view of the subject, and perversion is no credit to a man of benevolence or candour. You must prove to me, that knowledge is an evil, ere you can convince me, that Mechanics' Institutes have an injurious tendency. Your principles, from this topic, I perceive are in unison with that corrupter of a nation, the flaming Rousseau; you ask what necessity there is for *all* men to become learned? Let me put a fair question, by way of parrying your's: Why should *any* man remain in ignorance? Artisans will not be the less industrious because they obtain an insight into science. I must boldly tell you, Mr. Lightfoot, 'tis my opinion, that those who would still have the poor man bound in the shackles of ignorance, is actuated by

selfishness and pride. I do not wish to be understood as personal in this remark; and only take the benefit of a precedent, speaking my sentiments without curtailing ought of meaning from them. The rich who oppose the education of the people, do so from a fear, that shortly plebians will laugh at aristocratic foolery, and dare to consider themselves men, equal to the highest by nature, though a little separated by the artificial and plausible regulations of society. Others are averse to Mechanics' Institutes, because they tremble lest those whom they have cajoled into an admiration of their intellectual attainments, will presently be enabled to put aside the flimsy veil, and mock the vain and pampered hypocrites; this is, I imagine, what you would call the spirit of insubordination: if it be, GOD grant I may soon, very soon, be a happy witness of it. The sooner hypocrisy in any shape be detected, the better; it will compel those who wish to command influence, to qualify themselves in a proper way to effect it. Knowledge, sir, never was, or ever will be, a *direct* evil. Take a retrospect of by-gone days, and history shall declare, that the most enlightened states were the most peaceable and virtuous. There is only one danger connected with these Institutes that I can perceive: the chance of its members acquiring too little knowledge of any art or science for them to estimate its value, and judiciously apply to actual practice what they may comprehend. As to Cobbett, I don't care how much you lash him; I only consider him a worthless renegade, whose great talents disgrace him, because he has not sense enough to use them decently. He is a dissatisfied avaricious character, a complete pest in the land, while he continues to disseminate discontent and rebellion among the lower orders.

PISTOL.

If I mistake not, some one was mentioning the personal abuse in his "Weekly Registers," but it should be remembered that there is a ministerial paper, more abusive and indecent, if possible, than Cobbett's "Register;" I mean the "John Bull," *alias* The Tory Gazette of Scandal; which, in order to be famed for truth and candour, (which *some* suppose to belong peculiarly to an Englishman) inserts the most ribaldrous wit, and puns composed of an immodest play on words, with indelicate and unfeeling allusions.

SHARPER.

I like to see a good piece of wit, but when it is intended to convey a meaning injurious to any party, I abominate it; this is no longer *wit*, but dastardly cruelty. Such, I must confess, not unfrequently disgraces the columns of the "John Bull." Editors are more delicate in France than in this country.

NOODLE.

"Pooh! pooh! pots!" for mercy's sake don't compare *any* thing in France to what there is here. There is scarcely one thing in which the French are before us. Give me hearty old England, my boys! There is a something deceptive in the French character, which, generally speaking, seldom or never enters into the composition of an Englishman. Were I to draw a line of distinction between the two, I should say the French talk much, but do little; the English talk little, but do much.

PISTOL.

Bravely spoken, my honest Noodle, for once I concur with you. I have often wondered, and lament to perceive the English have such a *mania* for every thing French; as if forsooth the very air in France made all things purer and more estimable than any where else. To me, it is quite paradoxical, why people should spend so much good English breath in talking of the continent.

LIGHTFOOT.

I'll explain this mystery to you, my friend; it is fashionable affectation that persuades many to brag about France: they think what is foreign must be superexcellent, and that all *genteel* people, *must* of necessity, make a "tour round the continent," and—

NOODLE.

Return home to spend the remnants of their shattered fortunes, and plague us with their loquacious gibberish, ornamented of course, with the "real Parisian accent."

LIGHTFOOT.

Just let us draw a brief comparison between France and England, in three principal points, manners, customs, and literature. With regard to the two first, there is little to be remarked; since the constant communication between the two countries, has

obliged each with mutual intelligence. One thing should be remembered, that the French are gradually introducing the English comforts, and though they affectedly presume to ridicule our *frigid manners*, a traveller on the continent will discover that the boasted French frankness, (frequently synonymous with plausible duplicity,) is daily degenerating into a suspicious sort of courtesy. I will not dispute that we are rather a cold blooded nation, that there is mingled in the composition of the Englishman's character, a species of selfishness, and jealous fear of being too communicative; on the other hand, examine the amiable loveliness, and apparent candour of the French, and how rarely is it ought but flattery and glossy deceit; the more dangerous as it is best calculated for winning confidence, ere scrutiny can discover the propriety of imparting it. I have witnessed myself the easy way in which a Frenchman will insinuate himself into a stranger's confidence; after the first five minutes, you are greeted with *mon chere ami*; the second, confirms you to believe that "he will be proud to be your *plus humble serviteur*;" the third, you will see before you, (if you are sawney enough to credit the chatterer,) one who "will die to oblige you." We will say nothing of French morality, which is, every body knows, *too pure* to need any castigation; they have a happy way of being indecent in France, by calling it "the open custom of the country;" and when recriminated for any aberration from the delicacies of decorum, we are informed that *people in France* have very *virtuous hearts*, notwithstanding their curious (I will not say *harmless*;) way of showing it. To enter into a detail of the literature of France, would be tedious, I will therefore not condemn you to listen to a laborious discussion, or full investigation, the subject shall be as brief as possible. No one in his sound senses, will deny that France has honoured herself by giving birth to several illustrious characters of mighty minds, and comprehensive understandings; but for every one France has produced, England can bring a crowded list of great names, which grace her historic page, and exalt her far beyond competition. There is one thing in which England is inferior to most nations, eloquence: and it is probable that she will ever remain so, while the national disposition continues to be of that sombre, close nature, it has ever been. The motto of France, should be "*toujours gai*." Every thing there has a brisk and cheerful semblance, and since eloquence is nothing more than the language of the soul expressed in passionate terms, those who are most accustomed to give free vent to their feelings, and who are easily stirred from the thralldom of languid inactivity, will necessarily be more eloquent than others, who are too cautious to make a free display and too indolent to be speedily moved to exertion, and ———

NOODLE.

Excuse my interruption, sir, the hour is late, and if you please, we will defer hearing any more of your *eloquence* to a future period. Have you any commands to Bath, gentlemen? I shall be there to-morrow evening.

PISTOL.

Not I—commands to Bath!! ha! ha! old king Bladud's city, renowned for hot water, old maids, and dandies; where folly and vanity fret away the existences of the gay, and Idleness stands gaping in the streets, to welcome the visitors. I never liked the place.

LIGHTFOOT.

Do you remember, what a commotion the "Bath Man" created, in this little kingdom of foppery? Aye, faith do I, and thought the Bath people very silly for evincing their rage against the writer;—precious *poliouchoi*!!

NOODLE.

What the meaning of that fine sounding word is, I care not; but, are you aware, sir, that I am a Bath man!! nay, don't be terrified. I feel proud to own myself native of a town, famed for its beauty, hospitality, charity, and learning.

PISTOL.

The last quality, I imagine is rather suppositious; I know no place *less* inclined to patronize literature, in any shape worthy the name. Pray, do you know any thing of that square, fat-looking building there, with five or six naked figures inside of it?

NOODLE.

You are a silly jeerer, sir, and I can't stand any longer to listen to your garrulity.
London, Grub Street.

Foreign Literature.

ILLUSTRATION OF CANTO XIV. OF THE "INFERNO" OF DANTE.

If by creating, we understand making something from nothing, it is plain, that in this sense, the most fertile imagination never created. In the mean time, we hear every day of a creative genius or imagination: objects which apparently have no relation, or have but a very distant one, and therefore difficult to be perceived, are by imagination brought together, and thus by putting in relation the ideas of a man and of the height of a mountain, it creates, or makes a giant whose head overtops the clouds. Thus it is, that during sleep, our imagination, free from the restraints imposed upon it by judgment ranges about and presents to us the most extraordinary beings; yet however fantastical or extraordinary those beings may be, when compared with those which we consider as real, they have their origin in nature, consequently, all the descriptions, all the pictures of Dante, cannot have any other source; his models were in nature, but in nature submitted to a true poetical imagination, which was itself directed by a profound and solid understanding. This being granted, we may study Dante, and in general all the productions of imagination, and understand them. Only one thing I would add, without which, I believe it impossible to enjoy all the beauties of any composition whatever, and this is the knowledge of the object the author had in view. Now that of Dante is triple, moral, political and philosophical. Sometimes he pursues them together, as in Canto the 6th, in the answer of *Ciacco*, where he makes him foretell the fate of Florence; at other times, he is only moral and philosophical, as in the picture presented to us in the 14th Canto, which I will endeavour to explain under this double point of view.

On leaving the horrible forest, which is the subject of the 13th canto, Dante and his guide enter a place, where the eternal justice is manifested in a manner quite terrible. The nature of this new inclosure is such that it excludes every kind of vegetation. It is a plain of burning sand, where are seen several troops of souls weeping bitterly. The mode and kind of their punishments appear to be various: some laying down, others are sitting close to one another, and some are continually wandering here and there; the number of the latter is the greatest, and that of the first the least, but the groans of these betray a severer punishment. In fact, they are exposed to a continual shower of fire which sets even the very soil in flames, and causes these wretches to strive in vain to find some relief for their sufferings. Then, on perceiving that one of them seems insensible to his torments, Dante addresses Virgil, thus; "*chi è quel grande, &c.*" By what proceeds and follows, as far as the stream of a blood colour, the poet has pictured to us the torments of those beings who, having never carried their thoughts beyond the objects which could satisfy their appetites, soon find themselves, even in the midst of their fellow creatures, in a kind of desert; their blunted senses render insipid the objects which before were their delights; every thing for them has *ceased to be*, and nevertheless their heart is tormented by desires so much the more poignant since they have no determined object: their heart is a bottomless abyss in which is annihilated every thing that approaches it. Such a torment must be very terrible, yet,

there is a greater one: wretched, and wretched for ever, they are forced to witness the peaceable happiness of those on whom formerly they looked with an eye of pity or contempt. It is then that they curse their existence, and their impious mouth opens to tax with injustice the author of it. Their brutal passions hindered them from raising their thoughts to him, when all cried to them to offer him a tribute of gratitude and love; in the midst of the torments of the devouring fire which is fed by their desires, they acknowledge him, but their hideous mouths no longer open, but to blaspheme him. Generally speaking, we are not aware that such beings are under our eyes every day; but they are: some sinking under the weight of their pains and uttering now and then the most frightful howlings; others wandering about, and appearing to have no greater enemy than repose. Let us suppose now, as it is very possible, that those wretches survive the destruction of their body, what *hell* more terrible can we imagine for them, than the continuation of the evils which afflicted them in this world? and this is the only hell which *I can comprehend*, and perhaps the only one which can be reconciled to the infinite mercy of God. So Dante tells us that Capaneus replies to Virgil:

“Qual io fui vivo, tal son morto.”

And Virgil,

“O Capaneo, in ciò che non s'ammorza
La tua superbia, se'tu qui punito:
Nullo martiro fuor che la tua rabbia,
Farebbe al tuo furor dolor compito.”

Then addressing Dante, he tells him,

quel —————
ebbe e par ch'egli abbia
Dio in disdegno, —————
Ma, come io dissi lui, li suoi dispetti
Sono al suo petto assai debiti fregi.

Then they continue their journey and arrive at a stream, “Lo cui rossore,” says Dante, “ancora mi raccapriccia;” and Virgil, addressing him, says,

“Cosa non fu dalli tuoi occhi scorta
Notabile com'è il presente rio,
Che sopra'sè tutte fiamelle ammorta.”

All afflictions of the human kind are a consequence of irreligion. (I say of irreligion not in the same sense that a great many will have it, but I am speaking only to those who have some real religion, and those only will understand me and Dante). I have said that our misfortunes have their source in irreligion; this serves me to explain the nature of that mysterious and horrid stream, at the very thought of which our poet is shuddering; and, indeed, what more horrible sight can there be, than a stream which would roll the tears and blood of the thousands who sacrificed themselves, or were sacrificed to the idols of egotism? Such is the horrible wave from which Dante seems to recoil: and this will appear clearly by the source which Virgil gives to it in his answer about the nature of that same stream, which has exercised the ingenuity of many; yet, I confess that not one appears to have entered the least into the idea of the poet. Dante cannot have placed such a stress upon that stream, without having something important to tell us, and the description of the statue of that old man cannot be considered otherwise than as an illustration, although very enigmatic, of the mysterious stream; for if the answer of Virgil was to be taken, as most commentators will have it, as an allusion to the ages of the world, it would have no relation with what precedes. But it is

not so; the answer is consistent and beautiful; and what may be thought enigmatical in it, is a consequence of the shackles under which philosophy and truth were in the time of Dante, of those shackles which obliged him to cover his doctrines with a veil, and to tell us,

O voi, che avete gl'intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina, che s'asconde
Sotto il velame delli versi strani.

INF. Canto 9.

Then let us consider the different parts which compose that statue, let us consider its seat and position, and see how it illustrates that which Dante is inquiring about. Here is the answer of Virgil:

In mezzo mar siede un paese guasto,
Diss'egli allora, che s'appella creta,
Sotto il cui rege fu già il mondo casto.
Una montagna v'è, che già fu, lieta
D'acque e di fronde che si chiamò Ida;
Ora è diserta come cosa vieta.
Rea la scelse per cuna fida
Del suo figliulo, e per celarlo meglio,
Quando piangea, vi facea far le grida,
Dentro dal monte sta dritto un gran veglio
Che tien volte le spalle inver damiata
E Roma guarda sì, come suo specchio.
La sua testa è di fin'oro formata,
E puro argento son le braccia e il petto,
Poi è di rame infine alla forcata;
Da indi in giù è tutto ferro eletto,
Salvo che il destro piede è terra cotta,
E sta in su quel, più che in su l'altro, retto.
Ciascuna parte, fuor che l'oro, è rotta
D'una fessura che lagrime goccia,
Le quali accolte foran quella grotta,
Lor corso in questa valle si diroccia;
Fanno Acheronte, stigi e Flegetonta;
Poi sen'va giù per questa stretta doccia
Insin là ove pui non si diamonta.

The first lines of this passage relate to the primitive innocence of man; the ignorance which accompanied it, is figured here by a mountain covered with trees and flowers. The mother of error, of superstition and tyranny, chose it as a safe cradle for her offspring, which when it cried, was cancelled by the cries of those who surrounded it.

This allegory is very beautiful, and the mountain covered with flowers is a very good emblem of that state so much celebrated, and so much deserving our regrets. Man was then as happy as an inhabitant of the earth could be; it was then, that enjoying the present, he could also enjoy the future; if he turned his thoughts to it, it presented him a most enchanting prospect, scenes of happiness and joy, a true mountain of bliss, whose summit lost itself in heaven. But alas! from the moment he tasted the fruit of a fatal error, what became of that sweet illusion? it vanished, and vanished for ever, yet, that he may never forget that he was the artisan of his misfortunes, in the spring of life, when he is still as it were under the hand of nature, the future appears again to him in the most flattering aspect, and then he hardly seems what he is—a being born to suffer.

If it be right to say, that man is only a living being by his passions, it may be asserted that the whole of the statue is an emblem of man: the head is made of the purest of metal, gold, because it is an emblem of the most elevated, of the most consoling sentiment consisting in man; I mean religion. Yet, if religion is made subservient to our passions, it degenerates into superstition; superstition is a mixture of religion and human passions, and is represented by silver, a metal much less pure than the first. Brass, the metal which on account of its being very common, and assuming sometimes the brilliancy of gold without having its value, is the received symbol of impudence and hypocrisy, is emblematical of that which degrades man, of that which makes him unworthy of that name. But when men become the slaves of their passions, when

"La ragion somettono al talento."

they became a scum, which society by a tacit and general motion rejects, and they can no more exist in it but by precarious and unjust means, and those means are figured by the metal which decks the arm of the tyrant and assassin. But honour, glory, pleasure, whatever may be the delights they bring to their votaries, these delights are very limited, they are like the colours of the butterfly's wing; so Dante tells us, that every part of the statue has a chasm, the head excepted, from which flow tears, and these form the stream in question, and from which branch off the different rivers of the infernal regions. The remainder of the allegory is sufficiently clear.

NIZAB.

Reviews.

Is This Religion? or, a Page from the Book of the World. By the author of "May you Like It." 12mo. pp. 296. 7s. bds.

RELIGION is beginning to be a very fashionable subject for tale-writers and novellists, and it may be added with truth that it is almost the only one that now remains to suffer exhaustion. But here, a question may be put with propriety: Is religion a proper theme for every writer of imagination to try his powers on, and if so, is all the disputation about opinions and doctrines, calculated to promote its interest? We frankly give our opinion, that it is not. Controversy should never be introduced, unless absolute necessity calls for its introduction*. Modern piety is too fond of attempting to reform others, rather than improve itself. There can be little doubt that those novels, which are everlastingly pouring in on the world, only tend to create wrangling about the truth of theories, and nice points in orthodoxy. They have not been, or ever will be the means of conversion; as a proof that they

have not done much towards the furtherance of unanimity, swarms of them are still coming into the world, to be read, and then forgotten. Religion, as a serious and awful subject, should be treated in a serious way; and the best book all of us, whether protestants, catholics, methodists, or unitarians, have to refer to, is the sacred volume, whose inspired records and doctrines will teach our relative and absolute duties much better and sooner, than all the other books which have, and will be hereafter published. Besides, when we take up a novel or tale for perusal, we are seldom in the humour for probing our consciences, detecting our religious errors, or repenting for our sins; we (at least the majority of mankind) expect to find something innocent, but interesting: something capable of exciting pleasing emotions in the mind, and yielding the fancy a temporary indulgence. Grant that the writer's motive is of the most beneficent kind; grant, likewise, that with the consummate skill of a master, he weaves into his story, mild persuasions to adopt every real Christian spirit and virtue, is it not generally the case, that our attention is absorbed in the

* All controversies that can never and had better perhaps never begin,—Sir W. Temple.

gratification we feel from the gradual unfolding of the plot, the turn of each romantic occurrence, while we pass over with languor, if not with disgust, the dry speculations of theorists and morbid arguments of the restless advocates for the universal adoption of their own particular opinions? "Is this religion?" we do not consider either calculated to do much service to christianity, or increase the literary fame of the author of "May you like it." But our author tells us in his "Envoy," that he is a very independent sort of personage, and chooses to write as he please. We admire his independence more than his talents, as displayed in his present production, and we cheerfully sympathise with him where he modestly asserts in the same chapter, that he does not expect to "set the universe in motion." Here follows another very modest bit, which we extract, because we are assured it will well explain his sentiments. "I do not care to shine as an author by moving incidents or fine language. I have a higher aim, though a humbler manner; I write the common sense of my readers. I am in earnest, and wish to be perfectly natural in my story and my style. Far be it from me, to attempt to lower the tone of the religion of the gospel: yet I must say, that I am heartily sick of the narrow minds and weak heads I meet with." Now, after all this egotistical spouting, there will be nothing amiss, (although we have not the least doubt of this earnestness) if we just endeavour, by a slight developement of the tale, to discover the author's "higher aim."

The first chapter commences, by informing the reader that "Maria Graham was born in a certain country town about fifty miles from London: her father was what is called 'an eminent grocer.'" This same Maria is the sole heiress to an affluent fortune, at the death of her father. With a design to qualify her education and breeding for the reception of her wealth, she is sent to a fine, first-rate London boarding-school, where she is made the complete fine Miss, in other words (for they are nearly synonymous) a polished fool. Her father dies, Maria's wealth and beauty, with the stratagems of her *chaperon*, a fashionable lady of the name of Mrs. Hunter Bond, procure her admission into the higher circles, where she riots till illness compels her to seek the shady retreats of rural quietude. Here she attends a preacher, whose doctrines being harshly misconceived, render her so

extremely religious, that she scrutinizes every body's faults except her own. At last, Maria Graham becomes the wife of a Sir George Montague, and in time gives birth to a son called Augustine. As his mother was full of spleen, and all the pride of cant, the boy is taught to read, pray extempore, and sing hymns before he knows the use of either. Thus educated by a bigotted tutor, and still more bigotted mother, the boy at nineteen goes off to Cambridge, an innocent unsuspecting *ignoramus*.

Having only been taught to be censoriously religious, instead of being made acquainted with the necessary part he must take in active life, he gradually gives himself up to the bewitching allurements of gaiety and vice. It would be impossible, within our limits, to trace the young collegiate through all his vagaries; we therefore sum up the whole very briefly. Augustine visits, after the death of a pious young friend, a Rev. Mr. Temple, where religion being no longer represented to him as a cloudy, frowning characteristic, unshackles himself from the bonds of error, falls in love with the good parson's daughter, (a lovely young Charlotte,) and marries her. We do not pretend that we can see no aim in "Is this Religion?" but we certainly think the author has made it very imperfectly perceivable. The immediate consequences of Lady Montague's affected piety and railing whims, are not forcibly drawn as they might affect her own happiness and tranquillity. The writer of this work is too imaginative for a religious novel writer, and we must say we like him the better for it. There are in this volume a few very delightful pictures sketched with tenderness and taste—with the exception of these, the rest of the book is rather too common and monotonous to gratify a reader who looks for something beyond the easy chit-chat of senseless and mistaken characters.

Memoir of the late John Bowdler, Esq.; to which is added, some account of the late Thomas Bowdler, Esq. Editor of the Family Shakespeare.—8vo. 10s. 6d. bds. pp. 348.

SCHLEGEL, the German critic, remarks in his excellent lectures on dramatic literature, that the poetry of the ancients was the poetry of enjoyment, that of the moderns is the poetry of desire; from no forced analogy, we may say, that ancient prose authors wrote to instruct, the modern ones write to amuse. There is a venality connected with the publication of a book,

in the present day, unknown in former times; men then wrote a book that they might either make known what before was unknown, or at least, they published with a view to improve, and to open a subject for discussion. But let the observer of life for a moment consider that thousands of volumes are sent into the world yearly, and we are certain he will agree with us, that ninety-nine of the hundred must be trash. The grand origin of all this overflow of books, is Avarice, at whose shrine half the *Christians* in the kingdom are daily idolators. There is, too, connected with this avarice, an outrageous vanity, that puffs every puny author to acquaint us in his parasitical preface, "that he is only prompted with the benevolent wish of profiting others, by the publication of his humble volume." Such is the insufferable, disgraceful cant, that sickens on our very sight, in half the new works we take up to read.

People are not now content to *speake* their opinions, *viva voce*, they must be printed, published, sold; and many a poor literary hack is duped by a flaming title, to empty his purse to purchase what he afterwards regrets perusing. Every man that travels a few miles from his county, favours the world, on his return, with a "Tour," and every body that dies has his biographer to commemorate his worth, as if it could be only known because it appears in a printed dress; or perhaps the deceased leaves his auto-biography behind, as a legacy for his family. Novels and romances have, for the last twenty years been patronized more than any other kind of light, uninstrusive, nonsense; but *transit gloria mundi*, these will soon be superseded by "recollections," "reminiscences," "memoirs," &c. and a few more titles which frequently mean the same thing, a preserve of what should be forgotten. We will not fastidiously deny that *all* memoirs which have been published, are unworthy of a good reception, but most of the biographical reminiscences introduced into the reading world, are records of trivial occurrences, fashionable extravagances and follies, which tend more to mollify the senses than to strengthen the mind. Doubtless, Biography is a noble and valuable study, while there is improvement to be gained from it, and emulation is excited to the performance of virtuous deeds. Biography should be the history of *great* men, but to what a degradation is it now reduced; the flimsy history of buffoons, and dissipated public characters, who though talented in some particular de-

partment, such as composing a beautiful air, making a pretty pun, writing a witty epigram, and drinking a bottle without being intoxicated!! If this rage for books of memoirs continue to increase, of course there will be no want of authors to feed it; and we must not be surprised to find Barbers publishing "Frizzling Recollections;" Tailors "Memoirs of Cloth;" and Watch-makers "Clock Reminiscences." We assume it for a certainty, that most of our readers have read those very interesting and delightful reminiscences lately ushered into the world, by an old Irish gentleman, who, like a good Christian, has relieved the languor of his gouty days, by presenting the nascent geniuses with a picture of what he and his cotemporaries have been "in times of yore." Now it will be readily allowed that this gentleman's reminiscences are very true, and somewhat calculated to rob time of its value, by making people laugh at many practices they would blush to imitate, yet with all, there is nothing in them worth preserving, and a great deal inserted, which dresses immorality in the very garb of innocence—but we must remember, that all the public papers made very large extracts, and in truth, there was *something* worth extracting; but we cannot forget the calm and kind hearted way, in which the author informs us, that he relieved a husband from the troublesome guardianship of a wife, by taking her to his *own* lodgings, adding, by way of explanation for his courteousness and true gallantry, that Mr. — did not know the value of the jewel he possessed!! His book will, no doubt, be profitable to the rising generation, who may be inclined to take him in some things for a predecessor. We have purposely digressed a little, that we might express, for once and all, our thoughts on this subject: having done so, we will no longer be *circumlocutionists*, but hasten to notice the work before us.

The present memoir of Mr. Bowdler is decently written, and is evidently penned with an affectionate and indulgent hand; there is not a page sullied with the slightest taint of any thing immoral, while the occasional remarks and reflections of the biographer, are sensible, judicious, and well-meant. So much for the book itself. The Bowdlers appear to be a clever family, and while all its branches have been distinguished for the strictest integrity of principle, most who have borne the name have been more or less skilled in literary attainments. But greatly as we respect the virtues and honest worth of the

deceased, we cannot see that there are any circumstances connected with his life of a sufficiently interesting nature to claim the meed of biography. Mr. Bowdler was a man centered amid many comforts and advantages. Born of most respectable parents, tutored by skilful masters, introduced into good society, and endowed with some talent, and great natural discernment, there is nothing very admirable in finding that he lived happily, contentedly, and innocently; practised benevolence, relieved the necessities of the poor, and preferred the reflection of a good action, to the noisy applause of seeming of greater consequence than he really was. In the memoir of Mr. Bowdler, we find that he had few difficulties to encounter, when compared with those which other characters of eminence have waded through, and therefore never complained of any; had few temptations, and consequently rarely erred.

RUB BOOK.

"And when the knavish brutes are saucy grown,
We'll play the groom, and timely RUB them down."

An unsightly looking publication, entitled "The Christian Monitor" has lately made its appearance: notwithstanding its sanctified name, we think it will meet with very few sanctified readers, if the following be a specimen of a *religious* review: "the Fruits of Faith, &c. by Hugh Campbell."—"We merely notice this book, to put our readers on their guard, lest, led by the title, they should lay out six shillings for Mr. Campbell's trash, which consists of very bad poetry and very false religion!" A fine specimen this of fair Christian criticism for a twopenny Monitor!! From Mr. Campbell's letter to the publisher of this publication we shrewdly suspect, that the review is grossly illiberal and dastardly. At any rate, the editor merits a sound trouncing for this abusive notice; he should have quoted the "false religion" and the "trash," as an editor's simple ipse dixit is worth no more than any other man's. Any jackanapes may write such a "critical notice" as this, and though contemptible in itself, deserves to be lashed, as it conveys a statement to the public, injurious to the author, without any fair exposure of the passages condemned: probably the editor of this innocent, pure "Christian Monitor" regretted that he had spent six shillings, and therefore very kindly warned others.—There are some very nauseous scraps, under the head "Chit Chat," in the new series of the Literary Magnet, a periodical of some merit in other respects: in the Magnet for January, the brutal remarks of the editor are disgusting, and deserve the greatest reprehension. He is endeavouring to write in the Blackwood style, by putting into print every thing that comes uppermost in his thoughts, which of course is independence most admirably displayed. But we venture to think, that there is a wide difference between a manly freedom of style, and the application of scurrilous epithets to decent subjects. This conceited editor, has the audacity to call Dr. Parr, a "virulent old

pedant," and obligingly informs his readers, he "trusts the periodical press will forget the absurd adage of *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*, and do its duty by the posthumous venom of this rancorous old pedagogue." Now, we do not know what this most bold of all censors thinks of such "true sublime," but we shall tell him, it is the part of dunces and fools to calumniate what they cannot imitate. Culpable as he may consider Dr. Parr, the greater part of the world know that the Doctor had more sense in his little finger than all the heads of the editors the Literary Magnet will have for the next century.

Beloved reader! have you read the Quarterly Review for April? We found in it several delicious morsels—some rather too luscious, as they almost glutted our taste. The question of the value of our colonies, and East India possessions is very well handled; but, oh! the Quarterly independence, is milky watery; a bit of a blaze, and then we are stifled by smoke; it is, in plain words, a very compromising concern. In the review of Moore's Life of Sheridan, the Spirit of Compromise thrusts her gaunt visage. The Review, after attempting to detect many errors, discrepancies, and misstatements of Mr. Moore, after ridiculing his flowery, imaginative style, and hinting very archly at the biographer's somewhat too striking allusions to his former royal patron, makes a demi-apologetic close, and in a very soft manner, as if fearful that he might hear from Mr. Moore, in a very noisy way, and tags on a very awkward compliment—Fie Quarterly!!

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Conversations on Christianity, 12mo, 8s. bds.—Parliamentary Abstracts, during the Session of 1825, royal 8vo, 1l. 10s. bds.—Johns's Practical Botany, post 8vo, 9s. bds.—Vincent Bourne's Poems, cr. 8vo, 9s. bds.—Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, by Nicholas, 2 vols. cr. 8vo, 1l. 1s. bds.—Fancy's Sketch, 12mo, 3s. bds.—Robert's on Wills, 2 vols. royal 8vo, 2l. 2s. bds.—The Diary of an Ennuyee, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. bds.—Parsons on Christ Crucified, 12mo, 3s. 6d. bds.—Barclay's Present State of the West Indies, 8vo, 14s. bds.—Blount's M&S, 2 vols. fop. 8vo, 14s. bds.—Brown's Jewish Antiquities, 2 vols. 8vo, 1l. 4s. bds.—Haig's Account of Kelso and Roxburgh, 8vo, 12s. bds.—Recollections of a Pedestrian, 3 vols, post 8vo, 1l. 7s. bds.—Transactions of the Medical and the Physical Society of Calcutta, 8vo, Vol. I. 15s. bds.—Lushington's History of the Calcutta Religious Institutions, 8vo, 14s. bds.—East India Military Calendar, Vol. III. 4to, 2l. 10s. bds.—Poetic Fragments, 5s. bds.—Denham's and Clapperton's Travels in Africa, 4to. 4l. 14s. 6d. bds.—Toone's Chronological Historian, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 12s. 6d. bds.—Report of the Commissioners on the Chancery Practice, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Chancery Commission, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Tales of Chivalry and Romance, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Davis on Religious Education, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Wilson's (Dr. W.) Parochial Sermons, 8vo. 10l. 6d. bds.—Visit to the Rectory of Passy, crown 8vo. 7s. bds.—Christmas Week in the Country, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Clessold's Prayers, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Sherlock's and Town's Customs and Excise Duties, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Emily, or Traits of Principle, post 8vo. 6s. bds.—Richelieu, or the Broken Heart, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Anderson's Mission to Sumatra, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Sandoval, or the Freemason, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d. bds.—Sheridaniana, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Busfield's Sermons, Vol. III. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Coleman's Commercial Assistant, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Wilson's

(Mrs.) *Hours at Home*, 18mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Holcraft's *German Tales*, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Wilson's (W. Rae) *Travels in Norway*, &c. 8vo. with plates, 1l. 1s. bds.—Reece on *Costiveness*, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Milman's *Anne Boleyn*, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Spence on the *Laws and Institutions of Europe*, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Miriam, a *Jewish Tale*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Constance, a *moral Tale*, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Noel's (Hon. G. T.) *Sermons*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—James's *Naval History*, 6 vols. 8vo. with maps, new edition, 4l. 10s. bds.—Petronij and Davenport's *Italian, French, and English Dictionary*, 3 vols. in 2. 8vo. 3l. 10s. bds. vol. 3, separate, 14s. bds.—Sotbey's *Oberon*, new edition, 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 12s. bds.—Rennie's *New Supplement to the Pharmacopœias*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Jackson's *Remarks on the Vau-*

dois, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Spurzheim on the *Anatomy of the Brain*, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Morus, or, A *Layman's View of Christianity*, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Dodd's *Cookery*, 12mo. 7s. bds.—*Contest of the Twelve Nations*, 8vo. 18s. bds.—*The Eccentric Traveller*, 4 vols. 12 mo. 1l. 16s. bds.—Bank's *Ancient Peerage*, 4to. 3l. 3s. bds.; large paper, 5l. 5s. bds.—*Peerage of Scotland*, 2 vols. 18mo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Brown's *Christian Pastor's Manual*, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Martinelli's *French and Italian Dictionary*, 2 vols. square, 10s. sewed.—Mortimer's *Occasional Sermons*, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Selwyn's *Ancient Grecian and Persian Biography*, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Lefau's *Henry the Fourth of France*, 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 2s. bds.—Williams's *Diary*, (Hanbury's enlarged edition), 12mo. 6s. bds.

Provincial Occurrences.

[*Extracts of Letters from Correspondents.*]

SOMERSET.—If we were to select one feature of the times, as more characteristic than another of the *improving* aspect of affairs, it would derive its importance from the fact, that the dignitaries of our ecclesiastical establishment in Bath have detected the existence of an absolute necessity for the more extensive accommodation of the '*hearers of the word.*' A correspondent, through the medium of the Inspector, suggests to Dr. Moysey, the propriety of improving the style of the pulpit addresses within his jurisdiction, and thinks the expedient by no means unlikely to remove the scruples of a few intruding dissentients.

WILTS.—Salisbury, within the last thirty years, has shewn but little disposition to sympathize with the successive novelties presented in the commercial world. Its inhabitants possess such a happy consistency of disposition, that prosperity can neither elate, nor adversity depress, the singular obstinacy of their temperament. We have been gratified to observe, that, notwithstanding the universal theme of distress has been re-echoed from the hills surrounding poor Old Sarum, the gentlemen farmers have gallily escorted their ladies to bask beneath the smiles of "the lady patronesses," (to adopt the phraseology of the Journal Editor,) and to whom they were so much indebted, for the last splendid ball of the season. Salisbury deserves encouragement for its continued efforts, (under circumstances of peculiar difficulty,) to please the tastes of its residents and visitors, intellectual and gay. They have their resources of gratification in the various displays of nature and art:

neither are they deficient in numerous examples of rank and fashion. As long as elegance and taste preserve their character in the estimation of an intelligent neighbourhood, so long will the families of Folkstone, Bouverie, Arundell, Wyndham, &c. be held in high estimation, and cherished with respect.

DORSET.—Not to detain you with any lengthened detail of expediences in the present moment of commercial embarrassment, (for that would embrace the speculations of all ranks of life) it may be sufficient for general information, to state the principal movements among our more responsible neighbours. The rage for speculation, though it has partially subsided, is by no means allayed: although the exposure of certain late events seems to have left an impression on the minds of the people, not very favourable to the unprincipled adventurer. One salutary effect has been, that the spirit of enterprise, with which an Englishman's history is so completely identified, is restrained in its operation; and our friends seem less likely to suffer from ignorance and presumption, than before their nerves sustained so terrible a shock.

[Our correspondent then proceeds to state, that the idea of an approaching election has completely engrossed the attention of the worthy people of Weymouth, &c. but as the *motions* of the respective candidates may not exactly suit the taste of our readers, we have to apologize to our intelligent correspondent for an unceremonious abridgment of his obliging epistle.]

HANTS.—Dr. Chard's concert, at Winchester, on the first of April, afforded a fine treat to the lovers of harmony, who

were much gratified with the exertions of Miss Graddon, from Drury Lane; Mr. Lucas, on the violoncello; Mr. Monzani; Messrs. Vaughan, Holst, E. Sibly, &c. In other respects, but for the timely recurrence of occasional treats, Winchester is lamentably deficient in energy and effect. At the Easter Sessions, indeed, the people as usual, were amused with various disputes, from the chairman *downwards*, of little meaning, and to less purpose. Southampton, during the last month, says nothing. The vessels of the Yacht Club will this summer far exceed in beauty those of any preceding year. A cutter of 85 tons is building for a nobleman, and another of 145 tons for a commoner. The steam packets weather storms, &c. as usual; but as it regards the town, whether *above* or *below* bar, things are in *statu quo*. This, we assure our readers, is a faithful summary of interesting intelligence from the neighbourhood of Southampton.—Portsmouth, and its vicinity, talk, nay *think* of nothing so much as the probability of an universal bankruptcy—we cannot listen to such nervous forebodings.

MARRIED.

March 25, at Compton, Berks, Frederic, 2nd son of Thomas Laugé, Esq. of Grosvenor place, Bath, to Harriet Anne, daughter of the late Thomas Potenger, Esq. of Brokenhurst lodge, Lymington.—March 28th, at Bath-easton, by the Rev. Spencer Madan, the Rev. George Sherer, of Marshfield, Gloucestershire, to Mary Anne, fourth daughter of the late John Arnold Wallinger, Esq. formerly of Here Hall, Essex.—March 29th, at Clifton, the Rev. Rowland Bateman, Rector of Silton, Dorset, son of the late Calthurn Bateman, Esq. of Reldford, co. Kerry, Ireland, to Francis Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Robert Mitford, Esq.—March 30th, At Walcot church, Bath, by the Rev. W. Barry, the Rev. D. Rees, of Wickwar, to Christian St. Barbe Randolph, only daughter of James Randolph, Esq. of this city.—March 31st, Major Northcote, second son of Sir H. Northcote, Bart. of Pynes, Devon, to Harriette Ceely, youngest daughter of W. Ceely Trevillian, Esq. of Midway, Somerset.—April 3d, at Walcot church, Bath, by the Rev. J. Haviland, W. Stewart Richardson, Esq. of Drum, co. Tyrone, Ireland, late of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards, to Caroline, second daughter of John Lavingcourt, Esq.—April 3rd, at Poole, by the Rev. P. W. Joffiffe, R. Darry, Esq. solicitor of Ring-

wood, to Mary, second daughter of Thomas Maning, Esq. of that town.—April 6th, at Salisbury, Mr. J. P. Taplin, of Shipton, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Mr. Wells, surgeon, &c. Salisbury.—April 10, at St. Cuthbert's church, Wells, J. Lovell, Esq. of Walton, to Kitty, eldest daughter of W. Lox, Esq. of West Horrington, near Wells.—April 11th, at Weston, Mr. John Brewer, of Bath, to Miss Elizabeth Barrett, of Worcester.—April 12th, at Tidenham, Gloucestershire, Mr. J. Watts, of Chipping Sodbury, to Mary, second daughter of Mr. Williams, Beachley-house, Old Passage.—Same day, at Chippenham, by the Rev. Mr. Hooper, Mr. A. Guy, Jun. of Chippenham, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of J. H. Prior, Esq. of Land's End cottage.—April 13th, at Frome, by the Rev. John Harwood, Mr. Abraham, of the Ring-of-Bells Inn, in that town, to Miss Stokes.

DIED.

At the house of the Rev. T. Smith, West Talbury, Essex, Ann Colston Champion, late of Shepton-Mallett, aged 20 years.—March 21, at his residence in Old Sydney place, Bath, W. Gunthorpe, esq.—March 25, in Pulteney street, Bath, in his 64th year, the Rev. Roger Frankland, canon residentiary of Wells, and third son of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Frankland, bart.—March 26, very suddenly, at his house, Sion hill, Bath, T. Blake, esq. in the 78th year of his age, an exemplary man and pious christian.—March 27, at his house in Queen's square, Bristol, in the 41st year of his age, Mr. John Hodden, jun. only surviving son of Mr. John Hodden, Hotwells, 25 years a faithful and zealous clerk in this city.—Oct. 22, 1825, at Calcutta, in the East Indies, the Rev. John Lawson, in his 39th year. He was a native of Trowbridge, Wilts.—March 31, at Cambridge, Harriet, the beloved wife of Robert Woodhouse, esq. professor of astronomy in that university, and sister of Henry Wilkins, esq. of Great Stanhope street, Bath.—April 1, at Bath, Margaretta Matilda, wife of Hastings Elwin, esq.—April 2, at Bath, Mrs. Jane Langham.—Same day, at Bath, T. Fortye, esq. of the 1st Somerset Militia.—April 3, at Bath, G. Stackhouse, only surviving son of H. Tolfrey, esq. of Calcutta.—April 4, at Ivy cottage, near Chippenham, Wilts, Sarah, the wife of Major Godfrey, and daughter of the late William Wigget Bulwer, esq. of Keydon hall, Norfolk.—April 5, at Bath, universally respected, the venerable Chas. Sandiford, Archdeacon of Wells, and vicar of Awre, in Gloucestershire.—At Bath, aged 19, Charles, son of Mr. P. Fox.

A LEGEND OF STANCHAWES.

[Continued from page 30.]

At the house of entertainment kept by Luckie Featherstone, in an obscure village in Gloucestershire, there had resided for a considerable time, much to the annoyance of mine host, a strange-looking carle, whose patronymic appellation and foreign accent betrayed him a plant of exotic growth. His presence might have been tolerated, indeed, but for two or three unfortunate *manœuvres* which attracted considerable notice from the responsible agents of the inn, who regarded him with a certain uncourteous suspicion. He had managed to insinuate himself into this family by arts, which, Luckie has often declared, partook more of the influence of the wicked one, than any other social creature; and if he had not managed to insinuate himself into debt, from which there appeared no probability of a sudden emancipation, it is possible his expulsion would have been the reward of his insolence. My reader must be informed that it was sorely against the will of Luckie, that, in compliance with an insolent demand, he has waited on his eccentric guest with a show of affability.

"I do not like it, Jeanie," he would say to his daughter, the only surviving branch of his family: "there is no reason why a Christian man should be the butt of a rogue"—for would the reader imagine it, this obnoxious foreigner, notwithstanding his debt and profuseness, was unremitting in his attempts to ridicule his patient creditor; and the evening party which assembled at the Templar's Arms, were periodically amused with a fresh exposition of their landlord's failings and misfortunes. It must be owned that the fellow's impudence would never have been tolerated, but for a show of talent, which, though ungratefully applied, was irresistibly comic and effective. As a specimen—The Templar's Arms being contiguous to a neighbouring monastery, whose inmates possessed no little influence over the nerves of Sir William Ogilvie, Luckie's proprietor, it was the favourite resort of a select few of these religionists, with Fathers Philip and John at their head. Indeed, from this very circumstance, Luckie failed not to derive a fruitful source of emolument: and as he always complimented the fraternity with a separate chamber that no unhallowed intruder might detect the consequences of a midnight carousal, his accommodation was duly appreciated and rewarded. The man with the ill-looking visage had often retailed the passing events of the secret chamber, to the infinite amusement of the peasantry, who were afraid to express their contempt for the monks in any other manner. How he came by his information, all the ingenuity of mine host could never discern. Luckie contemplated no less the loss of his character than the loss of his money; but he dreaded to complain lest his complaints should reach a quarter where his interest was principally concerned: for if it had been known that the authority of the church had been ridiculed within the precincts of Luckie's habitation, he had surely paid the forfeit of a brief excommunication.

As usual, on such occasions, poor Jeanie was doomed to listen to a recital of grievances, without being able to afford any other consolation than the prospect which accompanies hope and resignation. To her faithful bosom the secrets of the family had been confided during a period of eight years; for before she had acquired the experience of eleven, she wept over the funeral of her mother and an infant sister. Nor could it be said that her father's

confidence was misplaced—if Jeanie imbibed any notion of personal importance, it was owing to this proof of paternal affection: and the deference paid to her judgment no less won her regard than it flattered her innocent vanity. Her little system of economy and politics had suffered no material alteration from the first moment of her delegated authority, and it may be comprised in the answer which she generally made to the perplexing anxieties of her father.

“Do but wait,” she would say, when the stranger’s insolence had defied even Luckie’s stoical patience, “do but wait a little, and depend on’t, father, the mystery of his conduct will soon be explained. Besides, only consider now, if you turn him out of the house, you turn out the very possibility of getting the money for his board and lodging: and who knows what whispers may reach the ears of the ——”

“Hush!” Luckie would say, for though a bigot from interest if not from principle, he dreaded the very name of the church, when it reminded him of its authority and power; and Jeanie’s last argument was sure to be effectual when all others had proved abortive.

Thus, for fourteen weeks, during the summer months of the year, the daily occurrences in the vicinity of the Templar’s Arms, could boast of little variety. The obnoxious foreigner was permitted to awe by his presence, and nobody ventured to question his business. He had attracted more notice of late by his enormous moustachios, which he had suffered to attain an unusual significance. It had been reported, indeed, that his motions had at last attracted the notice of the wardens of the abbey; and some, who were curious in such matters, affected to discover an expression in his countenance hitherto unobserved. His sallies of mirth were restrained, his fits of absence prolonged, and a depression of spirits, which before was never known to affect him, now assumed an evident ascendancy. On the whole, from whatever cause, Luckie congratulated himself on this visible change of deportment, since his delicacy was less frequently offended by the blunt officiousness of his guest.

It was on the decline of a beautiful day in autumn, that the inhabitants of the village were surprised from their pastimes by the arrival of two strangers on horseback, who immediately made for Luckie’s house of entertainment. The dignified deportment of one of these equestrians, added to visible marks of grief in his countenance, which seemed to mock the energies of youth, displayed the charms of interest and rank. A strange collection of all classes in the village, (which has since assumed the importance of a market town,) flanked the visitors with an appearance of unaffected cordiality, as they parleyed with the host, in order to examine his resources. The cavalier with the dignified deportment, was observed to turn his steed from the close embrace of the villagers, and muffing his person in the folds of a travelling cloak, and pulling a slouched hat surmounted by a black plume, over his forehead, he effectually shunned the scrutiny of his intruding countrymen.

“Do your accommodations extend so far as a night’s lodging for four of us?” said the other, who displayed a vacant sort of countenance, with a tolerable person.

“I will send my father to you immediately, gentlemen,” said Jeanie, who, on extraordinary occasions, officiated as Luckie’s prime minister.

“By my luck,” continued he, “as pretty a pair of diamonds, and as pretty a reward after a twelvemonths’ campaign, as need be.”

"Thank ye, sir," returned the blushing damsel, and away she tripped to announce the presence of her father.

The retired stranger now reined up his steed.

"Do not trifle with the feelings of any woman, Allan," said he in a low whisper to his attendant; and dismounting, resigned his favourite companion to the luxury of a steam retreat.

Luckie was met at the threshold by the impetuous Allan, who, punctillious himself in trifles, had no patience with the carelessness or delay of others. Luckie, therefore, entertained no very elevated idea of the courteous disposition of his visitors, when his ears were assailed by a volley of abuse from a dependant.

"The horses, the horses, man!" vociferated this son of Mars; and while Luckie ran to provide provender for their repast, Allan assisted Jeanie in providing for himself. In this very essential gratification we leave him for the present.

The cavalier, entering the inn by a door from the court yard, made his way to what appeared to him a room for public accommodation. It was in fact no other than the 'secret chamber;' so called not from its situation, but from its appropriation. On his unceremonious entrance, whatever might have been his surprise, he was by no means deterred at the ghostly appearance of the before mentioned Fathers Philip and John. The surprise was theirs—for since the moment they first extended their patronage to Luckie's genius, and the inn had assumed its present honourable distinction, the privacy of their retreat had never been interrupted: and direful would have been the consequence on the present occasion to the bold intruder, had not the dress, which his cloak imperfectly concealed, betrayed a rank and station in life of no common interest. The stranger could not fail to detect their confusion, but he seemed in nothing moved at the importance which his presence created.

"Let me not disturb the ardour of your *devotions*," said he, in a tone which his companions did not seem to relish, and which, to say truth, implied but little respect for their order and establishment.

"We choose other scenes for our *devotions*," replied the renowned Philip, "and less liable to interruption. But if you possess the quality of discourse, answer me this—what is the character of that man's brain, who parleys with his enemy 'till he secedes both influence and respect?"

"It is probably imposed upon by a benevolent heart, and yet—"

"No conditions, sir cavalier," interrupted the moderator: "my riddle is a true picture of the times."

"Then, may I ask to what it applies?"

"Answer me this—what does that man deserve, who would restrict the power of the church?"

"The *shanks* of the nation."

"Whew," muttered the saintly John, who was equally remarkable for his ignorance and rotundity, while the flagon of Rhenish involuntarily glided from his affectionate grasp, to the utter amazement of his colleague in abstinence and self-denial. The crest of Philip visibly declined at this specimen of assurance from a stranger, before whom it would be impossible henceforward to preserve any terms of accommodation. He was evidently unprepared for a retort of so little ceremony, and unconscious in what manner to evade a very contemptible appearance. The loss of his wine suggested a

very fruitful expedient, which was nothing less than to decamp, and ruminate in solitude on so extraordinary an affair. The doctrine implied in the stranger's declaration, though prevalent enough, and its influence on the minds of the people sufficiently clear, yet it had never been professed with impunity: and the present circumstance was too remarkable to transpire without exciting considerable surprise. The father, however, was not permitted to retreat so abruptly.

"You have proposed a subject for discussion," said the stranger; "as you are the appellant, I will be the respondent. Replenish your cup, worthy sir, and pledge me in a bumper to our excellent King Henry."

"With all my heart," replied the father; "the Church and State."

"The state first if you please—as to the church, its merits shall be fairly discussed, either doctrinally, or upon the merits of her own dignitaries: and if these subjects are found on inquiry incompatible with each other, we will carefully award our chastisement in proportion to the offence, and the quality of the offender."

"I warrant me, now," interrupted the father, "you are one of those who applaud king Harry, for his moderation towards the heretic Cobham, when, by the rood of a pilgrim, he could not more disgrace his profession."

"I am one of those," replied the dauntless disputant, "who think the monarch's lenity an ornament of no inferior lustre in his noble character. With what patience can a prince reflect on a stretch of arbitrary power which consigns an unoffending fellow creature to the tomb of death?"

"Unoffending!" responded the ecclesiastical pillar: "but no wonder, since the devil has been transformed into an angel of light. I tell thee, had Arundel withstood the suggestions of his weaker nature, he had not suffered that nobleman to depart from his custody alive."

"I pity thy zeal," replied his antagonist, "but should applaud it in another direction."

"Your speech may be too bold for a stranger, though a lord," interrupted the father.

"It is not too bold for an honest heart, nor for honest ears," replied the traveller. "You may possibly think it a merit to defend popery at the expense of reason and propriety: I, too, hold it to be my privilege to speak the honest dictates of a heart, as yet uncorrupted by the specious pretexts of interest or policy."

"That is, in other words, you mean to be understood as the admirer of Sir John Oldcastle."

"Unquestionably: and where among his enemies is there to be found a man who does not admire his unaffected piety, and the candour of his investigations after truth?"

"Why thou art an heretic," said this staunch disciple of tradition; "and by my office, thou shouldst this moment be denounced an enemy of the church."

"Thou canst not prove me an heretic to the truth," replied the traveller, "by fair course of argument: whatever offence the church may receive from my unbiassed opinions, if she be immaculate, she will sustain no injury by a fair exposition."

"Blasphemy!" muttered father Philip.

"Horrible blasphemy!" echoed father John.

An unusual noise in the court-yard below suspended further discussion,

and the traveller, rising to ascertain the cause, was met at the door by the woeful visage of Luckie himself. Mine host having never dreamt that his new guest had joined the society of the monks, became uneasy at an absence, which at last excited his suspicion. Allan, too, had claimed acquaintance with the ill-looking *moustache*, and demonstrating all the signs of extravagant joy, had incautiously dropped hints, which Luckie, unable to define or construe, suspected must at least betoken treason and guilt. They requested to be accommodated with a private room, which being granted, Luckie, from curiosity, or a long-indulged antipathy, determined for once to invade the rights of hospitality, and by art to detect their objects and pursuits. But their conversation was carried on in so low a tone of voice, that nothing could be elicited but occasional expressions of grief or surprise: mention was made of several English barons, who were supposed disaffected towards the government, and amongst others, Lord Cobham. Luckie, in the blindness of his zeal, thought he heard enough to warrant the adoption of a measure, which, but for a paramount feeling of self importance, he had certainly disclaimed; and as a momentary irresolution seemed to suspend his intention, an accident decided the event. Sir William Ogilvie, a magistrate of the county, residing at a short distance, happened to make his usual call at this critical juncture, on his return from a sportive excursion; and Luckie, willing to substantiate his own credit, acquainted the knight with his suspicions. Those who were best acquainted with Sir William Ogilvie, described him as being amiable in his domestic and social circle, but strangely intemperate in his attachment to the church. The commission with which he was invested, flattered his vanity, and on many occasions justified the most indecorous conduct: he was never happier than when an opportunity presented itself for the display of his sincerity and zeal. He had no sooner possessed himself of Luckie's secret, than he proceeded from remonstrance to threatenings; and as Allan did not inherit the meekest disposition, his blustering replies attracted the attention of the company above. On the appearance of his master, whose commands were singularly effective on Allan's nerves, a momentary silence was obtained, and even Sir William stood speechless.

"Is this treatment towards a stranger courteous, master landlord," inquired the traveller. "Does the entertainment which your sign so officiously display, consist in brawls and angry altercation?"

"No—not so—" replied Luckie with an imploring look at Sir William: "but we be all staunch supporters of Holy Mother Church, sir; and I care not who knows it," said he, elevating his voice on the approach of father Philip.

"And is poor old England fallen so low," interrupted the stranger, "that her sons are not permitted to retaliate on the champions of popular error? We will no longer trespass on your hospitality, master Featherstone. The road lies before us, and it is a maxim with me to leave ignorance and bigotry in the rear."

"Not so fast," said Sir William Ogilvie; "or, indeed, if you are determined to withdraw your patronage from the old house, you shall be welcome to shelter in mine."

"You appear a gentleman," said the traveller, "and but for direful recollections which teach me to be wary, I should pronounce you an honourable man. As it is, I accept your courteous proposition, and doubt not the acquisition of your acquaintance will remove my scruples."

Their departure had not transpired before sudden significant signs and gri-

maces between the knight and the monk did not escape the penetrating eye of the guest, whose peculiarities we noticed at the commencement of this chapter. Allan was suffered to remain behind, to pledge his old acquaintance in a parting cup. A ride of about ten minutes afforded the equestrians a delightful prospect of the surrounding country. The mansion of Sir William Ogilvie suddenly rose to view in all the majesty of ancient architecture. The wall which surrounded it, sheltered its base from the rude approximation of an unseemly mote; so that a traveller, ignorant of its intention, would feel at a loss on which side to make for an entrance to the habitation. The dimensions of the wall were considerable, and its octangular form agreed with the designs of the thirteenth century. Above its elevation, the roof of the mansion reared its lofty head; and as the distant rays of a departing sun lent their enchantment to the solitary scene, its owner with his guest alighted before an obscure and difficult entrance. The country around appeared 'barren and unfruitful,' and unconscious of agricultural improvement. The monastery which we have had occasion to allude to was hardly discernible in the distance; its grey and misty walls too nearly resembled the shadows of the evening tide.

"You have travelled hard to-day," said Sir William Ogilvie, as he led his visitor to a little room, whose furniture and appendages seemed to indicate a sort of *sanctum sanctorum*.

"I have travelled far enough to make rest desirable," replied the cautious horseman, as he seated himself at a little round table.

"That rest you shall soon partake," said the magistrate, but first recruit your spirits—"and he essayed immediately to introduce the substantial fare of his larder.

But, sooth to say, his guest felt little inclination for the delicacies of the table; there was a charm which operated on his spirits like the thick gloom of a troubled sky, and he courted retirement as the most congenial resource for an aching heart. On the contrary, Sir William's officious zeal only distracted when it was intended to beguile. He was a man true to his principle, and accidents were never suffered to be forgotten before their merits had been fully magnified and developed. Sir William, constitutionally sanguine and enthusiastic, flattered himself that the present singular adventure teemed with important consequences, and he was determined to elicit the quality of his new acquaintance. If this could not be accomplished by fair means, he had still the resources of his power and authority as a magistrate, which were never known to fail him in cases of emergency. But all his skill was lost on the object of his present enquiry, who baffled his wily address with the most profound *nonchalance*. Sir William's patience forsook him after his usual expedients had severally failed, and the stranger was suffered to retire to his chamber, with a character and station in life apparently inscrutable.

In solitude, the traveller placing the glimmering taper on a stand under the little window of his apartment, sunk heedlessly into the friendly repose of a richly ornamented couch; and in a few moments forgot his toil in the powerful charm of sleep. If we may be allowed to imagine the secret workings of his mind, or to detect the voluntary course of his thoughts, we should say they wandered over scenes of youthful promise, and of hopes chilled by the cruel hand of fate and persecution—of disappointed claims, and rights discarded by a partial administration. The traveller awoke from a restless slumber, as the taper's departing light emitted its last and brightest spark: it reminded him that he had not disengaged himself of the necessary incumbrance of a

travelling dress; and as he arose for the purpose, the surrounding darkness naturally impelled him to invite the cheerful influence of the moon, by removing the skreen which embraced the narrow window. The skreen removed, one of the most awful sights in nature presented itself. A volume of fire was seen rising in awful grandeur, as if towering to salute the cloudless sky. The bright moon, mocking its energies, soared far beyond its terrific height, deriding its impetuous fury, yet seemingly unconscious of its existence. The mystery was soon explained. The ruins of the abbey were distinctly seen sinking beneath the devastations of so triumphant an enemy, while here and there, the bloated forms of its late inhabitants stood motionless in silent horror. The emotions of surprise and alarm having once subsided, the traveller's first intention was to descend and alarm the family: but no language can describe his consternation when after repeated efforts, the door of his chamber refused to yield to his most strenuous exertions. A confused idea of treachery and confinement succeeded the astonishment of so unexpected a display; and its concomitant horrors would have scared a less intrepid mind than his. Continued endeavours to alarm the residents proving fruitless and unavailing, the probability of escape was the natural suggestion of so alarming a situation. On opening the casement, the illuminated atmosphere facilitated a discovery which the traveller eagerly sought. Escape from the window was indeed perilous and replete with danger. At the distance of about eleven feet below, the frail support of a raised balcony offered the doubtful expedient of a precarious landing place. It was gained however, by one of those stratagems which a sense of danger alone can supply; and by a courage and daring alike invincible, but its situation was still remote from security. The wide stretching wall presented a barrier apparently insurmountable, yet it was necessary to scale its formidable elevation in order to reach the exterior of Sir William Ogilvie's inhospitable domain. The scheme was favoured by certain projections, which the irregular taste of that period permitted to remain, and a descent on its opposite side was effected by similar accidents. A single glance at the dwelling, from whose prison walls the traveller had escaped at such imminent peril, was followed by a precipitate retreat. At the distance of half a mile from the danger which had so lately enveloped him, and flattered by the stillness and solitude of the unfrequented moor, he deemed himself secure from captivity and pursuit. While contemplating the sublime effect of such terrible destruction, hastened as it was by the perishable material of which the building was principally composed, the stranger fancied he saw, a little in advance, a form or shadow like the undefined inhabitants of the world of spirits. Deeming himself imposed upon by a phantom of his own creation, the *reality* of the scene did not immediately occur. The glare of the atmosphere on which the raging element reflected, fell on the mantle which completely enveloped the image before him, whose form, motionless, and in the attitude of contemplation, excited an interest alike powerful and irresistible. It wanted yet considerable time to the dawn of day, and the natural excitation of the human mind, occasioned by restlessness and fatigue, was neither alarming nor incredible. The traveller therefore indulged an impression that the vision was nothing beyond imaginary and illusive, 'till a sudden motion, unexpected and precipitate, dispelled the doubt, and awakened a conviction of certainty. He debated within himself the propriety of following in its direction; with regard to his resources he was alone and unbefriended; and his escape once detected, pursuit and recovery threatened the most serious consequences. These con-

considerations, however, though dictated by prudential motives, were unavailing now. He determined to pursue the fleeting form before him, and ascertain its present object and destination. His approach was quickly recognised by the animated vision—it hastily retreated from an intrusion as unexpected as undesired. To avoid an encounter was impossible.

“May I ask from what motive of curiosity or impertinence my contemplations are disturbed?” The averted face of the speaker, and its artificial tones, could not effectually disguise the *woman*.

“Far other motives than these prescribe my conduct,” replied the stranger; “and far be it from me to disturb the solemnity of your thoughts. Lady, would ye condescend to look on me, you would behold a man, who, from earliest childhood, has had to contend with the treachery of friends, and the malice of inveterate enemies. A wanderer on this wide earth, without a consecrated spot to call a home, may he not resign himself to the illusion, that fortune has directed this meeting, that from your lips I may learn the nearest sanctuary of peace and repose?”

“It is so, indeed!” said the interesting figure, as it drew aside the mantle which had concealed every feature, and the traveller recognized the countenance of an old acquaintance. Her pale cheek and flowing tresses were unusually effective from the circumstances of the scene.

“It is so, indeed,” she said; “my father’s house never yet entertained a more welcome guest than Edwin Percy!”

“Gracious heavens!” he exclaimed, “is it possible?—Emily Martindale!—”

(*To be continued.*)

A NIGHT SCENE.

THE moon among her lesser stars
Is gliding in the cloudless heaven,
And nought of harsh or rugged jars
The sabbath silence of the even,
While shaking from its wings the balm
Of dew-belled flowers—the wind is calm.

And rippling to the reedy shore,
The lake flows on in cadence sweet,
As softly falls the distant oar,
Yon hasty fisher plies to greet
The babes he left ere peep of day,
And list! a song beguiles his way.

Lit by the flooding beam, the lake
A sheet of molten silver shines,
Save where their nodding shadows shake
The darkly-leaved and taper pines;
And willow dank, and matted sedge,
Fringe with their grey its sandy edge.

Between the trees at times doth rise
 The token of the supper fire,
 And fancy sets before my eyes,
 The children, wife, and smiling sire,
 Who, after heart-felt thanks are said,
 Partake the earn'd—the daily bread,

And grateful rises to the sky,
 That lightly curling, feathery smoke,
 Not unobserved by the eye
 Of Him, whose gracious lips have spoke
 "Blest are the poor, to them is given
 For woes of earth, the joys of heaven."

A glory seems to reign o'er earth,
 As though its yesty time were not.
 And its fierce passions ne'er had birth,
 Its rising sorrows were forgot;
 As holy and as beautiful
 As these have made its brightness dull.

No, not a bird awake—their hymn,
 Their evening hymn of praise is sung,
 And o'er each star receding dim,
 The denser veil of night is flung,
 Yet still the moon, tho' shorn its beams,
 A spirit disembodied seems.

Nor is its beauty dumb to him
 Who wanders forth in scenes like these,
 For strains as voiced by Seraphim,
 Now swell along the nightly breeze,
 And win the mind to musings high,
 And teach that man is of the sky.

My soul which troubled was at first
 I entered on this blissful scene,
 Has from its house of bondage burst,
 And soars in conscious might serene,
 Expanding into wordless prayer
 It seeketh God—and God is there!

G. H. S.

A REVERIE;

OR, A CHAPTER ON BYRON, &c.

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, not omitting ceremonies of bravery, in the infamy of his nature.—*Sir T. Brown.*

I had just finished reading this splendid sentence and was about to proceed to severer studies, when the death-peal of the neighbouring church bell sounded lugubriously on my ear, and compelled me to be the victim of meditation. Capricious Fortune has fixed my residence near a church, and frequent indeed are the mournful peals heard, which tell the gay and listless world that another wanderer has found his last, cold, clammy home. Death is an awful subject, and every form that decency has added, partakes of its funereal loneliness. What a mysterious gloom does not the slow, heavy knell, throw around!—it is a sad memento—a melancholy monitor, that makes the very soul vibrate with intensest feeling. Yet, it is regretful to know, that in populous towns, where burials are common as marriages, the sight of a funeral is considered more as a strange black show, than an occurrence calculated to lead the mind to turn in upon its own resources, and reflect upon the dubious, fleeting scenes of life. People, in general, console themselves on their own present existence, and think that one poor sigh, one upward glance of the tearless eye, and a soft exclamation of pity, are sufficient tributes for the casual death of the unregarded stranger. But, to him who is the devotee of contemplation, the train of sobbing mourners robed in their gloomy garments, the coffin resting on the shoulders of the bearers, with its white gaudy fringe, the exposed front with the shining nails and burnished handle, (poor little decorative pomps,) make a thrilling appeal; they convey his imagination, as he pitifully gazes on the mournful group, to the deserted home, the widowed wife, the destitute orphan, and fond parent, now bereaved of the prop of declining age. Let me continue a little further—enter the church—and there, with uncovered head, and palpitating heart, approach the mouldy grave, see the coffin reluctantly descending into its damp retreat, read the lettered inscription, hear the careless rattle of the crumbled clods beating on the lid—and then, with overcharged heart, leave this deathly haunt for the world again.

We are all taught to admire the philosophical firmness of the ancients, who braved death with fearless look, and boasted, even to the last expiring sigh, the dauntless spirit with which they could witness the separation of the soul from the body. In this place I will not stop to enquire on what principle this pretended stoicism was founded: whether it was the real strength of philosophy, or mere resolution worked up to phrensiad recklessness, arising from conscious inability to prevent or delay the summons of imperial nature. I would simply remark, that most of the death scenes, so eloquently pictured by classic pens, are deficient in the finishing colours. We merely read a recital of one *direct* fact, and no more; now, to my mind, notwithstanding the unity may be thus nicely preserved, the description would be rendered more engaging, if the return of the friends of the departed, and their feelings as they re-entered the place where they had been accustomed to associate with him, were forcibly described. When the last awful scene has passed, when the quivering eye-lash

shall have played no more, and the struggling limbs are locked in cold apathy, still affection has something, blighted as it is by ruin, to cling to and weep over. At morning, noon, and night, we can steal silently to the still chamber of the dead, hang over the shrouded corpse, and while we recollect the bright hours that have fled, can water with the tear of grateful love the insensate hand of him who shared them. The tears of affection are like the moistening dews of heaven; they fall on the blasted stalk, as well as on the flowret spreading with blossom and scented with perfume. When this last poor solace is taken away, and not a wreck remains behind for grief to revel in, it is then a something worse than sorrow that comes over us, as we enter the room once cheered by the smiles and social luxuries of a dear-loved friend or relative, and behold the dull vacancy, the careless loneliness in it: all that is left for a refuge is, to unlock the treasures embalmed in memory, and cally ourselves with them!

From these sombre thoughts, I was led insensibly to ruminate on those noble sons of earth, whose spirits are fled, but whose names receive from an admiring posterity the daily incense of applause. Amongst them the mighty Byron, the soul of poetry, and god of sentiment, towered up before my imagination. Reader, pardon my abstraction: let me pay his memory a simple tribute: Byron! Britannia's proudest bard, the world's adored poet, most glorified minstrel whose harp of melody ever breathed forth its spell of song! though thou wert hurled from thy lofty throne when gratitude swelled forth from a people's heart in praise of thee, though thy triumphant energies put forth in Freedom's cause, were quenched by the blast of death, still shalt thou be, while circling ages roll by in the flood of time, and heavenly poesy retain its captivating charm, the crowned pride of verse—a golden sun, whose attractive splendour shall brighten over other suns revolving round thee.

When we peruse the works of a celebrated author, it is difficult to separate the writings from the man. It is thus, when I enjoy the luxury of reading Byron: I cannot prevent myself from thinking of his singular and eventful life. I often fancy that his disposition much resembled Burns's Caledonia's lowly son of poverty, and neglected poet. Both were proud, and magnificently independent, conscious of their own internal grandeur of soul, and stretch of intellect, and disdaining to stoop to unmanly courtesy. Let not the high birth of Byron be considered as a bar to this comparison: had the peer been born a humble shepherd, his mind would have been patrician: had the shepherd been born a peer, he would have remained the same unbending patriot he was, when roaming over the bleak hills of Scotland. The coincidence might be traced successfully still further, but I hasten to offer a few considerations on Byron, whose name is worshipped by every lover of the muse.

Wordsworth's beautiful remark "the child is father of the man," is not too paradoxical to be understood: early scenes give a bias to the mind, impart to it a characteristic over-ruling feeling, which later changes in life, though they may debilitate, cannot effectually destroy. Byron's life illustrated this, from residing in his youth in the mountainous romantic Lochnagar, he first caught an enthusiastic fondness for Nature's wildest sublimities. The lonely silence of a sequestered spot, the beetling rock, the hoarse cataract lashing the mountains with its battling waters, the war of struggling elements; in short, all that was awful in action, tremendous in sight, and majestic to contemplation, henceforth became his delight. Byron's forte in every subject, was description of the sublime, and what to minds cast in a vulgar mould would have appeared horribly terrific, to his imagination were sights such as com-

prehensive mysterious souls should look upon with ecstasy. It is true, he likewise excelled in the description of beautiful objects. He was a luxurious sensualist, and when he chose to wanton with his pen, immortalize a bright eye, picture a lovely face or an enchanting figure, he was no mean master in his art; but other poets have excelled him here, who sink into nothingness when painting the grand and sublime.

It has been remarked by men of learning and intellect, that Byron has acquired his fame, by daring to express what others would tremble to conceive. In saying this, they at least allow him the merit of diving into the depths of the soul, and bringing into view the action and re-action of its most secret operations. But surely, in this exquisite developement of character, consists, in a measure, the duty of a poet. There is nothing which merits particular applause in a plain statement of vulgar facts; most can do this either in prose or verse. It must not be understood that I wish to express my concurrence in *all* the principles of Byron, but hesitate not to remark, that Byron's character as a true poet is heightened by the deep knowledge he possessed of all the passionate workings and emotions of the heart, and if he has *sometimes* been too bold in the display of his profound theories, he has at others dragged out hypocrisy, foul and empty speciousness, from their cowardly retreats. He certainly was a philosopher, I will not say a *moral* or a *stoic*, but a *thinking* one. He observed the deceit and mockeries of the world, felt a disgust for the obscene flattery paid to Folly's veriest apish followers, laughed at the cant of parties, and the jealous envy of competition, smiled at the superstitious pharisaic observance of trifles, and the irreligion evinced in hallowed and momentous concerns, spoke, thought, and acted for himself, not to conciliate the wisdom of the wise, but to please himself, and then—told the world so!

Now we are on the subject of Byron, perhaps it may not be tedious to enter a little into his history, and endeavour to obviate, or at least weaken, some of the objections raised against him. We have already ventured to speak our sentiments of his genius in the poetical sublime, and therefore shall hasten to a consideration of the objections which operate against his morality as portrayed by his lighter poems. It will be requisite, first, to recur to the scenes of his earlier life. Bred amid the luxuries of grandeur, accustomed to partake of all the fashionable extravagancies of the age, and swayed by no higher principle than that of mere honour, he went to Harrow with a mind rich in fancy, but poorly stocked with sacred, reverential feelings; as the favoured child of fortune and rank, few wishes arose in his breast which he could not amply gratify. As a spirited, talented, high-born youth, he doubtless already had many admirers among his compeers, whose flatteries, caresses, and violent instigations might have roused his intellectual energies, while at the same time they relaxed the restraints of morality and religion. This will probably explain the reason of his irreverent and loose conduct in after years. Few are ignorant of the harsh reception his first publication met with from the hireling troop of reviewers, and though he made the "dirty pack" afterwards smart with the twitches of his satirical pen, we may be assured the recollection of their illiberal hyper-criticism never left him.* Although I am no admirer of Byron's temper, which was

* "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" may be fairly considered one of the finest, if not the most cutting satires, ever ushered into the world of literature. Juvenal's satires are deep and talented, but often too strong in their representation of disgusting vices. Johnson's celebrated two are elegant, harmonious, and terse, but are imbued with rather too much melancholy and gloom for the edge of satire; but Byron's "English Bards," is all that was wanted to lacerate the money-swayed pack of hired critics. It is free from indecency, but every line has the taste of attic salt. Jefferies must have been a little staggered and mortified on perusing it; but the creature ought to bend his Scotch knees and thank his lucky stars for being immortalized with abuse.

undeniably peevish and excessively wavering, I think it but candid to allow that his unhappy marriage soured it still further; besides, men of real genius are more likely, from various causes, to be restless, and at times morose. It is to be lamented (as far as human judgment may attempt to predict) that such a man as Lord Byron ever fettered himself with the bands of wedlock. Fanciful, eccentric, and impassionate as he was, there could be few women whose qualifications, either personal or mental, would adapt them to be the partner of his joys and woes. Lady Byron, in truth, was not exactly of the few: she was too minute in her exaction of duties. To have smoothed all the rough discrepancies in her husband's character, she should at all times have mingled her tears with his, have smiled when he was gay, and have shewn herself linked to him in the closest, sweetest union that sympathy can beget. A poet's soul might have fashioned such a soft and tender creature into airy existence, by the force of imagination; but it was almost unreasonable to expect that reality would procure for him one so calculated to mollify with conjugal solicitude his care, anxieties, and disappointments.

We by no means think she was a mere piece of mechanism that moved daily in the same direction, careless of the rueful scenes around her, and feeling no one's sorrow except her own. But it must be admitted that she was rather weak and jealous, and suffered her affection to be weaned by slander and the vile corrosive communications of a female parasite, raised from obscurity to be the corrupter of her own felicity. Byron certainly did love her, nay adored her in the depth of his heart; but his pride and her unaffectionate thoughtlessness smothered for a while the flame of love. Let a man of unbiassed mind read his "Farewell," and dare if he can with honour, to question Byron's devoted attachment. Mark the following simple, love-breathing verses, and who will be hard enough to consider him an offender hypocritically penning what his heart contradicted? Such fond speech is beyond the reach of dissimulation.

"Fare thee well! and if for ever—
Still for ever fare thee well—
E'en though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

*Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee,
Which thou ne'er canst know again."*

He considered himself left to his own desolate melancholy, when the sympathies of a wife should have been profusely shewn and felt! I have dwelt on this topic purposely, as we may believe Byron's antipathy for the female sex to have its origin in his domestic calamities, while the goading of his injuries and slights rendered him that stern master of poignant, merciless satire, he afterwards became.

Scarcely had the grateful isle of Greece ceased to fire her funeral guns, in worthy lamentation for her heroic protector, than folly, ignorance, and detraction commenced with unhallowed havoc to mar the virtues of the poet, and with busy clamours swell up the list of his crimes. A thousand fiendish calumniators came forward with intent to rake up his slumbering ashes and riot in the guilty pleasure of defamation. Every pigmy newspaper scribbler presumed to raise up an invective enmity against Byron's immoralities. Emi-

nence never has, nor will escape from censorious bickerings and forged tales of calumny. That Byron was a sensualist and somewhat deistically inclined, that his "thoughts were boundless and his soul as free," that he hesitated not to wanton frequently in many illicit excesses, will be allowed; I will not, dare not attempt to palliate his errors, but merely ask, why were a poet's crimes to be so cruelly exposed? Millions, at the present moment, are caressed and courted in high life, with more immoralities on their head than ever blackened *his* character. But, replies the spouting moralist, the immorality contained in some of his poems! This is the croaking strain used by every old maid and *blue stocking*, that has plenty of religion in her mouth and none at all in her heart. One or two great men happened to point out the immoral tendency of several sentiments conveyed in *some* of his writings, and immediately a puny set of whining hypocrites followed up the cry. I would ask these staunch supporters of virtue, these platonists, who are so active in lashing and condemning Byron for his free display of the passions (for this after all is where he has chiefly offended) whether they do not peruse with taste and pleasure many of the indecent and sensual poetical trifles in Pope and others, without a blush to paint their lily cheeks? They can visit the theatre, and hear many of Shakspeare's passionate speeches, but even a gay thought, and wild sally in Byron, is marked as a violent breach of moral discipline. *I do not frown at censure, when it is justly and warrantably applied*, but the pretended compunction of many of Byron's judges, is past patient endurance; they censure for the sake of censuring, and nothing more; and I have no doubt that most of those prim, prudish creatures, who are shocked at the thought of perusing "*Don Juan*," contrive to read it in their privacy, and would not consider their virgin modesty ruined with a few of the balmy kisses Juan sipped from Haidee's lips. But to be more serious: ardent as my admiration is for Byron's character as a poet, I shall ever deeply lament that his magic pen should have condescended to pen the "*Vision of Judgment*," and his "*Don Juan*;"—no, I would not wish that *no part* of it had seen the light, but that many passages had been expunged. The former composition must not be compared with the latter as regards the evil tendency. It was indeed a luckless hour, when the immortal bard, the author of "*Childe Harold*," and the pity-moving "*Corsair*," could demean his mighty genius by giving birth to so blasphemous a publication. That the morbid Southey attempted to pollute the world with a precedent, forms no legitimate excuse; Byron soared as far above Southey as does the mountain eagle, in her flight, the feathered songster of the grove. We must consider his "*falling off*" here, as one of those mysterious aberrations from well-tempered judgment, that have in all ages marked the career of exalted men. Perhaps my opinion of "*Don Juan*" may cause some hasty reasoner to chronicle me in his giddy brain as a voluptuary, when I assert that I do not consider "*Don Juan*" so immoral as the seemingly religious would represent it. There are, as I said before, *some* passages which are by no means decorous, but these are lost amid the sweeping satirical beauties surrounding them; they are like occasional swamps in sunny meadows, which may be often avoided by the timely application of foresight. Never was there a work in which the mock moralities, hypocrisies, plausible trickeries, and dissipated fooleries of high life, were more cuttingly satirised—but I perceive that if I do not stop here, I shall speedily enter the mazes of a complete criticism on "*Don Juan*," and as I must defer this arduous task to the appearance of some other number of the Review, let me

conclude my reverie by entreating the reader to judge for himself in literary matters, and while he may strive to profit by the remarks of others, not to be duped into a weak acquiescence for the partial sneers of the hyper-critic, or the no-critic. Peace to thy shade, Byron! while we lament the weaknesses and follies that degraded thee in the estimation of the virtuous, "let us forbear to judge." Tongues yet unborn shall be warm in praise of thy divinest minstrelsy, and though ignorance and hypocrisy may love to riot among the ashes of the illustrious dead, the humanity and benevolence of the truly wise will tempt them rather to "draw the curtains close," and hie them to their meditations.

R. M.

A RECOLLECTION OF 1822.

Yes—though we shall never meet again, yet will I keep this as a record for ever sacred to her memory. She has long since forgotten me, and I have turned to others—but, as of our fleeting lives, those moments when first we met were the happiest, I, at least, will recall and dwell on them, until time and memory are no more.

How cheerily the fire blazed up the chimney of *that* room when last she entered, and how gaily the lights brightened over her lovely face! I see her still, as she threw herself into the chair beside me, her figure half leaning towards my own, her arm playfully thrown round and resting on my shoulder, and her fine dark eyes looking into me, as if they could comprehend all my love for her. How unheeded then the hours passed by listening to her voice, and twining my fingers through the glossy ringlets that fell down her neck, whilst I drew from their silken softness and shadow, images of perfect beauty. In those moments the purest feelings thrilled every vein—it was the love, the idolatry of my own beautiful ideal. I used to call her Haidee, and well she realized that brightest vision of poetry. Her dark brown hair, drawn off chiefly from her fine arched forehead, twined carelessly about her head, and fell down even to her shoulders, with a rich tendril luxuriance. Her lips,

"Short upper lip, sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such,"

were the most truly delicate and Grecian I had ever beheld, and whether parted by the playful smile of archness, or compressed into a more pensive expression, alike enchanting. She was herself full of poetry and imagination, and repeated with an enthusiasm which could not be described, many stanzas and passages from Byron, in tones I yet hear, and can never forget. Her voice was the deepest, yet tenderest I ever heard: it came on the ear, as autumn comes over the spirits, soft, but exquisitely mournful. Whether from the praises she must have so often heard lavished on its tone, or from a desire to change from every thing she once was, by a certain restlessness of thought and action about her now, and a quick rapidity of expression, she had evidently altered her manner, equally as her voice, from their natural character. This, if affectation, might well be forgiven; if otherwise, it only inspired a deeper interest towards so friendless a being. But who can for ever quench the past? I have heard at times the sigh, and seen the tear glisten on her eyelids, and I have felt the reckless gaiety which the delighted giving way to, was only to forget all what she was, and had been.

I gave up my whole soul to love her;—with me, too, the credulous hopes and romantic dreams of youth were over, and I knew they could never return! I met her, as it were, on the confines of a gone-by existence—in a world of cold reality; we had both revelled away our brighter days in scenes of love and happiness, which now were left far behind, and thrown back upon ourselves, we grew towards each other from our very loneliness! The pure and beautiful being I *once* might have loved, had long been but as a fading vision on my memory, growing fainter and fainter, as I had stubbornly turned from looking back in the distance. I knew that I was totally alone in the world with not one who really loved me. I knew too, that my passions, from the long check thrown on them, had preyed on my frame, and that my health was rapidly declining, and though my feelings were as warm as ever, yet the imaginative power which had hitherto upborne me in a world of my own, I had tried, and felt was failing. What wonder then, that freed from ordinary trammels, I plunged at once into

the path before me, and in her form, features, and talents, forgot every thing but the fleetingness of life, and the consciousness of her existence and my own?

She was flattered, and even astonished at the enthusiasm I gave way to before her; and slowly, and by degrees I succeeded in reviving and gaining the confidence which had been so long destroyed.

Yes—she loved me; not with the purity of first and only love, when the trusting heart unfolds itself as from slumber, thrilled with a melody of feelings (for so do I call them) 'till then unknown, and never so known and felt again; when gently and timidly expanding towards the object, it opens as the dewy leaves of the young morning rose to the first rays of its inspiring sun. The varied feelings awakened in the open, credulous bosom, come but once in our lives. The sense of exquisite self gratification, and undefined rapture, the overflowing fullness of love and happiness shedding light, and beauty, and enchantment over every thing round it, from its own excess; when the heart owns not it loves, though all its raptures are inspired and caught from only one. The flushed state of excitation so restless, yet so delightful, the cause of which the heart well knows, but buries from itself as a secret, a deep hidden treasure of which it *believes* possession, but dares not ask itself if it be secure, until hope is lost in certainty! How exquisite too, the repose, the unconscious reverie of such a state, the colder powers of reason and judgment suspended, when the images of the past float before and are heightened by the imagination, while Hope, young and glowing Hope, dreamingly anticipates the future. Such, I again repeat, comes but once in the spring time of youth; the heart then is pure and unstained as some ethereal instrument, its fine chords vibrating, and thrillingly alive to the most evanescent impressions. Oh! what a treasure is that heart then, how fragile a thing, yet precious; and, alas! how lightly lost from being so little known. There—there only is the secret dwelling-place of *that* happiness all pant after in vain, if indeed true happiness consists (and who at one period or other of their lives does not own it?) in loving and being loved. If chilled by neglect, or broken by too rude a hand, it can never again be restored, never repaired: the talisman that dwelt there and created all, is broken—the vestal flame that circled round and hallowed it, is quenched for ever! and if indeed the human being survives the wreck, doubt and distrust dwell within ever afterwards, freezing every rising sensation; the feelings are buried and deadened under their wintry influence, and the happiest hour of such a life—is the last. But why dwell on all this? let me rather turn away, and recall the last time I ever looked on Marian.

She had stood a long time leaning against the window frame, abstracted, and unconscious of my presence. I had imprinted passionate kisses on her cheek, but she neither felt nor heeded me. I could not leave her thus, but threw myself in a chair in the opposite extremity of the room, watching the expression of her features in reverie, and the event. It was then she suddenly roused herself, and advancing towards me timidly, and yet with a degree of dignity I had never before observed, she slowly twined my hair back between her fingers, and bending forward, imprinted one long—long kiss on my forehead; she then laid her hand on my own, and resting the other on my shoulder, she gazed on me with a look as if she were endeavouring to fix me for ever in her memory. “Yes —————” she said at last, in broken tones, “you *have* known, you know what it is to love—but I am no companion for you,—you must forget me—you shall never see me again.” She broke away from me before I could detain her, and was instantly gone; at the time, I could not believe her in earnest, I was affected by the manner, but considered it the result of only momentary depression. It was, however, far otherwise; from that day she departed—no one knew whither—and never since have I beheld her. Poor Marian! in the hour of solitude, or in the stillness of night, when my heart is oppressed with sorrow for thy unknown destiny, there still comes over me a delicious feeling of hope, and softened joy; a secret consciousness, as if all the fervent prayers and blessings I have offered up for thee, emanating as they did, pure from all selfish motives, were heard and registered in heaven.

A BATH MAN.

OPINIONS OF ROBIN ROUGHMANTEL ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

"An unremitting itch for speculative politics is the plague that will constantly attend and obstruct the rising prosperity of this country. Would the good sense of the nation so far prevail as to drop speculative points *for one seven years*, and all ranks of people set their shoulders to improve and extend the manufactures, this, would speedily become a flourishing kingdom."—*Dublin Politician*, anno 1784.

Subjects of difficulty, and which involve interests of deep and paramount importance, are generally approached, even by men of profound understandings, with a degree of reserve and hesitation. Still there are scarcely any subjects in science or literature, however abstruse or metaphysical, but their investigations impart a charm and satisfaction, equally gratifying and encouraging to the patient genius of the enquirer. Look which way we will, enterprise is successfully developing the theories of former speculations: and it remains for the present generation, not to propose subjects for remote disquisition, which may wreck the energies and happiness of their descendants; but to prescribe the limits of that power which is either the result of human ingenuity, or else indebted for its importance to the concomitant of accident or chance.

That the aspect of this country has lately assumed a peculiar and affecting interest, no one will presume to deny: the most careless and inattentive have at length reluctantly admitted the fact: and even those whose commercial interests and extensive information, for so many years, attracted the notice of the legislator and the public, *now* confer an *impression*, not less critical, than dubious and uncertain. Under these circumstances, the bulk of the nation will gratefully acknowledge the prompt interference of the parliament, and the sympathy of their more opulent countrymen. My apology, if any be requisite, for reviewing a subject which engrosses universal attention, is simply this—an anxious wish to derive from the signs of the times, circumstances for improvement, as well as a regard for that consistency of character which has obtained for my countrymen an honourable rank in the scale of nations. I propose to address myself separately to the *higher* and *lower* classes of society; and in the first instance to investigate the ostensible causes of the present national calamity, and in the second, suggest such plans for self-government as may meliorate if not remove, the condition of the sufferer.

The investigation, I am aware, promises little satisfaction, and is replete with difficulty. Notwithstanding the information which has been elicited from the late parliamentary discussion, there are some old gentlemen in these western counties, who imagine the fullest evidence could not be adduced within the walls of the House of Commons. At all events this has not been done, whether from a motive of pity towards some, whose errors it could not fail to detect and expose, or, perhaps, the truth did not immediately suggest itself. Many of us have the fullest confidence in the wisdom which distinguishes the administration of this country. Those who are entrusted with the reins of government have shewn a degree of sympathy and commiseration, which entitles them to the applause of every patriotic heart, and their interference, too, has not been confined to promises and empty declamation. Whether the last important measure to which their sanction has been applied, will conciliate the esteem of the country gentlemen as a body, I cannot determine: the day is probably yet

distant, when men shall be willing to promote the general good at a trifling expense of private interest. None are so stupid, but they must be aware, that the difficulty of proposing and applying a remedy is greater than the circumspection required to prevent the evil itself. A skilful practitioner has no other object in probing the wound than to obtain the necessary information respecting the *nature* and *propriety* of his prescription.

The present generation entered into the ingenious speculations of their forefathers with an avidity and promise truly astonishing. What the genius of the past age detected as possible, the present has demonstrated with a march towards perfection, equalled only by time itself. When the population of this country was required to recruit the army abroad, behold! an equivalent for their services in the manufactories was found in the powerful operations of the steam-engine. But when the din of battle had ceased, and smiling peace returned to bless the world, the soldier, gladly resigning his martial habiliments, returned to greet the pleasing labour of his native soil. What must have been his astonishment and chagrin to find his accustomed 'occupation gone?' Can we wonder at the scenes which followed, and which are not to be detailed here? One remarkable consequence was, that the discarded soldier and indigent manufacturer displayed a character of sullen supineness and insensibility, a reckless daring and ferociousness, which before had never identified itself with the English people. Here let me take occasion to enter a protest against the use of machinery to the prejudice of the labouring poor. It is, in fact, calculated to eradicate the genius of their disposition, which has obtained for them an honourable distinction in the annals of this country. When have we been informed that the people refuse to work, that their principles are republican, their habits pernicious and demoralizing? On extraordinary occasions, has it not required the most specious arts to excite a spirit of mistrust and insubordination; and how quickly have they returned to their peaceful avocations. Like men of refined sensibilities, and minds enlarged by education, they require *an object* to engage their attention—to concentrate their energies—to display their ingenuity—and this object is *labour*. But when this is superseded by an introduction alike unknown to humanity and the interests of the kingdom at large, we are not to wonder at symptoms of peevishness and discontent. Let the merits of this subject employ an abler pen: let it excite the attention of those with whom it rests to abolish a system so injurious: for we will not suppose otherwise than that when the *head* is enlightened, the *heart* will joyfully espouse the cause of such noble philanthropy.

This is one remote cause of present evils, which, had it been foreseen, might have been prevented. We hope the power of amendment is still within the prerogative of an experienced community, and that it will speedily be proclaimed. We cannot suffer our minds to be distressed by gloomy forebodings of an irremediable affliction: the resources of this country, which have hitherto been efficient to counteract the dangers of kindred emergencies, are required now to exert their energies. Let those who ridicule the idea of melioration from the exertions of individuals, reflect a moment on the cause we advocate, and the mischief we expose. Let not existing misfortunes which *cannot* be removed, be confounded with those which *can*.

The embarrassments of the present moment, as they affect all classes indiscriminately, result from a system which has been suffered to impose on the credulous for years—assuming an infinite variety of forms—politely administering to the taste or caprice of its victim—specious yet hypocritical—

promising security, involving ruin. A more complete exposition of its disgraceful character cannot be effected than in the overwhelming development of its direful consequences. It is but here and there a man can be found of sufficient mind to strip the monster of its deformity: we are all egregiously deceived by a chimera of our own imagination; and until other means can be substituted for public credit and its synonyms, the monster will not cease to haunt our habitations. Now, it is not my intention to insult the understandings of my readers by any explanatory notes on the question before us: let the appropriation be *his*: but it is my intention to express an opinion on that retributive justice which has at last overtaken the guilty. It has been remarked that the age of speculation is the age of infidelity, and if no other proof offered, a brief review of the last thirty years will suffice. Within this period, speculation has evidently outgrown itself; and it has only left, as a matter for speculation, *who will prove its next victim? They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.* One would really imagine that the grand exposition of this passage of holy writ had been left for the transactions of the present year, and its predecessor. How many there are who through covetousness, have erred from the faith: that is, they have sacrificed their principles (if indeed they ever had any) to their interests—their conduct was not constrained by circumstances: *they would be rich*—not satisfied with *daily bread*, *they would be rich*; and what is the consequence? They are the instruments of their own punishment, for they pierce *themselves*, (not slightly, but) *through* with (not a few, but) *many sorrows*. Their sorrows result from compunction of conscience. Recollections of the past afford but little consolation for the miseries of the present. There was a time, when, circumscribed in means and desires, many of the inhabitants of this country had little inclination for the doubtful enterprise of accumulating riches; but that day has been succeeded by an abandonment of common sense, and the total want of good feeling. Their language, properly interpreted, amounts to this: wealth is the only good; therefore let all means be used to acquire it. It matters not what consequences follow. Let thousands be doomed to perish, and millions more be sentenced to hopeless indigence; but, at all events, let wealth be accumulated. This is no exaggeration of their doctrines, although they do not thus speak out. For instance: the sudden adoption of their theory of free trade, in a country which had previously been governed by a different system, has been objected to on account of the mischief which must accrue to all those engaged in the trade previously protected. Even if the system of free trade were the best, it by no means follows that it ought to be *suddenly* adopted, at the certainty of reducing great numbers of useful citizens to poverty and wretchedness. But this, to their selfish principles, is nothing; it is only turning capital from one channel into another. In a similar manner Hume proved the lawfulness of suicide. Where, said he, is the harm of it? It is only turning a few ounces of blood out of their usual channel. And where, says the economist, is the harm of the sudden establishment of free trade? It is only giving a little capital a different turn; and, if a few thousand persons should be utterly ruined, that is no business of ours; let *them* look to that. The same passion for accumulation, at whatever hazard, is manifested in the adoption of that extensive machinery already adverted to.

Every thing must be produced at the least possible cost. Machine labour is, for the most part, cheaper than manual labour. Let machinery, therefore be encouraged; and let the poor starve quietly, as they ought to do. It is true, (they say) we cannot work these machines without some hands; therefore, regardless alike of their health, their morals, and their happiness, we will collect great bodies of labourers in our manufacturing towns, exposed to the physical and moral contagion which pervade those dens of disease and vice. There shall they serve our purposes for awhile; and, when unfit to serve them further, we will dismiss them, with bodies enfeebled by labour and intemperance, and minds contaminated by crime, to prey upon that community which they have no longer the power to benefit. *Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; AND THE CRIES OF THEM WHICH HAVE REAPED ARE ENTERED INTO THE EARS OF THE LORD OF SABAOTH.*

Before I leave this discussion, I wish to present the reader with an extract from the pen of a popular writer, whose liberal sentiments and benevolent feelings are equally worthy of the philosopher and legislator.

“The improved system of farming has lessened the comforts of the poor. It has either deprived the cottager of those slips of land which contributed greatly to his support, or it has placed upon them an excessive and grinding rent. But, as the comforts of the cottager are diminished, his respectability and his self-respect are diminished also; and hence arise a long train of evils. The practice of farming upon a great scale has unquestionably improved the agriculture of the country; better crops are raised at less expence: but, in a national point of view, there is something more to be considered than the produce of the land and the profit of the landholders. The well-being of the people is not of less importance than the wealth of the collective body. By the system of adding field to field, more has been lost to the state than has been gained to the soil: the gain may be measured by roods and perches, but how shall the loss be calculated? The loss is that of a link in the social chain of a numerous, most useful, and most respectable class, who, from the rank of small farmers, have been degraded to that of day labourers. True it is, that the ground which they occupied is more highly cultivated, the crooked hedge-rows have been thrown down—the fields are of better shape, and of handsomer dimensions—the plough makes larger furrows—and there is more corn and fewer weeds; but look at the noblest produce of the earth—look at the children of the soil—look at the seeds which are sown here for immortality! Is there no deterioration there? Does the man stand upon the same level in society, does he hold the same place in his own estimation, when he works for another as when he works for himself; when he receives his daily wages for the sweat of his brow, and there the fruit of his labour ends, as when he enjoys day by day the advantage of his former toil, and works always in hope of the recompence which is always to come? The small farmer, or, in the language of Latimer and old English feeling, the yeoman, had his roots in the soil, this was the right English tree in which our heart of oak was matured. Where he grew up, he decayed; where he first opened his eyes, there he fell asleep. He lived as his fathers had lived before him, and trained up his children in the

same way. The daughters of this class of men were brought up in habits of industry and frugality, in good principles, hopefully and religiously, and with a sense of character to support. Those who were not married to persons of their own rank, were placed in service, and hence the middle ranks were supplied with that race of faithful and respectable domestic servants—the diminution and gradual extinction of which is one of the evils (and not the least) that have arisen from the new system of agriculture. One of the sons succeeded, as a thing of course, to the little portion of land which his fathers had tenanted from generation to generation.

“The sense of family pride and family character were neither less powerful nor less beneficial in this humble rank, than it is in the nobler families, when it takes its best direction. But old tenants have been cut down with as little remorse and as little discrimination as old timber, and the moral scene is in consequence as lamentably injured as the landscape!

“If the small farmer did not acquire wealth he kept his station, the land which he had tilled with the sweat of his brow, while his strength lasted, supported him when his strength was gone: his sons did the work when he could work no longer; he had his place in the chimney corner, or the bee-hive chair, and it was the light of his own fire which shone upon his grey hairs. Compare this with the old age of the day-labourer, with parish allowance for a time, and the parish workhouse at last! He who lives by the wages of daily labour, and can only live upon those wages, without laying up store for the morrow, is spending his capital; a time must come when it will fail, in the road which he must travel, and the poor-house is the last stage on the way to the grave. Hence it arises as a natural result, that looking to the parish as his ultimate resource, and as that to which he must look to at last, he cares not how soon he applies to it. There is neither hope nor pride to withhold him, why should he deny himself any indulgence in youth, or why make any efforts to put off for a little while that which is inevitable at the end? That the labouring poor feel this, and reason thus, and act in consequence, is beyond all doubt; and if the landholders were to count up what they have gained, by throwing their estates into large farms, and what they have lost by the increase in the poor rates, of which that system has been one great cause, they would have little reason to congratulate themselves on the result. The system which produces the happiest moral effects, will be found also the most beneficial to the interest of the individual and to the general weal; upon this basis the science of political economy will rest at last, when the ponderous volumes with which it has been overlaid shall have sunk by their own weight into the dead sea of oblivion.”

The length of this quotation will prevent any farther discussion of the subject it so ably embraces; and, indeed, I am anxious to relinquish the investigation, which, at the best, is but a tedious and ungracious task: it remains for me to suggest such plans for self-government as may meliorate the condition of the sufferer. It is thus my intention to apply the principles advanced *immediately* to the situation of thousands in the present day: of course the benefits anticipated can result only from self-appropriation.

I am far, very far from supposing, that the lower orders of the population of this country are excused from the bitter pangs of self-reproach in the present moment of unparalleled distress. The heart of this people is neither hard, nor are its characteristics insensibility or guile: on the contrary, although impressions are easily derived from circumstances, in proportion as they come in contact with their interests, or encroach on the limits of national and hereditary

prejudices, we frequently find them daring indeed, but still honest to speak out their wants with a singular and unaffected simplicity. Their understandings, too, though destitute of that artificial display which results from an enlightened system of education, are, nevertheless, by no means uninformed, or backward to comprehend a subject when fairly and unostentatiously exposed: so that if a character of the country were drawn from the manners and habits of the peasantry, with a due regard to circumstances and situation, the development would reflect immortal honour on its civil and moral institutions. These considerations are encouraging to a writer whose object is to win the attention of the ingenious mechanic or industrious labourer; and I feel their influence in the present moment, otherwise the subject would prove neither grateful nor beguiling: and I may be permitted to express a hope that my object may not be frustrated by carelessness, inattention, or the severer lash of ostensible criticism.

It cannot be denied, however, that these characteristic manners and habits have gradually assumed a different aspect, probably from the influence attached to a splendid nobility, and the introduction of effeminate practices by a wealthy community. Example weighs beyond precept—it is the experience of every day—and thus I account for the late unhappy manifestations of a temper but little suited to the discontented party. Privation is easily ascertained and felt by those who have accustomed themselves to ease and superfluity. Inordinate attachment to any one object is hardly known to exist, until its means of gratification are restricted. The poor, whose means are circumscribed, have very little consideration beyond them; but when those means are ruined by caprice or arbitrary enactment, their complaint is perfectly natural and reasonable. I do not hesitate to say this cannot be the case at present; there is no wilful, individual cause, to which the present state of the country can be applied. The calamity has invaded the mansion of the rich, as well as the habitation of the poor: and the fury which has in some instances been directed against the manufacturer, is unmanly and unjust. Are individuals to divest themselves of reason when they are overtaken by distress? Should not their very circumstances operate as the most powerful motive for cool deliberation? But what is the fact? Thousands, resigning both modesty and common sense, have adopted the unavailing expedient of rapine and plunder, and thus added to a desperate situation, the aggravated consciousness of a degraded, if not a ruined character. It is to be hoped the like occurrences will never transpire again: for, it is not by adopting the nefarious practices of the lawless and disobedient, that circumstances can be improved, or grievances redressed. The legislator, however inclined to commiserate with the woes of a nation, must be rigorously stern in the discharge of his duties. The people ought not to be ignorant, that with offices of rank and distinction, there are entrusted the most sacred privileges, and the defence of existing establishments, without which, the fairest field of nature would soon be transformed into a region of anarchy and bloodshed. Multiplying wants, though a symptom of a most degraded principle, is, nevertheless, the sure concomitant of extravagance. I shall not be accused of indifference to the real wants of thousands, when I assert that it has at least misled the majority of the rebellious in all ages. Real wants have often been supplied to introduce the demands of imaginary ones: and a train of evils has resulted equivalent only with the blackest designs. To my suffering fellow countrymen, I recommend the consideration, that the present moment is an important page in the history of their lives. It will, perhaps, command their weal

or woe *for ever*. Humility and patience will secure future happiness, but restlessness and insubordination cannot escape the punishment of the guilty. The cloud which now obstructs the brightness of the day, will not obstruct it for ever; but its departure, which must be commanded by an over-ruling Providence, will doubtless introduce better things. Let us censure without malice, and reform without abuse, but let the reformation begin with *ourselves*: for in looking at the faults of others so much above us, we are apt to forget ourselves; or in magnifying our own importance, we are not likely to judge impartially.

GREECE.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

Si je hais les mœurs des Spartites, je ne meconnois point la grandeur d'un peuple libre, et je n'ai point foule sans émotion sa noble poussière. Un seul fait suffit à la gloire de ce peuple: Quand Neron visita la Grèce, il n'osa entrer dans Lacedemone. Quel magnifique éloge de cette cité!—*Chateaubriand*.

STILL bright beam the sun that gilds thee, sea-girt isle,
 Though thy genius and freedom are fled;
 And blasted the Moslems who slave thee awhile,
 And o'ertrample the tombs of thy dead.
 May spoilers who crush thee, all wither and die,
 Clotted, and cold as the weapons they bear,
 May agony wait on their last whispered sigh,
 May it embitter their spirit's despair!

How dim is thy splendour, once pearl of the sea,
 Queen of all isles, fair land of the brave!
 The chains of the Turk have degraded the free,
 They have linked to thy glories a "slave."
 But think on the heroes who hallowed thy name,
 Spirits of Conquest who battled and died,
 Arise from thy slumber to ransom thy fame,
 Front well thy prowess with re-blossomed pride!

Let the demon, Revenge, strike home to thy soul,
 See! thy relics are crumbled and down;
 Thy forefathers raised them untarnished and whole,
 To the scions of Freedom, renown:
 Thy pillars of beauty are strewn on the ground,
 Broken thy sculpture, deserted thy fanes;
 The robbers of Turkey have plundered around,
 Left thee to languish in Tyranny's chains!

Argos! though grand is thy bosom of waters,
 Fragrant thy flower-beds seen on each side,
 A Briton must weep as he thinks on the slaughters,
 Deeply tainting thy streams' sunny tide.
 Though thy fountains and groves, Laconia, still live,
 Each balmy breeze wafts a sigh for thy peace;
 Oh! where is the coward who trembles to give
 Greece, to thy thralldom a patriot's release!

The oaks on thy mountains, Arcadia, will bloom,
 The rocks of high Phocis re-echo the skies,
 When Greece shall awaken from slavery's doom,
 From the havoc of ruin to liberty rise!

May spoilers who crush thee, all wither and die,
 Clotted, and cold as the weapons they bear,
 May agony wait on their last whispered sigh,
 May it embitter their spirit's despair!

LINES TO A FRIEND.

(For the "Inspector.")

WHILE other youths so vainly swell the crowd
 Of Fashion's votaries—of the gay and proud,
 Who meanly waste their fleeting time and health
 Reckless of nought but luxury and wealth,
 Far nobler cares employ my earliest friend
 To Custom's idiot sway untight to bend,
 Secure from pomps and Folly's giddy maze
 In Virtue's paths serenely pass his days:
 With lettered ease, and calm contentment blest,
 No baubles tempt him, and no fools molest!

On—noble youth! pursue thy destined way
 With Vice and Folly never meant to stray,
 Still Virtue's charm and Reason's light revere
 Not heed the rich man's taunt, the fopling's sneer,
 Nor let false shame one generous thought control,
 Nor check the sallies of a lofty soul;
 Untainted then thy manly breast shall glow,
 And unrestrained the tear of pity flow;
 And oh! when life's quick closing scene appears,
 And nature sinks beneath the weight of years,
 May resignation cheer the mental gloom
 And light thy passage to the silent tomb!

London,

D. L. R.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Quis leget hæc —————
 "Vel duo, vel nemo: turpe et miserabile." Quare!—*Persius.*

I have often remarked that the lower ranks possess, in general, a much clearer insight into character than their betters (*ut vulgo dicunt.*) This, it would seem, must proceed partly from their being the subject of the passions and caprices of others, and partly from the pages of human life forming the chief part of their reading. A master would be at a loss to define with any degree of accuracy the character of his servants; but let *him* be the theme, and few of his intimates could mistake the person who sits for the picture. Low humour, malice, and ignorance, will of course be prone to exaggerate the features; yet, like Hogarth's, the very exaggeration might furnish an important lesson. Were we, instead of deeming ourselves unseen and unaccountable in the privacy of home, to reflect on the human audience which surrounds and judges us, the effects would be more salutary and more satisfactory to the heart than the "mouth-honour" of the many who see us but as we seem.

Fox observes in his correspondence with Gilbert Wakefield—My practice has generally been "*multum potius quam multos legere.*" This is a quotation which every student would do well to bear in mind. It is almost inconceivable how apt we are, in the course of reading, to assent to the opinions of the writer, without troubling ourselves to examine their correctness. For this reason, leaving health out of the question, I should feel inclined to think that eight hours a day might be more profitably employed in study than twice the number. The mind, which is clear and active when we sit down to read, soon becomes tired of analysis; reasoning gives place to the easier exercise of memory; and we take for granted and repeat axioms, which when called upon to defend, we must either give up and look foolish, or still worse prostitute our logic to sophistry. And owing to this very system of regarding the quantity rather than quality of our reading, we may frequently observe that when an argument arises in conversation, men of no pretensions to literature unexpectedly prove the most formidable antagonists, and give birth to the most pertinent remarks. The student has recourse to his memory, but its suggestions are vague and contradictory. The unlearned man begins at once to reason, and thinks the matter out for himself.

Science, learning, arts, make daily fresh advances towards perfection. Do the loftier emanations of the human mind, universal good-will, forgiveness of wrong, and kindness for injury? Does instruction render the name of Socrates or Alexander more inspiring to the youthful fancy? The ductile wax obeys the hand of the modeller, and even so might the infant breast be fashioned to the purposes of virtue. Will the historian trace at greater length, and with more studied language, the healing journeys of a Howard, or the devastating inroads of the "man of blood?" Plausible answers may meet these questions, and the ready wit of "the scorner" turn them into ridicule. Yet the inferences to be drawn from them could not be disproved by even the frigid reasoning of a mathematician; and to those minds from which the veil of this world has been rent, they point out too surely the little progress Truth, practical truth has made.

Of all descriptions of pride, that towards inferiors, is most superlatively ridiculous. Is it shewn to enforce respect or prove superiority? Gracious heaven! interest will induce the one, and the distinction of adventitious circumstances visibly set forth the other. Is it a fear that your station is not of itself sufficient to support your claims, but must be bolstered up by arrogance? If so, your claims are plainly unfounded, and will uniformly produce contempt. There is nothing in which men, raised by success in trade to a sphere above their birth, are more liable to err, than in the supposition, that a haughty deportment to those beneath them, is a mark of gentility. Ignorant that good breeding ever seeks to render others at ease with themselves; not to remind them of those conventional differences in society every one possessed of common sense must be aware of. A man's deportment to his acknowledged inferiors is a sure test to discover whether he be the gentleman of birth, or assumption—the gentleman by mind, or by purse. The high-born are lofty to those still higher; to their equals, independent; to all others, affable and bland. The opposite class is but too often fawningly servile to your “men of worship;” haughty and oppressive to those whom chance has apparently made lower than themselves, “the lowest of the low.” Their painful endeavours to exact respect at once prove that it was not originally due. What we take to be a matter of course, we are certainly not on the look out to claim. What is familiar to us is not expected with anxiety. The “novus homo” the mushroom of yesterday, continually knocks his shallow pate against these obvious truisms, and seeking to extort an attention which his fortuitous advantages if possessed with temperate modesty would indisputably secure, repeated mortifications are the natural result. Let the poor fellow for his comfort fancy himself the Great Mogul when in the solitude of home. Let him go “shew his slaves how choleric he is, and make his bondsmen tremble.” But if he will walk forth into the street inflated with the same idea, the first tinker he molests by his strut, will deposit him and his pride in the kennel.

“This fellow talks so much about his honesty, I shrewdly suspect it to be on sale,” is a remark founded on an acute observation of human nature. The qualities a man is conscious of possessing are left to their own operation, and he seldom thinks of obtruding them on the notice of others. But he generally talks for the reputation of what he would appear to be, and internally feels he is not. They, who have been guilty of peccadilloes in their youth, are in advanced life the most loud in their condemnation of similar aberrations. It is a politic “ruse de guerre,” although according to the usual fate of cunning, it mostly overreaches itself. To take one instance out of many: I never hear a lady particularly uncharitable against her frailer sisters, but, obdurate that I am, I forthwith begin to suspect her overflowing zeal. A virtuous female of well regulated mind, whilst denouncing the crime, would pity the criminal. She would seek every palliating circumstance, and secure in her own innocence, would think that compassion bestowed upon an unfortunate of her own sex was an emotion more consonant to the bosom of a “Christian woman,” than throwing the first stone at a poor sufferer, whose fall should animate to endeavours to redeem, not to precipitate “a soul to be saved” from error into guilt. And hence, whenever I meet with a lady of outrageous virtue, a close examination discovers to me some ugly little fly-blown spot in her complexion, which the ready resource of rouge rather blazons than conceals.

In every walk of life one spirit, generally speaking, animates the whole of its members. The foundation of this spirit is laid in childhood. It soon

becomes a natural and familiar property of the mind, is forwarded by example, and cherished by reward. We call it by a name which has become amiable and admirable in our eyes, and tickled by the sound, invoke Emulation. Seldom, alas! do we consider the essential character of this passion, in order to guide us in our application of it. The youth is stimulated to excel his companions. Praise attends success, and silent shame upbraids defeat. In the former case, conscious pride elates the heart, and jealousy, its never-failing attendant, induces hatred of all who attempt to wrest away the dearly purchased honours. In the latter, disappointment and mortification ignite, and burst forth in the devouring flame of envy. Do we enquire what is the cause of this perversion of a noble sentiment, of this "longing after immortality?" The proposed advance in knowledge is not pointed out as the reward, the rich reward of exertion. If one of Cicero's noble harangues glowing with indignation against oppression, and replete with the unchained sentiments of a patriotic mind be mastered, is it explained to the animated candidate that he has thus acquired a guide to lead him to the discharge of the honourable duties of the friend or citizen?—is the satisfaction resulting to the mind from such an employment of one's talents duly expatiated upon—and is the approval of conscience shewn to be of more value than "gold and much fame?" Do we explain to him that the prize we present is the testimonial—not the end of his endeavours;—and that if he relax in his attempts to obtain the means of serving his brethren, like the pedigree of a dignified ancestry in the hands of an unworthy descendant, it will prove his title to shame rather than honour? These questions answer themselves. The triumph consists in the unwilling homage of his school-fellows, and its pleasure is heightened by the sense of giving pain. Manhood rivets the strength of the ruling passion; all obstacles are broken through to gain superiority over his kind; and instead of the humility of the Christian, his conduct in life will too probably display him "false of heart, light of ear, and bold of hand."

Among the various anomalies civilized life is continually presenting, the procuring a reputation for qualities unpossessed is one of the most marvellous: Good-nature now. Every one I have yet met with, who has been by his acquaintance in general awarded the meed of this excellent disposition, has proved upon further knowledge, amply abounding in good-nature to his own desires and caprices, but wofully deficient in the same towards others. Pudding-headed fellows I have ever found these gentlemen, to whose Christian-name good-natured has been the appellative; possessed of a fund of apathy enabling them to laugh stupidly at their own expence, and affording a certain security against any distress on account of the troubles of others. Good-tempered I will allow that such characters are. This, however, is only the effect of a natural heartlessness. They are unruffled because impervious to feeling. They will smile if you smile, stare with a vacant countenance if you are in grief, but if applied to for the offices of friendship and kindness, escape importunity by entrenching themselves in a dogged sullenness. They will drink with you, walk with you, talk with you, and so following, but will neither compassionate you, befriend you, nor care for you.

Heyne, with some briskness for a commentator, observes in the preface to the splendid edition of his Virgil, published by Faulder, in 1793, that its appearance was solely to gratify his English readers, who according to him, pay extraordinary worship to the decorations of a book; whereas his countrymen, satirical rogues, regard the language and sentiments only of their author,

unmindful alike of the illustration of prints or the whiteness of the paper. When we meet with men of no literary acquisitions, or even taste for reading, purchasing expensive works merely to feast their eyes, they afford a fair mark for ridicule. Still I can find no valid reason for crying down as fools those who, however attached to study, feel their ardour in pursuit of knowledge stimulated when they see the talent of the writer reflected by the pencil of a kindred heart; and as to type and paper, the student must have peculiar "orbs of vision" truly, to whom these are objects of no importance. A scrawl and a legible hand materially affect the perusal of a letter. Order and cleanliness are of consequence in every thing, and I will e'en hazard the laugh against me by confessing that Virgil, or his mighty master Homer, may gain or lose in attraction on the score of paper and printing. A type evenly set and paper of egg-like whiteness are to the text, what a handsome exterior is to a beautiful mind. On the same principle I would defend a taste for handsome binding; provided always that my gentleman can understand and relish the contents of his library. Very few prefer a bad coat to a good one: and if any Stoical giant of intellect had rather handle a book with a dirty, greasy cover, than a clean one, why "the gods give him joy of it."

The depravity of mankind is a standing topic with writers; and you can hardly walk through a street without stumbling on some periwig-pated fellow, who will shake his calf's head at you, and declaim in "good, set terms;" against the ingratitude and awful wickedness of this miserable world. This is a cant I abhor. If we abuse humanity for its numberless transgressions, let us include ourselves as "part and parcel" of it, and speak in terms of self-reproach and contrition. Let us reflect how often we have neglected our duties: how often idly missed opportunities of doing good, the omission of which might justly subject ourselves to the same revilings we so sweepingly pour forth on "fallen clay" in general. Let us call to mind how often we have met with assistance from quarters we least expected it; what large returns a forgotten kindness has, ere now, in the hour of need, called forth; of what perfection the "Divinity within" renders us capable; and how deficient we must be if ultimately weighed in the rigorous balance of an inexorable justice—then let us compare our blessings with our deserts, and arraign beings of the same passions, affections and hopes as ourselves—if we dare.

Of all impertinents, those who talk for argument's sake only are the most intolerable. To such men truth may be truly said to lie at the bottom of a well. They never dream of eliciting knowledge from conversation; of correcting their own opinions by collision with the experience of others. "*Humanum est errare*" is inapplicable to geniuses of this stamp, they cannot be in the wrong. No subject comes amiss, they are equally qualified to speak on all. If unable to cope with the well urged voice of reason, they try to silence it by strength of lungs. To confess themselves in the wrong would be a slur upon their intellect, and prove them to be as liable to fallibility as their mortal brethren. To gain wisdom appears to be in their estimation—unmanly stupidity; and to flounder about in the swamps of ignorance, is apparently their much-loved knowledge. I would rather listen to the braying of an ass the live-long day, than fall into the company of such miserable bipeds.

"Survey the world from China to Peru;" trace the conduct of mankind in the ignorant and the learned, in the infidel and the believer—the result, however modified, will be intrinsically the same. Trade leads to riches, but riches are not coveted for their use. The "man whom the king delights to

honour" may meliorate the condition of thousands, but is this, or family aggrandizement the object held in view? I look at the limited shelves of my study, and ask whether the pages which teach the "way and the truth," or the eloquent periods of Tully and the simple narrative of a Xenophon are my most frequent monitors. Alas! we "snatch the day" indeed; apply ourselves zealously to the recreation of the moment, or the acquisition of materials to be rendered subservient to temporal interest or the breath of fame, and yet we perceive the blossoms fall from the tree, its green leaves wither, and its trunk decay. Alas! again.

G. H. S.

A VISIT TO THE PARSONAGE.

O dulces comitum——cœtus,
 Longe quos simul a domo profectos—
 Diverse varix viæ reportant.—*Catullus.*

I know nothing more capable of imparting a tranquil pleasure to a contemplative mind, than the recollection of golden moments passed in the society of early friends, whom the chances of life have for a while removed from our endearments. The memory of those we love is the only consolation we have to supply the loss of the grateful scenes which once thronged our intimacy. It is indeed the lot of man, while a weary pilgrim on earth, to meet with many noble spirits swelling with benevolence, and every finer energy of sentiment and love; but, alas! scarcely has he time to interchange greetings, and link the chain of friendship, than fate forces a separation, and the warm hand is joined in the farewell shake, a tear quivers on the eye-lid, while the trembling tongue, with faltering efforts, brings forth the sad "adieu." Such is the common lot: but to some is reserved a happier fate, they only part to meet again; and sure if there's aught below that can repay us for the gloom of absence, it is the delight of seeing an old friend, and he whose morbid soul is not kindled and exhilarated at the thought of such a meeting, is more callous than a misanthropist himself.

'Twas in October—yes, that is the very month of 18—that I was enjoying a luxurious lounge over my breakfast table, sipping occasionally the warm coffee fuming in my face, while the beautiful white table-cloth, bountifully strewn with the usual necessities of a comfortable breakfast, such as brown rasped rolls, fresh eggs, &c. that the postman's welcome knock startled me from my seat. Welcome I say, because it had been long most anxiously expected, as I had waited at home the last six days, and had the pleasure of hearing him knock at every door except mine own. I was in a very calm mood this morning, things appeared to sparkle with good nature when I first entered my room: there was no housemaid's dust flying about, chairs were neatly arranged, windows closed, my fire was trimmed, and to crown all, an excellent breakfast was on the table waiting to be serviceable. The reader must not consider me singularly tedious in describing these trifles, as I am sure he will agree with me, that what we call *minutiæ*, most of all influence our happiness.

Dorothy, my grandmother's housekeeper, who was determined to be "near Master Edward," and who had followed him on account of her affection to the family, soon hobbled up, and with a joyful air on her kind-hearted wrinkled visage, entered very unceremoniously to deliver me my letter. The old faithful domestic was spared the trouble of putting it into my hands; I snatched it from her weak grasp with rapacious glee, knowing the crest and hand-writing. It was from my esteemed friend, Harcourt, and contained an invitation to spend a week at his parsonage, in Devon. So intensely was I engaged in its perusal that the postage was forgotten, and Dorothy might have stood waiting much longer for the cash, had not the letter-man again reminded me that he was at the door, by a thundering rap.

Henry Harcourt had been connected with my family for a long period. In our earlier years, we had lived in the same neighbourhood; had often played off our frisky boyish pranks together, and were once flogged in sweet companionship on the same school-block, for being truants. Nor was this all that made the remembrance of Harcourt pleasurable to me: on quitting the private seminary for Oxford, we were again fortunate enough to bind the ties of friendship still closer by a long residence in the same college, by the pursuit of studies in our own chambers, and mostly by the devoted attachment preserved unimpaired amid the turmoils and jealous effects of a college life. I do not mean to have it credited that we were perfect transcripts of Damon and Pithias, being never so perilously situated as to require a convincing proof of their faithful union. Nor were our dispositions exactly embodied in a mutual, felicitous resemblance, as never to provoke an occasional outrage. We sometimes sparred with swords; but then they were in friendship's vocabulary, and evinced tenderness by the very caution observed in their usage. Our little differences were like a passing breeze, ruffling for a moment the calm surface of the water, and then leaving it as beautifully undisturbed as ever.

Harcourt's age very little exceeded my own, but his disposition had more placidity in its temperament than mine could boast: he was gentle, agreeable, courteous, and steady, while I was more inclined to buoyancy and innocently reckless of what should chronicle the coming morrow. After a brief residence at college, it was determined that Harcourt should enter the church, and my doom was likewise settled—to enter the temple, not of the Muses, but the law. Henceforward, as he was a man of noble principle to the very stretch of duty, and looked upon a hypocrite as the most detestable of the human species, he seldom relaxed from his resolutions made in the honest hope of one day confirming their value, by a display of their exactions. And yet he was never seen to shew the white of his eye-lids, as if such ocular mockery were sufficient to cheat him into the skies; he never snarled with captiousness at the harmless sallies of youthful energy, or attempted by the introduction of a dejected look, a pharisaic groan, or sullen morose pout of the under lip, to demonstrate a sneer for the affairs of earth. Harcourt (and I love him the better for it) was one who thought that a proper condescension to the regulation of temporal matters, would not finally be a hindrance to his salvation. He considered that steady, well regulated, undissembled piety, was at all times a more grateful sacrifice to heaven, than the fervour of enthusiasts, and the sulky despondency that once characterised the wearers of the cowl.

One of Harcourt's predominant troubles, was a languor that seemed continually to creep on his senses, and tormented his mind by debilitating its energies. This, though it actually proceeded from a defect in his physical

constitution, was very frequently condemned by him, and pictured in alarming colours to me. He was apprehensive that it might attain such a conquest over his exertions, as finally to debar him from a vigorous continuance in intellectual pursuits, and impede him in the prosecution of his future parochial duties. Physicians were consulted, and the regimen prescribed was plenteous exercise, particularly in the breezy hours of the dawning day; and this, of all prescriptions, to him was perhaps the most arduous to be complied with. His late reading at night, added to his languid complaint, often held him to his downy pillow at a much later hour than he wished. He was aware of this useless expenditure of time, and after he had summoned strength to rise, his appearance for an hour afterwards was a complete mixture of melancholy and oddity: he looked as if he had just popped into existence by mistake, and was impatient to retire again. Really, I was very cruel to the poor fellow, I will confess, but as my nerves at times were excessively ticklish, I could not resist from bursting into a jolly laugh when he entered my room in the morning with his uncombed hair, loose breeches, and half-closed eyes; while afterwards, I used to regret my unkindness; for there was something in him then, that should have met with my condolence, instead of ridicule, however innocently intended: but Harcourt was a kind forgiving creature, and when the morning gloom was dispelled, he would often unite in my merriment at his own expence, and call me "a wicked dog" for comparing him to a limping owl that had tumbled out of his roosting-tree by day-light.

In this brief record of Harcourt I will not omit a droll occurrence connected with his fondness for the couch. Having lain in bed beyond his usual lateness, he passed the remainder of the day in sombre thought, seldom speaking to those around him, and bearing the appearance of desolation itself. It was in vain that I courted his good humour, by those delicate abasements real friendship will always submit to, when they are employed in winning the thoughts from silent anguish; equally unsuccessful was I in my attempts to rouse him from his reveries; he thanked me for my sympathy, but his consolation must proceed from himself before he could enjoy it. I well knew the cause of this submission to the blue devils; he considered that he was unfit to be a Christian minister, while he could thus revel in the luxuries of the sluggard. What he did not allow himself, others did, who had ascertained the source of his weakness; which did not originate from an express love of idleness, but from a debility in the nervous system. He is not the only martyr I have known to self-condemnation, when neither required by God or man. It was on the evening of this same day, that I had collected my fishing-tackle, and repaired to a retired field, at some distance from the college, to wanton with my rod and line. I am partial to fishing for many reasons: not that I consider myself more gentle than other fishermen in hooking the little gulls of the fishes, but on account of the blissful serenity that steals over the senses, as I observe the light float swimming with the rippling current to the length of the dangling line. I chose this evening a still romantic spot, that I might escape the distance of an intruder on my solitude. The air was agreeably cool, and seemed to fan the very leaves with fondness. I do not remember when I felt more inclined to be grateful to the great author of all. The sequestered calm, uninterrupted, save by the buzz of the swarming gnats that hopped in playful ease on the waters, and the occasional rumble of the returning vehicle in the distant road, was rendered more congenial to pensiveness, by the dewy shades of evening that fell over the landscape, as the

sun was veiling his crimson beauties beneath the filmy disguise of a deep blue cloud. This is not mentioned for the sake of minuteness, or to prepare the reader's mind for the occurrence of some romantic scene—it is merely the uncontrolled burst of language, arising from the remembrance of the serenity then enjoyed. I was seated on a tufted bank, projecting a little over the river, and was attentively observing the motion of my float, when I was roused by a sigh behind me: on turning round my head, whom should I perceive, but poor Harcourt himself, who was despondently watching my movements! "What a happy creature, Seyton, you are," said he, prefacing it with another sigh, "you allow nothing to annoy your felicity; your errors and vagaries leave no stinging monitor in your breast; if the day be marked by wisdom or folly, still you are at peace; its close is greeted with tranquility by you; would that this were sometimes my case! I am miserable throughout the day for my laziness in not quitting my bed at a reasonable hour." "What an hypocondriac!" was my reply, "in the name of Demosthenes and Cicero, to whom you are so devoted, do not give way to this morbid melancholy, which preys on your happiness, visiting you with compunctions which belong to the commission of crimes, and not to an indulgence occasioned by a weakness of constitution. Just assist me in arranging my fishing-tackle, then put your arm in mine, and I'll try, my dear fellow, if we cannot light upon some plan to rouse you in the mornings." Before we retired for the night, it was agreed, that if he was up later than six o'clock on the morrow, I was not to fail saluting him, with what is vulgarly denominated a cold pig, otherwise a gentle damping with a bason full of water. I could not help laughing in my room at the whimsical cure we had proposed. The thought of it often startled me from a comfortable snooze; it made me shiver to dwell on such a cold subject: but it was his wish, and could not injure him, while it might eventually serve the purpose. The drowsy sound of my watch ticking under my pillow, soon hummed me to sleep, from which I awoke the next morning, just as the sun was gleaming through the tiny crevices of my window-shutters, and dancing its faint rays on my counterpane. I was dressed by half-an-hour after five, and hastened to Harcourt's bed-room door, to see whether or no, the thought of his cold bath might not have tended to unlock his eyelids at an early hour. It was not so: he lay with one arm on the bed, the other pressed by his unconscious head, his night-cap concealing one eye, and the flush of warmth in his cheek—it was a pity to disturb him half-an-hour before the time. I retired, read over a Greek chorus, and returned with a bason brim full of the salutary element. He was still asleep, when I completely soused his face with the water. I cannot forget the haggard stare, the trembling solicitude, with which he tumbled from his wet sheets, and handled his dripping night-gown, as if unconscious of what had occurred; a shake of the arm, however, soon recovered him, and ere he left the room, he expressed his gratitude to me for my sturdy compliance with his request.

Is this all, asks the squeamish critic, that you have thus been preparing us for—a cold pig! Truly, a cold pig; which, trifling as it may be in description, proved a blessing to him that was greeted with it; Harcourt ever afterwards became an early riser.

My journey was quite an awful event to Dorothy, who nearly deprived me of my wits by her officiousness, which, though arising from an affectionate care for my wants, was now and then too minutely tendered for my hasty temper. Old women, especially domestics, are terrible bores when the ordinary routine

is interrupted. During the day, she did little else but do and un-do : washed, scrubbed, and dusted, 'till she rendered me so peevish and nervous, that the pleasures of anticipation were clouded by a ruffled temper. And yet I blamed myself for some half-dozen imprecations bestowed on the old creature for her plaguy interruptions, by questioning me about button-holes, stockings, and other articles of dress, when I reflected from what they originated ; and once when a tear dropped from her feeble eye on her furrowed cheek, I could not refrain from squeezing her hand, and telling her not to regard my humour. Poor faithful domestic ! thou hast long since rested thy aged limbs beneath the grassy turf of thine own native church-yard ; and though thou wert humble, yet wert thou honest and kind ; and never shall he, whose baby-prattlings thou didst so often think music to thy listening ear, be oblivious of thy well-tried service :—no, the last of his race will not be ungrateful, or speak lightly of one so respected by his father before him :—no weeds and thorns shall lie on thy humble grave to reproach me with neglect ; the wreathed withies I had planted round it, shall still remain : and when the bleak world shall drive me from its noisy haunts, I will repair to where thou sleepest, and ease my burdened bosom, by watering with a tear, the waving grass that covers thy cold bed, most faithful of friends !

My place in the stage-coach was timely secured, and before ten o'clock the next day, I was comfortably situated between a fat old couple in the inside ; and notwithstanding the raw gusty wind that whistled by the windows, Dorothy had muffled me up so completely, (by making me wear sundry extra waistcoats, and a great coat, with a heavy lot of capes flapping behind,) that I was not at all benumbed by the cold atmosphere. At this moment, how does recording fancy depict her to me, just as she was that morning bustling about the coach-office, disposing of my luggage, and then peeping in the inside to know if I was " comfortable !"

Since it is my intention not only to describe my visit to the parsonage, but also the events which marked my journey thither, I shall give an account of my fellow passengers, such as they presented themselves to me. The coach held six inside, and unfortunately for me, it had then its full complement : my worthy self, an old couple, of the name of Grojan, who discovered themselves afterwards as pork-sellers ; a military officer, a jolly tar, and a beautiful young woman, simply dressed, but displaying a Medicean shape ; the latter appeared extremely dejected, and seldom moved, except it were to take a surreptitious glance at a locket, which she kept preserved beneath her gown, resting on her pretty swelling bosom. Mr. and Mrs. Grojan did little else but grumble at each other, and complain of the wearisomeness of the journey. The husband was, if possible, more unsightly in externals than his wife : having a square unwieldy corporation supported by a pair of dumpy, gouty legs, equally thick all over ; a most protuberant paunch, brown greasy coat, loose, dingy coloured neck handkerchief, with a small round head, by no means ornamented by two bloated cheeks, with folds of fat rolling under the chin, bearing a true semblance in hue and look, to gross pork. His wife, a woman apparently about fifty, formed a very waggish contrast to her big husband, by her diminutive person ; she was tall and remarkably slender, and evidently a bit of would-be-gentility ; having laced herself unconscionably tight, as if fearful her pelisse might thicken her waist : her long boney visage, grey eyes, and bushy eye-lashes, pointed narrow-bridged nose, and morose looks, rendered her no very agreeable companion to sit by. The officer and sailor I

shall dismiss in few words: the former was caparisoned in all the gaudy trappings of a military fopling, and was very intent in the examination of the gilt lace, and burnished clasps on his dress; while Jack, who was next to him, had nothing else to display himself in, but a dark blue woollen dress, and a straw hat to surmount it, much tanned by the sun, and with constant exposure to the inclemency of the weather: and yet, poor and unstudied as Jack's dress was, I thought that in the plain character of an English sailor, who had, probably, often fronted the rage of sea and storm for his country's cause, he towered in his unconscious superiority far above the puny effeminate fellow beside him; whose smooth unsullied skin, told me he barely left his mammy's strings, except it were for the assembly-room to shew off his figure, and blazing militaries.

From the querrulous tones of Mr. and Mrs. Grojan, I perceived that the spouse was reproaching her husband, for absenting himself from his pork duties, and dragging her with him. "I wish to heaven I was busy behind my counter, instead of being jolted in this freezing coach," said the lady to her husband, who awoke now and then from a snooze, to give a snarling reply, occasionally accompanied with a slight imprecation on her "plaguy temper." "Do be quiet for once, we shall soon be there, and then your crabbed humour will be sweetened, I hope. I wish with all my heart you had not accompanied me: you are for ever in your sulks, and I am determined you shall suffer yourself for your testy whims: don't disturb me with your moans and complaints any more."—"Very pretty, indeed, sir: so these are my thanks for all the trouble I took to mend your old clothes, and for pestering myself in a thousand ways, by leaving my business to gratify your fancies: you wout catch me at such foolery again, I warrant. There now! that's the third time you have trod with your clumsy foot on my great toe—for heaven's sake mind what you are about." I was compelled to give my lips a hearty bite to restrain from laughter. Jack appeared astonished, and scratched his head with surprise, while the dandy soldier favoured us with a contemptuous sneer.

Amid the wrangling of this ill-tempered couple, I did not neglect to observe the silent female, whom I mentioned above: her pallid countenance, and dimmed blue eyes, were to me dumb pleaders not to interrupt her tranquility; it was not so with the officer, who had for the last few miles been endeavouring, by various sly and impertinent manœuvres, to wake her from her lethargy. His language I did not at all like: there was a mixture of unmanly hauteur in his tones, and a sort of mocking condescension seldom perceived in the truly well-bred man. He who would trifle with the feelings of a hapless female in distress, under the covert of politeness, or any other art, is to my mind a poltroon and a villain. He had failed in persuading her to enter into conversation with him: to his numerous enquiries and observations, he only received a despondent "no" or a "yes;" but at last, was rude enough to carry his curiosity so far, as to presume to stare over the maiden's shoulder, as she was gazing on the locket, which hung by a black ribbon from her neck. This was beyond curiosity: it was taking a liberty on the conceited presumption, that his rank would justify it with an inferior. It made the blood rush angrily to my cheeks, and I was prevented from telling him my sentiments in a very free way, by hearing the following violent salute from Jack, who, though a poor man, I found was no stranger to the most polished of all politeness—a regard for the feelings of another. "Come, I say, sir, d — my bl—d, if you be going to jostle the lady there:

what right have you to pry into the gentlewoman's consarns—hands off or—” “or you'll make me, I presume. I have a sword in this scabbard, and shall not hesitate to unsheath it, if requisite to protect me from insolence.” “None of your prattle, my honey, I care as much for your bit of cold steel, as I do for you. I got a pair of hands, made pretty stiff by the running of the ropes: they'll serve to drub you gentry, at any time, when you ask for it; and d——me, Mr. Red-coat, if I catch you attempting to meddle with the lady's consarns, I'll see if you shan't feel 'em—so no more of your splatter. I'll always stick up for the women, or may heaven never befriend me.” The officer turned pale with rage, and was producing his sword, when I entreated them to consider where they were, and settle their altercation elsewhere. Mrs. Grojan screamed out “murder!” and startled her sleepy husband from his nap. Peace, however, after a little trouble, was again restored, and all were speechless 'till we arrived at the third stage; when the officer and pork-sellers took their welcome departure.

While the horses were changed, I and the sailor retreated to the warm comfort of a large fire that lit the spacious coffee-room. In my haste to chafe my limbs, which the weather had at last a little benumbed, I found that the interesting young creature remained behind in the coach. Hastening back, after many entreaties, I prevailed on her to alight, and repair to the cheerful room. Jack, in the mean while, had obtained from the bar a glass of port wine negus, and some other refreshments, which he presented to her as she was seated with watery eyes in the antiquated arm chair I had placed for her. She felt the benevolence of the unsophisticated son of nature, and tried with difficulty to drink part of the cheering beverage, while he stood by with exulting tenderness playing over his scared features. “There, now, I'm sure you'll find yourself the better for this comfortable drop, ma'am—and that thin gown of your's—” “Coach is waiting, gentlemen!” bawled coachee, and we were soon on the high road again. We travelled over many a deserted heath and thistly moor, with nothing to enliven its freezing appearance but a few straggling white-washed cottages; yet even these, with their unostentatious homeliness, told a tale of happiness to the passing traveller. The thatched roof, the low windows, with their little diamond panes and leadened frames, the snug blue-painted door, the feathery smoke winding in curly softness from the square mossy chimney, and, above all, the rosy-cheeked urchins prattling and frisking up and down the garden paths, made Jack's eyes sparkle with pleasure. It was very perceivable that Jack was desirous of seeing the end of his journey, and that he wanted to be communicative. Who would have been cynical enough not to have granted him so innocent a gratification? For myself, I am tasteless enough to think that when refinement has so refined our understandings as to incapacitate them to receive delight from the “short and simple annals of the poor,” we had better give over courting refinement, to escape from further pollution. In reply to my question “you are returning home, my friend, I suppose, after a voyage?” he related to me the following humble story, which I shall give in his own dialect, omitting a few of his coarsest expressions: if the accomplished reader be in trepidation for his delicacy, let him turn to another page. I do not want, and therefore shall not court, *his* sympathy.

“Why yes, your honour, you have it; thanks to my worthy captain, I'm bound for home and Sal at last! 'Tis almost six years ago since I left my wife, and sailed to foreign parts. If your honour won't take it an offence, I'll

just explain how the matter stands. You must know that Sal Higgins and myself were natives of the same village: my father, before me, braved the stormy seas in George's service (God bless his majesty!) and so, d'ye see, he always swore that his son should be like him. Things, as it happened, turned out rather contr'ary; I wished to stay at home with Sal, and work in the fields, not that I was afraid to engage with the d—n'd Frenchmen, or any other crew. I was no coward; there's many a chap who will tell how I used to cudgel on a wake-day; have a turn-out with any fellow who gave me the lie; and how I seldom failed to leave off drubbing last. Ask Tom Wilfield for that! I made his bones rattle for gossiping impudence to my Sal. Well, sir, you must know that I began to love Sal more and more every day, 'till she couldnt help saying, as how she loved me in return. There was seldom a saturday went by, that I didnt escort her to market, help her on with her baskets, and in the hot summer get her a lift in some neighbour's cart, while I ran on before to have her fruit by times in the market. I shall never forget one evening, when she staid later than usual, in what a tantrum I was: I scurried off to the town, and met her plodding in a bye-way with two or three coxcombs jeering her. My blood was all in a broil, I flung down my hat, went up to 'em, hit one into the ditch, and sent the other two a sprawling, and then clapped Sal's arm under mine, wiped the sweat from her face, and saw her home; and I thought the kiss she gave me, as I opened the garden wicket, and wished her good night, repaid me for all. We never had a fall-out or miss word but once, and that was when I thought she had given away a blue ribbon I bought for her at our fair. Well, sir, you must know as how things went on like this 'till I was three-and-twenty, when, taking french leave of my father, I and Sal scraped together enough to be married: my father swore he would never visit us or help support us, for my disobedience. I didnt mind this for some months; I worked every day while work was to be got, and scorned to be fed with any man's bread, while I had a hand to work for it. But things in a little while began to alter; there was no work to be got, and our parson advising me to go to sea for a short time, after which I might return with some money, I fell at last into their plan, especially as I heard that when I returned my father would look upon me again; he was a kind dad when I pleased him, and it hurted me mainly to be on cross terms with him. So, d'ye see, leaving Sal with her own friends and Providence, I left home for theseas. Sal cried, and I cried, but I kissed away her tears, told her to be constant and happy, and she should see her Jack again. And now, sir, I'm returning again, as I promised her, with most of my pay, and all my prize-money, sound in heart and limb. Since I've been gone, Sal has got a present for me—a fine boy, who, I heard by letters, is just like his father: yes, and I'll take care he shall fight like his father in his country's cause, or I'll disown him; but I don't fear about that—and so, your honour, that's all."

The coachman pulled up just as he closed his speech, and Jack, after doffing his cap, and giving a hearty "good bye," leaped out, and gained a field on the road side, where, with his bundle swinging from a stout stick on his shoulder, I traced him until he was lost as he entered a valley.

Thus left alone with my fair and melancholy companion, I determined to discover the cause of her unhappiness, that if I could not alleviate it, I might at least be able to offer advice, and sympathise with her. The Englishman's renowned, old-fashioned starting topic occurred to me, as the the best and least pointed introduction. Perhaps I may be censured for my ceremonious deli-

cacy in addressing a young female, but her meek and mournful eye claimed from me a respectful reserve, and bade me fear the least impertinent intrusion.

"You have suffered, I fear, madam, from the bleak air from which you are so ill protected by your slight clothing." "You are very kind, sir," was all her reply; a sob choked her utterance, and as if ashamed that a stranger should witness her tears, she turned her head towards the window, but in doing so, did not prevent a tear that glittered in her eyes, from falling on her gown; her white pocket-handkerchief received the others, which were shed in anguish, and the pain of concealment. I have heard of the pleasures of sorrow, and often have I felt the bliss of weeping alone. On this account it was, that I regretted my presence, which I saw was a restraint on her. Merciful God! who would deny a woman's tears any request? I could not: and had it not been for the conflicting emotions which arose in my bosom, I should certainly have tried to have taken an outside place, that she might weep alone. Again a few minutes' silence followed, and although I was sorry she would not allow me to condole with her, I had nearly resolved to make no second attempt, and pretended not to observe her, by looking at the barren hedges, which were iced with frozen dew-drops clinging to the leafless branches and shrubs. A heavy sigh and indistinct mutter again roused me; and I perceived the big drops rolling down the side of her interesting, though colourless cheek. This was beyond me: I was half inclined to join her, and in a respectful, though agitated manner, said, seizing her hand as I spoke, "Do, pray do, my dear madam, allow me to afford some consolation; though a stranger, you shall not repent disclosing your sorrows to him. I cannot sit by unmoved while a woman is in distress—let me persuade you to communicate the cause of it to me—all that I can effect, by word or deed, is at your service." "Alas! sir, you are very good, but it is beyond human power to aid me: did you know the cause of my unhappiness, you would believe so." "And may I not be made acquainted with it?" I tenderly replied; "personal experience has taught me to sympathize with misfortune; do not then hesitate to explain." This last entreaty was not unavailing: making a faint effort to recover her agitated spirits, she innocently repeated her simple and unhappy tale.

"The interest, sir, you appear to feel in the fate of one so humble, and utterly unknown to you, compels me to comply with your benevolent wishes. I know I must have appeared very childish to you, for crying all the way, but the tears rushed into my eyes, before I was conscious they were there; yet, alas! tears cannot recall to life my dead parent, my fond, idolized father! he is dead; and I, the daughter he so doated on, was far away, who should have watched by his bed-side, beguiled the weary hours of sickness by the sweet offices of love, have smoothed his sick pillow, and sent up my heart's prayer to heaven, as winging his gentle spirit there;—he would have it so, and my affection yielded to his obedience. But I'll be more explicit, and tell you, in a few words, the account of my life. My father was a decent farmer of ———, in Devonshire, of the name of Twiford; he was originally, a hard-working labourer, till, by unwearied industry, he was enabled to rent a small farm, and cultivate it himself. It was then he married my mother, the daughter of an honest neighbour, and I was the fruit of their marriage—but I fear that this minute recital will prove very tedious."

I assured her, on the contrary, it would be very agreeable, and she proceeded.

"I was christened Jane, out of respect to my maternal grandmother, whose memory was revered by all. For though none of our family, I believe, are known at the herald office, all its branches have been untaintedly respectable, and it was the pride of my father to tell me, that his father before him was never known to be in debt or in liquor, and that he was always noticed by the curate of the parish, as a sober, industrious man; and then, he would catch me in his arms, kiss me, and tell me he thanked God, when he was gone, he hoped I should have the same to say of him; this I remember, though young at the time. To have a more affectionate, doting mother, than I was blessed with, is impossible: not that she was indulgent in what her good sense told her was wrong, but, as far as her limited means would permit her, she never neglected any thing that advanced her child's happiness. Until my fifteenth year, my father was prosperous and happy; his farm, though small, was commodious and truly comfortable, and never shall I spend such happy hours as I have there. A saturday night and sunday were always looked forward to, and passed peacefully and happily. While I live, I must remember my dear mother—how amiable, how alive to every one's wants but her own; how beneficent, how matronly and placid she was. Since that time, when far distant, I have often pictured her to memory, as she used to fly from the door to meet my father returning from his toils on saturday nights. Sometimes, when he tarried, she would take me in her hand, and seek him; and then we used to walk home together, and partake of the evening meal. Oh! sir, you would have thought us happy had you seen us arranged round the table, and heard my father deliver the heart-felt grace, lifting up his pious hands, and thankful heart. We had nothing fine, but every thing decent and orderly, particularly on saturday night, when all was clean, and regulated for the sabbath. After our meal was finished, the remainder of time before the hour of retirement, was passed in contented harmony and delight. Sometimes, my father told us the incidents of the day, the prospect of harvest, or agricultural news; or else he would rest himself in the broad arm chair, and make me read out a chapter in the bible, while my mother attended to needle-work. Our sundays, sir—they were blissful days! our family were seen regularly at church, and calumny was never known to brand us with the character of hypocrites. My broken heart thrills at the very relation of those happy times, when each returning sabbath found me surrounded by domestic blessings, and enjoying the smiles and love of parents, whom my young and innocent heart adored. Then, sorrow seldom clouded my brow, and when my childish perverseness drew a reproof from my mother, its mildness made me feel it the more. The rising tear of regret was often kissed away by maternal tenderness: but an awful event was hanging over my fate.

"Behind the house we had a kitchen garden well stocked with vegetables and fruit. My father was partial to it, and passed his leisure in its cultivation. In summer it presented a delightful appearance, with its rich display of vegetation and blooming trees; the perfume breathing from a neat flower bed, the fruit hanging from the different boughs, and the startling hum of the bees lurking beneath the rose-leaves, were at all times felt with gratitude by the humble inmates of our farm. It must not be thought that my father, though unblest with a refined education, had not a mind sensible of perceiving the beauties of nature. His education was limited to a knowledge of first principles merely, but there were finer sensibilities in his character, than are usually developed in the country farmer. He valued education, and it is to his beneficence

that his daughter is indebted for an excellent one—you must pardon these interruptions, sir, I promised you the tale of my life and you must impute it to my agitation when I deviate a little from my subject. It was customary with him on a sunday, after dinner, to retire to a harbour formed by his own hands and closely empaled by mantling foliage. Here he used to sit with my dear mother and myself by his side, and indulge himself with a glass of his favourite ale, till the village church bell sounding through the tall elms, summoned us to its hallowed retreat. During the summer months, our noon visit to the harbour was never neglected when the weather permitted; and little, ah! little did I think the last time my mother spoke there, she should enter it no more!

“An incautious act had brought on a slight malady, which, though it compelled her to remain for some days within the precincts of the house, neither I nor her husband conceived it to be dangerous. Her illness commenced at the latter end of June, but by the second week in July she was quite renovated, and was persuaded once more to visit our agreeable garden retreat. Every thing was gay and cheerful, and my father could not help whispering an ejaculation of thanks, while he surveyed the cheerful prospect of nature’s loveliness. My mother was just seated in her accustomed corner, and while I was fondly wrapping her shawl around her, to impede the danger of a cold, my father was gazing at her with all his soul’s love, and speechless rapture, to find that her cheeks were again beginning to recover their roseate hue, and her round hazel eye to sparkle brightly as ever. I think I see him now—’twas one of those mystic moments when the heart is overpowered by emotions of its gratitude; he had seized her hand, and clasping me round the waist said, “I cannot, love, tell you the joy I feel, at the thought of seeing you again as healthy and brisk as before: do you know this is the anniversary of our wedding day, Maria, and we have been married,”—here he abruptly stopped, and on turning to my mother, I perceived that a paleness had suddenly whitened her features, her feelings and weak frame were overpowered, and without delay we conducted her to her room; I remained with her till night, when expressing a wish to have medical aid, she alarmed me and my father:—but I cannot linger here; my mother by the following sunday was a blessed spirit in heaven!

“When thinking on her unexpected death, my sweetest consolation is the remembrance, that I was with her to wait upon her, pray with her, and receive her last most precious gift, a mother’s blessing on her orphan child.

“It was indeed a melancholy day, when from my bed room window I watched all that was left of a beloved parent borne to the cold grave. As a poor woman, her burial was nothing more than decent; my father followed her as mourner with other relatives; and so respected and regretted was she, that no tearless eye was beheld in the group of villagers round her grave, while the simple funeral hymn was singing. His affection had a humble stone placed over her, on which Maria Twiford’s age, and time of death may be read, amid the lonely records of the poor. Illness had kept me at home, and when I wandered over the silent house, my mother’s spirit seemed to be with me in every room I visited.

“Notwithstanding his severe affliction, the next sabbath found my father at church; and at the close of the service we loitered behind in our pews, till we, alone, of the congregation, remained in the church-yard, standing by my mother’s tomb-stone. You must have pitied his agony had you seen in what a melancholy unconsciousness he stood, as if rivetted to the spot. Not a tear watered his rough countenance, not a sigh, no, not a groan—all was still and

externally motionless ! but then the conflict of bursting thoughts—here it was the husband suffered ; with some difficulty and caressing expostulation, I tore him from the spot. He appeared to have forgotten me, and when I pulled his arm to remove him, he did not reply, but plodded homewards without an observation.

“What a different scene hereafter, did a sabbath afternoon present to many former ones ! our meal passed away in silence and the remainder of the day was equally gloomy and desponding. The fortitude of the christian had forsaken my father’s bosom, and I plainly perceived that it would require fresh scenes to lighten his heavy sorrow. All that a daughter’s love could do, I did. I was as often as possible near him, read to him the most cheering passages in scripture, soothed him in numberless ways : all these kindnesses he felt, and used to thank me by embracing me, and telling me I resembled my departed mother. My tenderness was of little avail, joy no longer sparkled in his eye when he returned home at eve. As I slept in a room near to his, I found that his slumbers were miserably disturbed, and the morning rose upon him with the weary monotony of yesterday. His unhappiness afflicted me, but when I respectfully reasoned with him, suggested to him the blessed hope of meeting hereafter those we love, in undisturbed repose and bliss, his only reply was, “it was true, very true.” Twelve months had now rolled tardily by since our loss, but in that little time what a desolation was completed !—My father was become neglectful of his business and his home. Our garden which used to be the neatest in the village, was unheeded, and weeds began to spring where flowers had blossomed. There was one spot there, however, still dear to him ; a small square bed at the north end, where my mother had planted some flowers ; one only had escaped the icy sternness of the winter, a moss rose, almost the only one in the garden now, and this my father used to water and look to ere he went to work in the morning.

“Willing not to despair, I fondled my imagination with the hope that time would bear away the remembrance of affliction, and that cheerfulness would once more illumine his countenance, but I only flattered myself to meet with the anguish of disappointment. Being partial to retirement, I seldom visited, and was for some time unconscious of the reports in agitation concerning his conduct ; and when I was informed that he was seen at the ale-house for the last week, several hours each day, the most dismal forebodings entered my mind. I had always heard him mention the horror he entertained of intoxication and its calamitous consequences. His non-attendance with me to church on the preceding sunday had certainly made me anxious, but not suspicious that he was in the company of drunkards, while his child was praying for his weal. Report spoke too true, and when I tremblingly told him of the uneasiness he caused me, I was heard with listless vacancy. I can only account for this wild and unusual conduct, by imagining it proceeded from the violence of grief which tyrannized over his mind, till it brought on torpor, and with it, blunted the keen edge of reflection. It must have originated in this ; for no man in the preceding part of his life could have been more temperate and exact. When once known to be indulgent in liquor, he seldom wanted sponging companions, who, not content with drinking with him at the ale-house, used to decoy him away when he happened to be industriously employed. It was a delicate thing for a daughter, who had been, and was still so cherished, to arraign a father ; I therefore was as mild and cautious as gratitude could render me. But the evil was done ; and I was soon compelled with himself to seek another and a

stranger home! His affairs from want of prudent management became confused; he was arrested, and we were ordered to quit our premises immediately. Even this dreadful shock scarcely roused him from his gloomy lethargy, and absence of thought: I've since supposed, that he certainly must have been partially deranged. Having married late in life, he was now waning into old age, and to leave him amid his trials, seemed more than cruel. Alas! sir, what a lingering farewell, did I take from the garden gate, when we quitted our once happy and contented home! For a moment, my father's recollection was renewed; he looked up to heaven, then gazed despairingly at the house, then at me, and cried with anguish—"God help me in my distress!" There was one who befriended him, and to his residence we repaired, and were promised permission to abide there 'till further arrangements were made. What I've now to add, sir, will not detain you. Having been respectably educated, and foreseeing the utter impossibility of residing with my father, I was recommended through the interest of a friend, as junior assistant in a lady's seminary, who having been made acquainted with my lonely situation, proffered a warm protection: this my father would have me accept, but when the hour of parting came, with one, who had been so good, so generous, so doating a parent, and who was now deprived of wife and daughter, I could hardly endure the separation! Then indeed, he betrayed the sensibilities of parental affection. I knelt down to receive his benediction, and hurried from the apartment, to return to him no more! He was retained as bailiff in a neighbour's farm, and when I quitted him for my situation at——, near town, I earnestly intreated, that should he at any time suffer illness, I might be immediately informed. During the first year of my absence, I received several favourable letters, stating that he was becoming more cheerful and resigned, gradually acquiring his former vigorous health: but this was a transitory and deceitful prospect. His constitution was by degrees failing, though there was no conspicuous evidence; and the last letter I received, was to tell me of his sudden death, which took place before there was even time to inform me he was seriously ill! that he had met death with firmness, had every religious consolation, so brief a notice could obtain, that the last words which hung on his dying lips, were breathed forth for his daughter's happiness. It is, sir, through this melancholy event, that I am returning to my native village, and you may judge, of the agonies I endure as I approach nearer and nearer to it: but Providence has ever yet shielded the lonely and unprotected, and I shall endeavour not to repine, but submit to his decrees with meek obeisance—he will not forsake the friendless orphan."

She wept again at the conclusion, as she did at the beginning. Her innocence and misfortune, made me feel her griefs almost as much as herself; I did not tell her not to lament, but to direct me a letter, after her father's funeral, and I would procure her the best situation my interest could obtain; and when we parted, on our arrival at H——, I left a ten pound note in her little soft hand, as I gave it the farewell grasp.

As Harcourt's dwelling was situated a few miles from the town, I determined to sleep at the inn, and procure a horse to start off on the morrow. The welcome bed received me at an early hour, wearied and full of piteous fancies, about the forlorn destiny of the destitute and orphan girl, whose relation had excited so deep an interest in my breast. And now, for the present, reader, adieu! 'till the first of July, when, perhaps, I shall introduce thee to the "Parsonage," and its amiable inmates.

R. M.

Bath, May 16th, 1826.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN ACCOMPLISHED ACTRESS.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

ADINE, let not thy tasteful mind refuse
 A simple lay from mine untutored Muse,
 Benign, a youthful poet's homage take,
 And bid his sleeping energies awake.
 Ill can the poet's skill paint to the heart,
 Describe thee, Nature's child, refined by art,
 Whose tongue has eloquence to flame the soul,
 O'er passion rule, and every sense controul,
 Whose airy shape, like some Sidonian queen,
 With grace and dignity adorns each scene,
 Whose brow, with woman's proud majestic glare,
 Shines through the crisped ringlets sporting there,
 While glowing eyes shed round their quiv'ring light,
 And fire the heart with love-lit glances bright,
 Whose mellow tones with deep, harmonious swell,
 Exub'rant feeling's fitful movements tell—
 Or, when the madd'ning ire bursts through their thrall,
 Then phrenzy, scorn, and rage—thy voice is all!
 Not while these praises crown thy beauteous form
 Shall cold neglect seize on thy tragic charm;
 That oft has damped meek Pity's eye with tears,
 Or raised the heaven-wrought sigh, or shook with fears.
 Who did not weep when moving Haller spoke
 And poignant grief high honour's sternness broke,
 When torture's poison rankled in the breast
 Triumphant o'er its injured peace, distress?
 Compassion's drops the dewy eyelid gealed,
 While thy fine face each writhing thought revealed,
 Repentance poured its flood of anguish free,
 And showed the world a Haller's self in thee!

Alike in scenes, where native hues combine,
 Thy mimic art in graceful change can shine,
 In bold Glenroy, or Meg's mysterious part,
 As wronged Elvira thou canst strike the heart;
 And with thy powers each throb of feeling move,
 Now swell with rage, now soften into love.
 —Enough: awhile thou seek'st some breezy clime
 To wanton with the rosy hours of time:
 For thee, Adine, may quietude await,
 And all that can a lofty soul elate.
 While by romantic Keswick's glassy lake
 Thou shalt thine evening ramble take,
 Think, as thou view'st the rippling current lave,
 And kiss the oozy bank with folding wave,

When sultry summer's blushing beauties fade,
 And withered leaves bestrew the lonely glade,
 From Shakspeare's boards thou must not long remain,
 Bathonia's smiles will greet thee there again !

May 14th.

— *Vita summa brevis.*—HOT.

I pass'd the steep when fell the show'r,
 And saw the torrent seek the plain,
 And after that a scanty hour
 I reach'd the self-same spot again ;

The rain had ceas'd—the torrent dried,
 Or drain'd into the vale below ;
 And scarce a mark remain'd to guide
 My eyes to where I'd seen them flow ;

And so, thought I, the human race
 One hour in all its strength is seen,
 Another—and not e'en the place
 That bore them tells that they have been.

M. S. N.

INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE ON LITERARY PURSUITS.

To the Editor of the Inspector.

Sir,—A very ungallant correspondent has insulted our patience, and the pages of the Philomathic Journal, by an inference as ungenerous as unjust. According to his calculation, women are not qualified to be the companions of literary men: whether they be permitted to rank with their *amusements*, he has not demonstrated. I am a married lady, sir, and consider that I have some license to animadvert on a doctrine so strange and unjustifiable: this, I cannot perform in a better manner than by acquainting the world, through the medium of the "Inspector," with a case in point; the inferences deducible from which may serve as a set-off against the novel speculations of the Philomathic bachelor.

My attention was early in life attracted to literature, by fate or accident, which you please; but as accidents sometimes combine to produce a lasting impression, even so it was with me. From that moment, I know not that any opportunity was neglected to cultivate and improve the taste which I already began to discover. At seventeen years of age, my library consisted of upwards of five hundred volumes, and my list of correspondents could display the names of very eminent and learned characters. At nineteen, I favoured the world with an essay—the subject I have forgotten—respecting which, all I ask, is, to be forgiven for my presumption. The next important event of my life, was, heaven help me! matrimony. How it came to pass, I will acquaint you in a

few words. At little more than twenty-one, with a tolerable person, and a fortune sufficient to enable me to live in or out of the city, I was, as you may suppose, pretty much exposed to the impertinent assiduities of some score of admirers. One I discarded for his presumption, another for his ignorance, a third for his temper, a fourth for a disagreeable mannerism, and so on: in short, intrusion on my hours of privacy and retirement was so shockingly inconvenient, that no other way of escape presenting itself, I resolved at last to choose a man who should not tire me by his officiousness, nor vie with me in intellectual qualifications. I would not have a rich man, lest he should be too independent, and sometimes remind me of an equality, or perhaps superiority of birth. No—I would have a man to my taste, doubtless, though not exactly to the taste of the frailer sisterhood, perhaps: but I am terribly disappointed, as you will hereafter perceive. Alas! for the influence of marriage on literary pursuits! My ‘man of wax’ has absolutely proved a very man of straw. The ceremony which so conveniently united our destinies, actually transformed the prospect which fancy has pictured if not in glowing colours, at least in pleasing ones: and the result, as it completely proves the fallacy of a popular speculation, may be eminently serviceable to a large portion of your readers.

My spouse and I allowed ourselves (or rather, the suggestion was mine) to rusticate a fortnight in the country, in compliance with the insolent demands of a very foolish custom: for I never in my life could see why fashion should be allowed to tyrannize in this respect, and dignify the importance of so common an occurrence. At the expiration of that period, however, I resolved at once to delay no longer the prosecution of my experiment—yes, sir, marriage with me was but an experiment; and hitherto from a variety of causes, I had no leisure for a fair trial. My husband, ‘good easy man,’ said but little at first, when my long indulged plan began to develope the structure, and temperament of its author’s mind. My fits of mental absence were seldom interrupted by any impertinent remark: and my motives for retirement and seclusion, were generally duly appreciated and applauded. My habits, as they might by degrees have assumed a singular or unusual appearance, attracted but little attention; and I flattered myself the vision was about to be realized. Mark the change—a month had hardly elapsed, before my study, which had never as yet been profaned by unhallowed intruders, became the scene of tedious and ceaseless altercation. I could never secure myself twenty minutes uninterrupted solitude: my very shadow was haunted; and for the first time my eyes were opened to the truth, as (I blush to say so) it troubled my repose. I found that my scheme, which promised so much, involved in its consequences nothing but ruin. My most cutting reflection was, that what appeared to my most specious arrangement, turned out the most troublesome and intolerable. If, indeed, I had married a man of taste, I might have expected a friend to sympathize in my pursuits. But as I married Benedict for the very reason, because he was any thing else, I was incessantly tormented with the folly of my own caprice. What was the use of my arguments for music, poetry, and painting? these, indeed, were sometimes known to excite a vulgar smile or exclamation: but as to my philosophical recreations—had I been disposed to controversy, my tongue had never ceased to harangue the invulnerable prejudices of my husband. I had an electrifying machine, and a portable galvanic apparatus, which were made to my express order, but they soon paid the forfeit of my supposed perverseness. I was esteemed sulky and ill-tempered, because I refused any longer to reply to the indecent remarks, which the part-

ner of my fortune chose to make. It was the partner of my choice however, and this constant impression, I believe, has prevented a deal of strife. A few of my troubles and mortifications I insert for the benefit of those who have not already sacrificed their liberty: and to convince the writer in the *Philomathic Journal*, that the sex he is pleased to arraign, are not without their appeals.

The 'will of my own,' which I had been so long accustomed to maintain, rapidly and visibly declined. To speak the truth, I had no spirits to contend against such inveterate obstinacy; and had it been in my power to realize a part of the plan I had so ingeniously proposed, the rest with innumerable self-denials, I would have been content to dispose of. Every trifling succession introduced a greater, 'till at last restrictions were laid not only on time, but the conveniences and necessities of life. The keys of my study have been missing for a whole week—my common-place book, in which I have been accustomed to note any original idea, or brilliant passage in the course of my reading, has suffered numerous invasions and insults. Its appearance has gradually displayed every symptom of a rapid decline. On one particular occasion, when it was my intention to gratify a select party, with the display of a few curiosities, the keys of my cabinet could no where be found. This was the more mortifying, as the lock, constructed on a principle of my own, though it proved its superiority, repelled every effort to gain access to its charge. And when some few weeks after, the key was miraculously discovered in the drawer of my own dressing-table, and I in haste summoned my friends to a treat they had formerly been denied, will you believe that it presented as unintelligible a mass of mysterious relics, as ever dignified the museum of an antiquary. Shells, dismantled towers, skeletons, preserves, fish, flesh, and fowl, all lay in one confused heap. The mystery of the absent key was thus accounted for. What was truly ridiculous, and yet detected the real offender, will no doubt afford you some little amusement. To some rarities which, on account of their antiquity, I esteemed as truly valuable, I had affixed a label importing their nature and genus. The inscriptions, being in latin and greek, were intelligible to none but myself. My worthy spouse, however, who had created so much confusion, and feeling, no doubt, some little compunction, thought of rectifying the mischief by an expedient which only had the effect of making this inexplicable confusion 'worse confounded!' The labels which had fallen from their respective situations, he contrived with wonderful skill, to attach to objects with which hitherto they had no relation. The bleak skeleton of a monkey was now seen to bear an appellative, by no means demonstrating its real nature. The head of an Indian chief informed us, that it was nothing less than the real foot of the elephant so lately destroyed in London: and it was not a little singular, that the identical hoof bore an inscription, purporting to be the hand of a Chinese lady. These, you will probably feel disposed to think are but trifling instances of mortification; but I assure you they are often seriously construed: and I am willing to bear my testimony from the most appalling experience, that the influence of marriage on literary women, is far more oppressive than the gentlemen will admit. You have your resources, even should the terrifying vision fright you from your studies: but if *our* soul be engrossed with the Muses, whither can we fly for society, should we be deprived of their company through the unhallowed intrusion of the monster—man.

The least the gentleman can do, for whose improvement I have written this ~~short~~, is, to confess himself fairly mistaken in his calculation, which, I believe,

notwithstanding certain pretty compliments, is intended to degrade the sex in the opinion of the 'lords of the creation.' Mercy! were they all such lords as mine, they would scarcely be worth the trouble of reproof or amendment. I verily believe mine has deprived me of an immortality which heaven had designed, for I have neither leisure nor patience to deserve it. What amount of loss the public will sustain, I can only calculate by my schemes before marriage; which, as they have been frustrated through causes I cannot review, have existed only in idea. My intention, Mr. Editor, was to have given you a hint on the influence of *children* on literary pursuits: but could you hear the repeated demands of my marmouset at this moment, no remark of mine could so ably illustrate the subject. Permit me, therefore, thus abruptly to conclude. Beseeching your clemency for the consideration I demand,

I remain, Sir, your's, —

POPULAR ELOQUENCE.

No. II.

REV. THOS. ADKINS, SOUTHAMPTON.

The writer of a corresponding article in the former number of *The Inspector* has had the singular good fortune to please the generality of his readers: and though unknown to the world, he has not been an inattentive observer of its crude maxims and pursuits; neither, perhaps, can he boast of any invulnerable obstinacy to its determined prejudices. He was anxious, indeed, to obtain the concurrence of judicious criticism—and it has not been withheld: still, he dares not appropriate to himself any expression of applause with which that article has been received: he is aware that the distinguished subject which commanded his pen, commanded also the general interest which it excited.

The subject of the present notice has been selected, as affording a specimen of collateral excellence, but rarely, if ever, eclipsed. In style, we are not aware that Mr. Adkins is indebted to any successful prototype for the popularity it has attached to his name—and this is his praise, It is beyond comparison—nervous without affectation: consistent without the disagreeable appearance of vanity or egotism. There is a singular impressiveness in his mode of address, equally opposed to any thing like carelessness on the one hand, or inattention on the other. No one acquainted with his ministry will say, that Mr. Adkins does not appreciate the importance of his rank and station: no one will say, that his ideas of the sublime are surcharged or irrelevant. There are thrown together, both in voice and action, all the essentials for a popular display; and, what is very uncommon, all this without any shew of consciousness, or officious mannerism. You are gratified, without the intrusion of any casual relapse of propriety to offend the most delicate taste—it is harmony throughout the whole—the arrangement is beautifully preserved, and not, as in numberless other instances, suffering a momentary interruption now and then from a temporary vacuum in the intellectual system. The preacher is evidently a man of warm sensibilities, but they are never suffered to evaporate in the sickly element of a vapid phraseology, or the unintelligible effervescence of a puerile imagination. No—the texture of the mind is that of a principle, unyielding to the specious influence of popular emotion, or the splendid temptations of applause merely, at the expence of reason and propriety. Rarely, if ever, are you hurt by a sudden burst of extravagance, overwhelming, by its very prominence, the surface which has delighted you by its consistency and smoothness. To speak without a simile—when you hear Mr. Adkins, you never wish a period in his discourse had been shorter, you cannot fancy it capable of amendment. It never tires by its drudgery, because for the most part, every successive idea presents its corresponding feature and impression. It does not startle you by its introduction in such a place; you will not think the situation ill chosen: but you will see at once its relation to the subject under review, and, had it been omitted, you would hardly imagine the picture original or complete.

Here, too, we have another proof, that the resources of nature are as various, as they are pre-eminent and beautiful; and when these are displayed in a sphere against which neither prejudice nor malice dare contend, the effect is proportionably grand and impressive. There is, probably, no sphere in which Mr. Adkins would not excite attention: no situation which requiring the energies of an enlarged mind but would acquire importance from his connection. The field is wide enough in our highly-favoured country—but who will say the station he occupies is *not* the best proof of his judgment? Too many are the instances in which the noblest of all causes has been left to the weakest instruments, while splendid abilities have been profanely lent to infidelity and vice. Mr. Adkins has identified himself with a cause, which, while it ought to be the universal theme on earth, will be the only introduction to a blissful immortality.

If any feel disposed to ask why we particularize so minutely the *style*, and omit any remark on the *doctrines* maintained by a popular minister, we reply—for the doctrine they are accountable to a higher tribunal, while, as public characters, they are certainly amenable to the temporary judgment of human nature. Unhappily for the world, there are those in the present day who, 'understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm,' insult both the patience and common sense of the nation, by a display at variance with both reason and revelation. These, assuming attributes which they are far from possessing, instead of pursuing the legitimate resources of a mind moulded beneath the pale of mediocrity, start from a sphere to which their genius had consigned them, and by a system, the effects of which are but too apparent, obtain a confidence which they have neither the ability nor disposition to preserve. How many posts of eminence and respectability are usurped by men, at whose intellectual qualifications we naturally revolt, but whose influence is not less extensive than pernicious and demoralizing. Any investigation and reproof under these circumstances, would but involve the mind in a painful, if not a useless, labyrinth. As long as taste, discernment, and gratitude, are the powerful characteristics of the people, encouragement will not be withheld from the laborious, the studious, and the enterprising:—for those, who are destitute of these claims, and aspire to a distinction they can never be entitled to, there has always been reserved a feeling of silent pity and contempt.

THE REIGN OF MONEY.

I tell the worth of golden coin,
Who will not in my praises join?
Sure, money is the king of all,
Enlarging what was made for small;
A medicine for all ills and pains,
Replenisher of empty brains!
So splendid in its yellow charms,
A guinea's worth a coat of arms;
A sinker born may be a knight,
His wealth will rend him so down-right;
At Court it can obtain a place,
Make candour wrong, and truth disgrace,
And near perfection never halts,
Sweet money can expurge *all* faults!!

Hudibras's Cousin.

What a powerful agent in all ranks of society is money! the magic key that unlocks the door of mysteries, a loadstone that attracts servile flattery, the monarch of bows and scrapes; whose very jingle will turn frowns into smiles, blows into gentle intreaties, and groans, and moody grunts into merry tones and applauding addresses—Still further is its wonderful influence; it can (nay it has) converted a statesman into an ignoble parasite, made royalty foolery, and canting moralizers the slaves of avarice. Nor has all this been acted in the silence of secrecy—the tyranny of money is felt and perceived in the court, in the drawing-room of fashion, and even in the house of God itself, where the wealthiest fool that does not regard his bit of silver, will not want a penny-cathing sexton to stretch forth his greedy hand and place him in the handsomest pew. It need scarcely be remarked, that in all hyemeneal scenes it possesses the singular quality of smoothing wrinkles, straightening crooked limbs, and beautifying objects of the most disgusting

deformity: How else shall we explain the matter, when we see one of Nature's handy works, the loveliest being of created beauty, replete with all the witcheries of grace and shape, yielding herself a victim to some blinking, tottering, spasmodic old fellow? Heavens! it makes the young blood burn with rage and indignation, if not with jealousy, to witness the incongruous matches schemed, and completed in avarice: to see the withered arms of the debilitated dotard clasp in their palsied embrace the virgin form of blooming youth, gaze on the sparkling eye with unnerved sensibility, press the pouting ruby-curved lip to furrowed cheeks, rendered more unsightly by the kisses wantoned on them. I would as soon listen to a hairy monkey preaching from a pulpit, or dance a quadrille to the rattling sound of a boiling tea-kettle, as behold the splendour of beauty wasting away in the chilly swamp of an old man's heart.

But let us turn from this discrepant scene, and view the influence of money in other and some more important directions.

Money is, without a doubt, the God of three parts of the world; but as I have neither time nor inclination to wander over one extensive portion of the terrestrial and aquatic globe, I will consider the extent of its mighty operation in the *present times*, over the press, society in general, and public characters.

In the more innocuous times of yore, superstition and ignorance certainly prevailed; but never was avarice and the respect paid to wealth so shamelessly exhibited as now. Look among the swarm of diverse papers, both in and out of the metropolis, and scarcely one in a hundred will be found frank and independent. Truth, justice, and candour, are all lavishly sacrificed at the shrine of Interest. In one respect, *all* the papers may be said to coincide, in the governing principle—the necessity of pleasing those, whose patronage will prove the richest. It is a fruitless search to endeavour always to obtain an impartial statement of facts: they will be recorded just as interest may decide; crimes will be excused, virtue deteriorated, patriotism laughed at, and honest zeal branded as fanaticism, whenever the reigning motive shall compel. And as for truth, stainless truth, in the columns of a public paper! the very mention of discovering it there, would make an hypochondriac laugh. Even good king George's health is rarely communicated with correctness to his worthy subjects. One paper sets a Tory's limbs in a shiver, by dubious expressions, and half concealed meanings, while another sends a plotting Whig into merry ecstasies, by an announcement of his "majesty's imminent danger." In publications expressly devoted to literature, science, and amusement, that vile comener of plain people, money, is officiously active. The method by which the reviewing department is conducted, in the principal reviews, is the most abominable piece of trickery a man can conceive. I will just give a brief outline, and leave it to the reader's candour to coincide or not, in my remarks. Each publisher then, of any note in the production of new books, (which every sensible man knows, is frequently little else but a *reprint* of old ones) *has at his command* a certain number of periodicals, which, of course, are regulated entirely as his interest directs. Every new publication bearing his name on the title page, will be ushered into the world with a favourable criticism on its merits; no matter, how much it may be deficient in that rare article so seldom seen, (and when seen so frequently violently discarded as if it were an usurper) *common sense*, it will be fostered into notice with all the lauding puffs and extravagant praises interest and avarice can manufacture. This is disgraceful, but true; and he must be little schooled in the mockeries, and pageant deceits of life, who places an unlimited reliance on the truth of all the critiques he reads. Undoubtedly, most of the reviewers are men of education and talent: and for this reason, their niggard ways are the more disgraceful; there can be no excuse for their base acquiescence to their covetous employers. If there were no hirelings there would be no hirers. This venality increases daily, and with a few exceptions, we cannot safely judge of any new work, from a bare criticism, and the wisest plan is found to be, an actual perusal. Criticism, tied down by venal fetters, is as much debased as an Englishman would be in a state of slavery; in fact, it is no longer criticism when reduced to this abhorrent, perjuring system. Let us draw a picture in its true colours: Messrs. ———, of the Row, publish a work and buy the copyright; as speculative men, they have hazarded much, and it is necessary, that so many copies be sold ere they can be replenished. Now it should be premised, that whether this same work be pilfered trash, original nonsense, or really a sensible concern, it will little effect the hireling reviewer; if trash, it will be praised as containing much original imagery; if nonsense, it will be held forth as the work of a "diligent enquirer after truth;" if (here, this is a very momentous part of speech,) *sense*, nothing will be neglected

in over-rating it. To return: my critic is perched at his table, waiting to catch his orders, and, grossly deceptive as their nature may be, they are to be complied with, or a dismissal from office will be the consequence. What books his employers publish, must be praised, pawned on the public; what other inimical parties publish, may be cut up, if necessary, without mercy or truth. Such is half the periodical criticism of the day, which may be reduced into this unsophisticated explanation—praise where praise is profit, and censure when censure will succeed.

So far, O thou mighty sovereign, money! precious balm of life!* have I traced thy majestic power on the boasted freedom of our press; and next proceed to notify thy charms, as influencing public characters; giving thee before-hand due credit for the emulation and zeal thy shining appearance ever creates. In presuming to speak of eminence, as tickled with the desire of that very common pursuit, the art of purse-filling, I beg to premise that, if I light on wrong subjects, my error must be considered of the innocent class; I am not bigoted by malevolence, envy, or the ignoble instigations of long-concealed enmity: I am of that *genus of animals* who never allow a day to pass without discovering some subject for future reflection, and am vulgar enough sometimes, to prefer the knowledge of the motive to the praise of the act—and though not like a confirmed disciple of that giggling philosopher Democritus, do I place my back against the city walls to laugh at the walking follies, I set down in my capacious note-book, *quasi* brains, what I hear, read, and see, worth remembrance; and then retire to the quietude of my scribbling chamber, to drop a few thoughts on paper. I trust no crabbed digester of crudities will mistake this modest avowal for the braying of vanity.

Hie thee hither, let me scrutinize thee† with the spectacles of truth and justice, thou great man in little things—again art thou summoned

“*Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi sæpe vocandus
Ad partes.*”

most noble Claudius Cobbett, wholesale manufacturer of Registers, Grammars, and Gridirons. I wish, with the most gentle tenderness, to invert thee, turn thee inside out, and see if thou hast not a longing after cash; I am sure thou can'st not frown at my reviewing thee in a *topsiturval* manner, as thou hast, once upon a time, like a very nauseous reptile, shifted thy skin when convenience prompted thee. But not to prefer the ancient Quaker style of speech to good Protestant dialect, I mean to proclaim Mr. Cobbett one of the greatest of the slaves under the dominion of money. His thralldom has been endured with the stoical energies of a martyr for many years; and though custom may have a little released the toils of submission, he is still its debased slave. Successful industry, battling its rugged way through the perplexities and turmoils of poverty, is not to be condemned: it is rather commendable when there are no accompanying circumstances to deteriorate its value. That Cobbett has been eminently fortunate in being enabled to lift up his head to the skies is well known, but his wavering principles, his trickeries, his mazy plans, are not to be forgotten in the account. The accumulation of wealth has been his primary concern since his dusty career; and though this, also, is not of itself to be blamed in him, more than the rest of the world, let it be remembered, that he has shielded his avarice under the cloak of devoted patriotism, has been courting the smiles of a vacillating democracy with the pretended ardour of preserving their rights; and with the consummate insolence of an upstart, has branded the most reputable men with covetousness, when he, like an arch seducer, has been the veriest tool of this niggardly passion. Hence it is that he appears in the most detestable light, the self-convicted partisan. Who has not read the spluttering abuse set forth in his weekly compound of impudence, against those sums of money bestowed by government on sinecures, unmerited salaries, and pensions?—as if he had not amassed wealth by means of exciting turbulent animosities and discontents. After all, what *real* benefits has he conferred on that class whose

* We recommend the use of money to all sorts of patients, whether gouty, lethargic, or palsied, in preference to Dr. Lamert's "Celebrated Balm of Zura."

† See *Saturnalia*, in No. I. of the *Inspector*, where a correspondent has cooked up this radical in a tasteful style.

cause he has artfully pretended to advocate with so much disinterestedness? A christian would require Ariadne's clue of thread to help him through the labyrinth to discover it. I can easily fancy how heartily Cobbett laughs in his sleeve, at the credulity of his deluded supporters, when he ruminates occasionally on the success of his lauded zeal. Listen to him, reader, in the following imagined soliloquy, first tossing his head backwards, jerked, as it were, by a smile. "Well! well! what an easy task I've had to dupe people—poor fools! they think I am dying to serve them, while I am living to benefit myself. Well! well! who would have conceived it possible!—by dint of hard spouting and fast writing, I have amassed a round sum, and have made myself somewhat popular! Thanks to propitious fate! what remains for me to effect is easier than all precedents—only to amuse them with the fruits of an hour's scribbling against the ministry, and I (here is introduced a comfortable shrug of his shoulders) shall maintain *while I exist*, the character of a noble-minded, zealous, disinterested republican!—Well! well!" Such a soliloquy as this must prove to him quite refreshing occasionally.

I will now proceed to a personage of more lofty views than our present hero, Mr. Graham, who is so exceedingly partial to money as to climb the very skies to obtain it. Down! down! from the clouds, Mr. Graham, no more of your aeronautic expeditions! but condescend to the humiliation of staying on earth, instead of exalting yourself above the comprehension of one of the human senses. Of what use has been your cloudy journeys to the rest of mankind? you have made no important discoveries in philosophy, nor enlarged the bounds of Natural History, by bringing down to *terra firma*, any wild animal of the air, hobgoblin let loose, or mysterious spirit; you have related no monstrous sight which you witnessed in your travels, communicated no mystic intelligence from the upper regions, or brought down any sightless denizens of the air! no, but I'll tell you what you have accomplished, not depriving you of one iota of your speculative merits. You have puffed a silky concern, in the shape of a Guernsey pear, by filling it with nauseous gas, and, after exciting people's curiosity to collect themselves in crowds and waste their valuable time to stare at your ascension; after dismissing round about, your money-collectors, and persuaded some rich simpleton to present you with a fat sum for allowing him to risk breaking his neck in company with you; after these splendid deeds, you have entered a painted boat fastened to your balloon, and waving two little flags, you have audaciously sailed into a cloud!—and left thousands to wonder and cry la!—Mr. G. has certainly a right to descend to the bottom of the Red Sea if he pleases, but then he should do it in a private gentlemanly manner, and not decoy people from their business by making such a bustle, from which arise no beneficial results. Down! down! from the skies, Mr. Graham, and show a little more affection for poor *alma-mater*, earth; "remember the *land* that bore ye!"

There are two or three more of the money-hunting gentry in public life (amongst them, three or four long-winded speakers, in the House of Commons,) who deserve honourable mention from my pen, "with all appliances and means to boot;" also a few gross aldermen, a Caledonian poet, and a great comic actor; but I must dismiss them to some future occasion, when I shall strive to paint them to the life.

I am now arrived at the third grand division, the influence of money on society in general: and though there is ample space for the salutary medicine, Satire, I would rather be pistolized out and out, than follow grasping Plutus throughout his *whole* course of shabby tricks, pageantry, and vice: his prominent operations, however, shall be duly described.

That wealth is the patronized substitute for respectability, is now considered an axiom; and he who is rich in possessions, will rarely be contemned for his poverty in virtue. His money will acquire parasites, who will ever be ready to open their hungry mouths, and unburden his conscience of the weight of all peccadilloes, by tenderly gilding them with soft appellatives; such as "fashionable gaities," or "the excusable follies of a gentleman." Let him curse, and he will be heard with submission: forge the greatest falsehoods, and he will find some to *swear* their truth; ravish Innocence of its value, strip Honour of her deserts, murder the reputation of integrity, insult with lawless cruelty the oppressed, violate confidence, and commit all monstrosities, but murders (and even they will sometimes, by the magic power of money, be converted into harmless "manslaughters") and his punishment will be—payment in cash! It is amazing to observe, and degrading to humanity to endure it, how buffoonery, rapine, and innovation, are often tolerated by the poor, when coming from the rich. The dependant will pamper with flattery the indecencies of his patron, and grin with sub-

mission when brow-beaten, while there remains a chance of future emolument. "Tis thus, O! thou vile cozenor of the human race, thou dost debase thy fawning courtiers, and bedaub them with thy vile and nauseous spleen, before thou wilt reward their worship!

Money may with truth be denominated the varnish of life; it can gloss over with its successful splendour, all that is disgusting, if not withheld from public observation. Who possesses money, has every gift as it were, showered into his lap: wit, genius, and personal beauty will at once be his own. There will be no necessity for exertion, when once known to be wealthy; fame will fly before him, and trump his virtues without his being at the pains to practice them. Does he croak at home amid his parasites?—abroad he will be greeted as a "delightful singer." Does he babble and bluster in his conversation to ignorant companions?—he will be renowned for his "brilliant eloquence." Does my gentleman sometimes condescend to drive his quill to manufacture sonnets?—let him attempt a modest concealment, and speedily, his sponging *posse* will chant his praises through the town, and dub him "Poet!" In short, the rich man who will not fail to load his table with smoking viands every day, give large orders to the Wine Company, and entertain a numerous train of starving meal-hunters, (this is of the deepest importance) may be, all his vanity and ambition may desire. There will be few to censure when he errs, and crowds of bribe-fed mongrels to applaud, when he mistakes, and acts like an honest man.

How amusing is it to see the respectful caution generally observed by the tradesmen, and retainers of the wealthy man, when, by chance, some resolute censors presume to picture him as he is, in their presence! How they vindicate! how pitifully obsequious to flatteries uncalled for by their mercenary services! With them, the creatures of his frown and smiles, he is hero, statesman, whatever their mean avarice may consider polite to uphold him. Even among those uninterested, it has mortified me to discover, how soon the tone of reprobation is changed into indulgent mildness, when the remark is made, "but he is a man of property!"

He was a wise observer of man's native disposition, who said that it required more philosophy to bear good fortune without arrogance, than to endure evil fortune without repining. No wonder then, the *novi homines*, who spring into notice to day, and are forgotten to morrow, can support without contemptible pride, the possession of wealth. Unaccustomed to the polish of gentility, they are vain enough to imagine that sneering impudence towards their humbler brethren will supply the deficiency. To make a figure, and become what nature never designed them for, they assume the strut of arrogance, the look of disdain, and all the pusillanimous insolence, purse-pride can administer to their plebian souls. So difficult is it for original lowness to clothe itself with the graces of real good breeding. They resemble the ass who clothed himself in the lion's skin, to seem as great in consequence and courage, but discovered himself by his donkey ears!

Who is there, that has lived in this nonsensical world a score of years, and has not been disgusted with the taunting, overbearing consequence of those self-made gentry? Blessed he who has never come in contact with them. Pride, if ignobly betrayed by those most entitled to it by hereditary rank, is not to be endured by the independent mind; what then does it feel, when indignantly trampled on, by the pitiful, paltry trader, or mechanic, who has amassed money, to despise his equals, and insult his betters! View, as a common instance, the shop dealer who makes his fortune by the sale of snuff and figs, and retires from the complaisance of the counter, to the elegancies of the drawing-room, and how rarely will you see him, as he should be, not oblivious of what he was, and showing without arrogance, what he is. There is Tom Snooks, for example, who, the other day, was sorting cloth in a linen draper's shop, and bowing for every penny he took, now a "man of property," and, as naturally to be expected, not only carries his shop wherever he goes, but swells with pertness, and turns up his nose to his superiors, who are not so wealthy as himself. Mark this fellow in society, and you will soon distinguish in him, all the *maladresse* that betrays the upstart. His voice is louder, and his gesture always unruly; he jostles you in the assembly, thrusts you from the pavement if you are in his way, and even sticks himself in the grandest place, in all places of amusement. He is never in want of words, and beats you off your ground with noisy arguments, about what he does not understand. He contradicts when opposed, and laughs immoderately, when his stentorian vociferations have compelled his politer adversary to yield. To complete the varlet's character, he does not hesitate to claim acquaintance with the highest, to draw comparisons between

them and himself; and, what crowns his impudence, he is always alert in propagating scandal against those who slight him, and calumniating such as despise him. And yet, Snooks has his admirers who urge him forwards, by lauding his "spirit" and independence.

Having taken a view of "*Money*," as regards the condescensions it purchases for the rich, I will reverse the picture, and depict the miseries and humiliations they endure, who are excluded from its blessings.—

"By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty;
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the smiling Muse."

That there should be poor as well as rich men in the world, is not at all paradoxical; but, that the latter should be conceited enough to consider themselves entitled to domineer over the former, to raise the jest of scorn, to harass the distressed, flaunt, dogg, and despise the poor, is something beyond presumption. Between the rich and poor there is a universality of contrast, however at the expense of justice. The one may drink, swear, court mistresses, talk high sounding fustian, insult, scorn, contemn, cheat all apish compliments, and yet be suffered to enjoy the genteel reputation—why? *on pecuniam!!* On the other side there is a sad reverse. A poor man will be transported for hooking a trout, or catching a hare in my lord's domain; while his lordship may seduce his daughter and escape; the poor man will be put in the stocks, for being drunk one hour in the week: while the peer may be intoxicated every day, and be liked, or respected the better for it.

It is a melancholy reflection, but a true one, that the insignificance of poverty will not shield it from encroachment; its very littleness will be made the butt of the jeering blockhead, the laced ape, or the gaudy flouncing fopling, with nought to preserve his limbs whole, but the influence of his purse. Who has not seen the thread-bare coat, the tattered hose, and crownless hat, made a jest for wealthy fools to grin at? Who has not ever witnessed the honest heart swelling beneath its uncomely robe, when the mimic sport of the railing libertine, has daunted the unostentatious movements of humility? Another luckless circumstance clouding the existence of the poor, is, that they are always summoned with more severity than others, to complete the exactions of their various duties. Money can procure palliatives for guilt, when poverty alone will almost lengthen the crime: and when the poor transgress, how seldom it is, that the censure of the wealthy is softened in its rigour, from a consideration of the deprivations poverty undergoes. *Dives* will gluttonize, exasperate, and condemn, while bleeding Lazarus must starve, acquiesce, and be punished!

Is a poor man overwhelmed by crosses and misfortunes, and tempted to be dishonest, or prove a dastard to trouble, and decamp? *certainly*, he is not to be acquitted—but is a spendthrift, who has pillaged a tradesman's wine vaults, plundered his grocer, cheated his draper, or cozened his lodging-house keeper, the immaculate judge to ascend the bench of justice, put on the cap, and fix his doom? this would be incongruous: but let the doubter go to the world, and say, if there be not many a wealthy unprincipled slave of passion, who pronounces judgment on the failings of the poor, with the acrimony of a Jeffries.

Perhaps the most poignant proof that can be alledged, of the influence of money, is the wonderous difference, in the quality and quantity of respect, paid to the once affluent, but now depressed member of society! He, who a short period since, was courted, flattered, and nearly stifled with praise, whose words and actions were blazoned about with ceremonious applause, whose every moment was traced with the pertinacity attached to consequence, whose words was law, and whose smile was thought a charm, bewitching enough to allure a proselyte; in short, the man who was considered the *beau ideal* of excellence, the *summum bonum* of admiration, when he loses his property, loses all that before won him the adoration of skulking knaves, and the prostitutes of independence. In vain he will continue the authoritative tone, the arrogance of carelessness, or the sneer of fancied importance; the mighty bolster of all has rolled away, and with it, all that it supported. Let the plundered hero whine, regret, and rave at his insulted consequences, he will never recover it! To quote a classic wit, even

"*Gravis et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est.*"

Much more might be said here, but I shall release myself a little, by introducing a few lines from an unpublished Satire, strictly applicable; and whatever their merit may be, as regards the poetry, they have, at least, the grace of truth.

"Thy well-lined purse may purchase every bliss,
A woman's love, and all as light as this!
Hand out thy coins, display their yellow charms,
At once, a host of friends and patrons swarms,
Soft words and bows attend thee in the street,
Bland smiles and looks from all thy nod may greet;
The great, to gulp thy wine will condescend,
And those who wait to borrow, halts to lend!"—
But should thy trusted banker choose to pay
Thy fortune to himself, and skulk away,
Thy splendour's dimmed! throughout that very town
Where flatteries swelled thy breast, thou'lt gain a frown,
And those thy bounty fed, decry thy fame,
And strive who first thy venial faults shall name."

What a luckless time, is quarter day to the sons of poverty, by chance or woe, unprovided to thwart its griping attacks! O day! so splendidly renowned, by the rumpus of pots and kettles, long bills, long jaws, sour looks, and sweet entreaties! it would require a Pindaric genius to celebrate thee, in strains equal to thine importance; but while "along the stream of time thy name expanded flies," I must not be wanting, and neglect to mention thee, as something great, in the "Reign of Money."

It is not an uncommon practice to speak of quarter-day, in allusion to that awful day, when debtors and creditors shall cease to be. Perhaps this may be a little inclining to irreverence; thus to confound the sublime realities of the one, with the comparatively trifling importance of the other. But, at least, what in matters, clogged with terrestrial grossness, is more appalling to the gloomy suggestions of memory, than the remembrance of quarter-day to him, who knows he shall not have the "ready" to meet it! There is something that chokes one at the thought of quarter-day, and no cash! Pert noses, discordant voices, meaning hints, long bills, prisons, bailiffs, dry bread, and chilly water—all dance in the imagination, and horrify him, just as we may imagine *Æneus* to have been, when "*ante oculos maestissimus Hector*" appeared to him.

Of all days in the year, quarter-day is that which probably excites the varied passions most. Then is to be seen the greedy landlord, puffing out his sides, as he gropes his breeches pocket; or else, twaddling up to his writing desk, he unfolds the account book, looks to its pages, and then makes out the stream of debts. While hastening to obtain payment, how hope and fear, how joy and pain, rise alternately in his bosom. The state of the weather, too, on quarter-day, materially affects the feelings. I care not for Sam. Johnson's hypothesis; he thought he had a right to say, it was weak to allow the weather to govern the temper, because he was seldom freed from melancholy. Gloomy weather on quarter-day makes a long bill, that cannot be paid, seem half as long again; and after the surly creditor has departed from the debtor, one fancies the whistling wind, and rattling rain, will speed the presence of the bailiff.

On this day, landlords have an opportunity of showing themselves more brutal and inhuman than Nero was, when he tuned his lyre to the crackling flames of burning Rome: it may be added, that there is no small number who avail themselves of it. Often it the poor widow, destitute of hope and health, with a sucking infant twining round her, and several half-clothed urchins clinging to her gown, forced from her dirty garret, or unhealthy under-ground kitchen, when unable to satisfy her landlord to the day! There are other scenes, which would make the heart ache to relate; but I can only stop to notice one poor devil, who deserves as much pity as any: the starving author. Few men are more envied than authors; while few, perhaps, endure a harder or less pitied fate. They often waste the most delightful period of their lives, in unsocial retirement, pining and fretting for renown; they destroy their health, weaken their constitution, unnerve every bodily faculty, through want of allowing nature her due repose: they read, study, cogitate, and inquire—and all for what? alas! frequently, too frequently, only for that empty bubble applause, or neglect; the critic's snarl, or the heart's inquietude. When perusing a book, of any worth at all, it would calm our resentment against the

writer's occasional dullness and anomalies, were we to reflect, under how many deprivations it may have been written! When censuring harshly, there would be no violence done to humanity, by recollecting, that perhaps he, whom we are loading with curses, is immured in the obscurity of want and pauperism; friendless and unencouraged! How poor is praise, of itself, if unsubstantiated with something more solid. "*Probitas laudatur et alget*"—why not, as it often happens *auctor laudatur et alget*?

For an author by profession, whose pen alone enables him to obtain now and then a bit of new cheese, or a eightpenny dinner at the cook's shop,—quarter-day is terrific. Perhaps he has been cozened by his bookseller, lost his manuscript, spited the reviewers, or else his brains may have lacked offspring; and therefore, when reckoning-time comes, he is deficient. I happened to be acquainted with an author by profession, and will relate an interview with him, on quarter-day last. It will not be required of me to state how my intimacy commenced with him; it is enough to say, that I know Poore—enough—respect him in defiance to his poverty, which has reduced his corporeal system to a lamentable, stork-like thinness. I had often named the probability of my visiting him some day in my city rambles; but my announcement operated very strongly on him; his politeness and sense of obligation, compelled him to say, bending his lank person, by way of emphasis, "he should be most happy to see me;" but a confused feeling appeared to trouble him, and the paleness of pride that feared exposure, or want that trembled for ridicule, spread over his indented cheeks, while his limbs twisted as if they had been near dislocated. It was not, 'till after repeating my intention to him two or three times, that I discovered the reason of his dreading my visit; and then, my generosity forbid me; it was only the sudden surprisal of a storm of rain, that forced me to call at last.

Poore enough had called on me in the morning of Lady-day last, and after consulting me on some literary subjects, left me. Being overtaken with a pelting shower of rain, near Bone-lane, I had no chance to avoid an immediate drenching from the waters of heaven, but by retreating to Poore enough's lodgings, which were situated at the lower end of Bone-lane. In my haste to enter the door, I did not stop to see what was before, and tumbled over sundry warming-pans, Dutch ovens, and slop basins, placed on the ground, for a removal. Cleansing, as well as I could, the blood which had copiously jutted from my insulted nostrils, I managed to climb five pair of stairs without breaking either of my legs in the uncovered holes, and finally surmounting each dark impediment, (all the staircase windows had been filled to escape taxes) I tapped gently at the author's door—a dismal second garret, at the top of the house, with no air to ventilate, save what made its charitable entrance through the gaping chinks of the roof and walls. My first knock not being attended to, in my impatience, I gave the door a desperate kick, when, lo! in tumbled door, and I with blood-besmeared visage on the top of it. Poore enough looked quite awful and ghostly, and sat moveless on his rickety chair 'till he recognized my voice and features. After recovering myself a little, I attempted to laugh and so did the author, but his grin did not suit him then; his mouth moved towards both ears at once. I began to apologize for my abrupt entrance, and also to state what had made me so coloured: he replied, it was unnecessary—he was delighted to see me—hoped I was well—must excuse his *dishabille*—was fearful that I should find his room cold without fire—trusted I would not mind the plainness of his furniture—that if I would permit him just to conclude a stanza, he would converse with me. Of course, I was reconcileable, and as he applied his eye to a dirty sheet of paper, I scanned the room, or rather, up-above-ground cellar. To dignify any thing I saw with the name of furniture, would be an insult to cabinet-makers: there was only one table, a stool, a chair, a paltry cupboard converted into a book-case, a press bedstead, with ragged-edged blankets dangling on the dirty floor, and a broken *unmentionable*. In one corner of the room were the *out-of-door* dresses strewn about, with one pair of boots and blacking materials. After travelling with my eyes round the room, they were at last fixed on the author himself—and sure, all that has been said to ridicule the poverty of authors, could never do him justice. I likened him to a stewed apple—so shrivelled and meagre was he. His hair bristled on his oval head, like porcupines' quills when about to be discharged; while his wan eye, colourless dry lip, and the despairing ghastliness of the whole face, shewed the blight of misery had been busy there. I had never seen him in his *dishabille* before, and shame on my humanity if I ever see him in such a *dishabille* again! His neck-cloth, which was not very snowy, was clumsily tied to his neck, and his almost buttonless waistcoat, betrayed that it suffered like the wearer. The coat, which hung loosely on his shoulders, was neither brown nor black, so nicely were

brown and black mingled together; the elbows being of the pointed kind, had impertinently thrust themselves through the sleeves, and were rested on the cracked deal table. I had nearly forgot to add, that on the table, by the side of an ink-blotted writing-desk, were laid a dish of cold potatoes, a broken tea-cup, and apparently half an ounce of raw bacon. Such was the condition of Pooreenough, the author who was read by lords, praised by ladies, and extolled as a "genius!"

Having finished his stanza, he was about to address me, when we were intruded on by the entrance of a surly looking animal, commonly called, a man, who proved to be the landlord. There was all the malevolence of petty tyranny, and suspecting avarice playing over his harsh sullen features. As he entered, he did not perceive me, and hastening up to Pooreenough, who stared with fright, and producing a scrap of paper covered with figures, first set it before him, then pointed to the bottom line, and thundered out "Look ye, Mr. Author, I've given you credit for the last quarter's account, and if both accounts a'rnt settled to day, I'll send you and your composition to the devil—Pretty thing truly! here you are accomodated with a nice quiet place for a study, a flock bed, and many other delicacies rarely known by authors, and yet, for all this accomodation, I'm to be put off from receiving my money—I tell you again, I'll trust you no longer—if you don't mean to settle, say so at once." "My good sir," squeaked out the author, "pray don't be enraged; I have not said, I am incapable of paying you your bill." "Oh! very well, very well, since you mean to settle, I've nothing to say against it—you'll lose nothing by it—I'll have these holes in the window panes mended with glass, instead of old rags—so you see, you'll lose nothing by it." "You are very good, Mr. Bounceabout; you know, as you heard me say the other day, I expect to receive six pounds for my translation of ———, 2 vols. 4to, and then believe me, you—" "I'll have none of your shilly shally, pay now or never—so you think you are going to come over me a second time, but you are mistaken—why the deuce don't you go and work for bread, instead of scribbling to cheat your creditors—I'll tell you what, if within three hours, I'm not paid, out you'll turn, and all that remains of your books and clothes will be stopped:—you'd better—" "Better what? you cur," said I, advancing to the table, "I'll tumble you down stairs, if you dare insult that gentleman any more—" "Gentleman! gentleman! hem!" I looked at the accompt, and not to degrade Pooreenough, I offered to *lend* the sum to my friend. Mr. Bounceabout became instantaneously quite pliable and mild. The rent was paid, and Pooreenough removed to more decent apartments.

When I sat down to write the "Reign of money," it was my intention to have described the conduct of rich, but stingy ladies, who first marry for passion, and then turn rebelliously insolent, niggardly and obstreperous in proclaiming their superiority, on account of their money. But I have already been too diffuse on some points, and therefore am compelled to be conclusive in this.

Let a man, whose ill-luck it is to be chained to a blustering, avaricious wife, and who is fond of reproaching his former poverty, maintain his dignity and authority as a husband; as a man, bid defiance to the foolish contemptible noises of a silly woman. Let him not be abashed because he was once poor, but bravely assert what is due to him, who is united to a rich wife. When she is passionate, he should rage; when she mocks, let him taunt; when she reflects on what he was, let him remind her what *he is*, and what he *will be*. I know, it is the practice of these troublesome dames, to carry the keys, lock up, give orders, and forget all the decencies which pertain to her who wears the petticoat. My advice is, when a husband perceives this, that he call in as many blacksmiths as there are doors in the house, and set them to work, *all at once*, to pull off every lock. In these cases, if a man be irresolute, he will remain a second-hand-thing in his wife's estimation. Injury, (unchristian as it may be,) must be repelled with defiance. Does my lady keep a store room, and deposit there surreptitiously, all the niceties she may please to procure for her own demolition? By all means scruple not to enter by "foul or fair;" ransack every drawer, box, chest, then turn all things into confusion; break, if necessary, rent, devour, and don't hesitate, sometimes, to destroy. Play this game dexterously three or four times, and I'll warrant the "*gude wife*" will be a little tamed. Should she presume, at the dinner table, to appropriate wine, custard, &c. to herself, rise from your seat very coolly, take what you require to your side, and help yourself, without noticing her. Do not let a regard for the company present, deter you from this. If a wife blush not to be openly indecent, then, for the honour of manhood, shame her to her face. In your domestic circle, when you are undeservedly greeted with sour looks, sneers, and apish grimaces, never fail to ask out loud, "why she tries to make herself *more* deformed?"

Perhaps your wife, when she finds you are man enough *to be a man*, will grievously complain to her friends of your "brutal conduct." It is likely, too, her part will be taken, because they regard her money, and forget your right, as a husband. Should, then, any brother-in law, uncle, or brother, rudely interfere, convince them you will not be repulsed, through the innovations of a purse-proud woman, by staunchly preserving your same line of conduct. With her father and mother, you must be limited, perhaps, in your censures, on account of their superior age; but with the more juvenile, and probably pert, impudent relations, if they dare insult, proceed to violence! Kick the uncle out of the street door, give the brother-in-law some wholesome taps with the broom-stick, with the promise of something harder; and as for the little brother, if you find he presumes beyond decorum, why birch him at once. More directions might be added, but even these will be found on trial, worth observance.

I often lament to see how a rich woman presumes on her wealth to insult her husband; but what is more disgraceful to her sex? If a woman *purely* love a man, and choose to be united to him, he will be in her eye the limit of her perfection. She will *love him for himself*, not for his casual advantages:—that love will operate in obeisance, gentleness, and sweetest tenderness. Would to heaven, the women would recollect *all* the exactions of their marriage vows, as well as they do the privileges of their pretty faces, sparkling eyes, and musical voices! Would to heaven, they would *at all times*, think it duteous and amiable to rank their husbands in their estimation, a little above their reticules and work-boxes!

The reign of money, in marriage scenes, I am aware, might be more widely traced, but what I have advanced is enough to *prove* it. Money, most likely, in spite of all our contempt, will still continue to domineer. From generation to generation, the father's principal advice to his son, when entering into life, will be, "put money in thy purse—put money in thy purse;" I consider the following lines, from the Prince of Satirists, not inapplicable to the present subject. Here they are for those who please to read them, and for those who think it pedantic to quote Latin without the English, there is something like a translation added.

Inde fere scelerum causæ, nec plura venena,
Miscuit aut ferro grassatar sæpius ullum
Humane mentis vitum, quam sava cupido
Indomiti census: nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et cito vult fieri.—*Juv. Sat. 14.*

From avarice unnumbered crimes arise,
For costly wealth the daring cut-throat dies.
Than this, no deadlier vice infests the heart,
Or bloats more victims with Locusta's art;
Who pants for gain, regards not Honour's deed,
He would be rich.—and will be so with speed!

Bath, May 26th, 1826.

M.

Reviews.

A Letter to Thomas Moore, Esq. on the subject of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," by the author of "An Essay on Light-Reading," &c.—Longman and Co. and Murray, London, 1826.

Notwithstanding the energetic attacks of the moralist and fanatic against dramatical representations, theatrical affairs continue to preserve their interest; and while we mention with veneration, the names of illustrious by-gone literary characters and philosophers, we cannot ungratefully neglect the merits of a Garrick, or a Kemble. We fear not to say with unreserved freedom, that the object of the drama, in its legitimate sense, is moral, inasmuch as its representations are calculated to benefit mankind; and surely the most rigid morality can do nothing more. The adversaries of the drama have, with some rare exceptions, been men of shallow intellect, bigotted, and enthusiastic: while amongst its lovers, may be ranked the wisest and best men of the preceding century; this preponderance, in the number of its advocates, may be objected to as a direct confirmation of its morality; but it must at least be admitted as a support greatly in its favour.

We do not desire, by our feeble enunciations, to silence the noisy arguments of the tergitant in reason, or stifle the prejudices of the formal pharisee, and shall therefore only *suggest* a few hints that may merit attention.

The advocates of the drama labour under a great difficulty in their contest with their opposers; the former advance as the votaries of amusement, while the latter shield themselves under the plausible intention of patronising temperance; and consequently with much religious pride, set themselves down as the promoters of virtue. It is here they commence the sneer of triumph; but we consider the argument may be reduced to the explanation of the two following questions: 1. Are amusements lawful? 2. What are they which come under the denomination? We will endeavour to answer these with candour, and then proceed to our more immediate object.

At once, then, with the pertinacity of a Bentley, we say amusements are lawful, because they are not unsanctioned by him from whom all law is derived. Though the Deity has not himself expressly said "follow pleasure" he has every where

said "be happy;" and if the mind were never raised by exhilaration, and warmed by pleasing emotions, it could not taste happiness. Devotion and piety are capable of saturating, as well as any thing else; and those who recommend a total abstraction from the endearments of life, mistake the monastic gloom and heavy torpor, which distinguish the "righteous over much," contaminate christianity, by coupling it with such morose and uncivilized absurdities. Although we have never heard of a Drury-lane, or Covent-garden in Adam's time, we are certain that he had such amusements as were calculated for a mind so uncorrupted as his was. Why then deny amusements to his posterity? There are such, and they need pity more than castigation. The manner in which many express their opposition to amusements in general, and more particularly to the theatrical ones, is outrageously absurd, and seems almost an insult to contradiction itself. I have heard a well-meaning, but weak, fanatic ask with the consciousness of unerring wisdom, "if God would not be more pleased to see his creatures on their knees at devotion, than wasting their time in a theatre?" No one will deny this: but every sensible man must be aware, that devotion glowing fresh from the heart, cannot be constant; the human frame would be exhausted, if its faculties were not frequently relieved by the agreeable interchange of variety. Every thing round us reminds us of mutability: the very heavens are not painted with one constant hue of beauty, or bespangled with an immoveable throng of stars: they roll on in endless motion; and must man, his creator's noblest work, be pent up within the selfish bounds of misanthropical continuity, suffer his soul to waste in tasteless langour, instead of cheering it by a recreating variety, and thereby imparting to it (unless vitiated,) the deepest gratitude and love? Again; those who oppose the drama, very reasonably, have recourse to the scriptures, to validate their affirmations. We admit the fairness of their guide, but we think their method of consulting and quoting them, controvertible from the limited sense, in which they explain it. There are two interpretations belonging to the scriptures: a spiritual, and a literal one; when these are confounded, inconsistency, and misguided zeal are the consequence. It was a true remark of Paley, that the

author of our religion never courted the attachment of his followers, by any sacrifice of principle, or by a *condescension to the errors which even zeal in his service might have inspired*. Gloomy spirits, obmutescence and asceticism, are not the constituents of vital religion. They who quote scripture, to prove the impiety of dramatical amusements, seldom remember that rules were established for the regulation of personal motives alone; those who argue for an actual compliance with every forcible command expressed in holy writ, egregiously mistake the design of its author. For instance: when we read, "if any man will smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also;" we cannot boast of his understanding, who would literally comply with this demand: it was spoken to inculcate a disposition of self-command, and intended to restrain the violence of retribution or revenge. It is thus we are to read the scriptures, as descriptions of perfect character, and designed to *moderate*, not *annihilate* passion. Human perfection is unattainable; but, of course, the great moralist could not but recommend it. From what has been said, it may be fairly concluded, that no divine law *forbids* amusement, (of its quality we are to speak presently) we do not therefore commit sin in partaking of it, although it be not *recommended* by the same law.

The second question we shall soon dismiss. Those amusements which do not tend to mental debasement, may certainly be classed under the denomination of lawful. An analysis of the object of theatrical representations in general, will prove, that so far from having a tendency to deteriorate the virtuous qualities of the mind, they are, on the contrary, administering food for reflection, while they present to the spectators all the moving incidents of life, in so forcible, though attractive a manner, that he may learn from the mimicry of evil, to shun its practice; and from the triumph of Virtue, to admire her dignity. Shakspeare's tragedies, in particular, work up the soul to such a mysterious horror, when Vice is at her revels, and swell it with such ennobling sentiments, when unspotted Integrity lifts up her lowly head, that it is almost impossible to leave the theatre without moral improvement. Undoubtedly there are numerous temptations connected with a visit to the theatre. An excessive fondness for the drama, will enervate the mind, by rendering it unfit for the cold realities of life and business; youth, also, from visiting it, may be seduced into wantonness and luxury; but

though these imperfections must *subsist* in the drama, they are, by no means, to be considered as blots on its own merits; for when the probable good arising from any human institution, exceeds the probable evil, its imperfections cannot obviate its legitimate worth. Thus, we have in plain language, dared to express what we conceive to be correct, in this interesting topic; if we have erred, it has not proceeded from prejudice, but inability.

Admirers as we are of the genuine drama, we cannot witness without much regret, the degrading innovations which seem to mark each successive year. We could, were the present a meet occasion, be very expansive on this subject; but have only time to remark, that our modern plays, (those in particular produced within the last few years,) are only distinguished by their eligibility for the display of stage-trick. The beauty of the text, prose or verse, is a subordinate consideration; let there be a profuseness of gilded foppery, and dazzling tawdriness in the various scenes, and the intellectual and poetical attributes will be quite unimportant. The theatrical records of the last season, present us with a list of novelties, undistinguished by the charm of intellect and sentiment, poor in the display of the passions, dull and heavy, as some of the author's heads who produced them. It is become the fashion for play-writers to compose plays expressly adapted to one man's particular style, or rather trick of acting; hence, the forced incidents, awkward improbabilities, and solecisms in expression, which, however exquisitely adapted to feed the drollery of one comic face, render them void of general adaptation of character, and prevent them from having their qualities properly developed, by limiting the representation of the chief character to the abilities of one man. Such as have taste to admire the productions of our old comic writers, will lament with ourselves, that they are neglected to be succeeded by ridiculous trash, dignified with the appellation of a "play." "Paul Pry," the "Scape Goat," "Faustus," and other similar monstrosities, are exhibited, while Beaumont, Fletcher, Congreve, Ben. Johnson, Deſcar, and Webster, are discarded!! As an excuse for this, it is observed, that the compositions of these writers are too free and coarse for the delicacy of modern ears; we admit it to be so occasionally: but few compositions would be materially injured, or unfitted for the stage, by losing what is neither required by the subject, or ornamental to taste.

He who undertakes to disturb prejudice may be a bold man; but he who removes it, is a wise one. Sheridan's "School for Scandal," has so long been praised, that he who attempts, from the deductions of fair criticism, to prove that it has been bestowed without examination, will appear singular to the prejudiced, and hyper-critical to the ignorant. But surely, he who has the courage to stalk forth from the shackles of adulation, and dares to discriminate, analyze, and examine with the eye of justice, merits an encomium: no matter, whether the result be detection of error, the fallacy of what has been admired, or a failure; he claims the meed of attention, if it were only for his worthy singularity.

The author of the present "Letter to Thomas Moore, Esq." &c. has shown himself to be one accustomed to discover, before he praises; and to scrutinise what the generality of mankind gloss over with applause. Regarded as a piece of composition, this pamphlet is conspicuously the work of a gentleman: elegant without pomp, and severe without too much of the nauseousness of sarcasm. And if Moore were not convinced by its arguments, he must have at least been gratified by compliment, free from flattery, and reasoning untainted with vanity.

We must confess, that we are inclined to admire the famed comedy of Sheridan, more than the author of "An Essay on Light Reading," and with every deference for his opinion, we will briefly state our own ideas; and then analyze a few of his arguments on the subject of the *characters* of the "School for Scandal." It is remarked in the eighth page of this pamphlet, "The far famed *School for Scandal*, is, beyond a doubt, a dazzling production: it abounds in those very features which are sure to catch the notice, and elicit the admiration of the multitude." We should have been more pleased, had the author pointed out those "very features," which, however marred by the association of others of a less honourable nature, still retain something to recommend and fascinate. Sheridan held the mirror up to nature, and viewing the comedy as a *whole*, there will be found in it, an admirable display of all the technicalities of the characters he describes, coupled with exquisite satire, and penetration. A spectator, on beholding the representation of the "School for Scandal," immediately identifies himself with every scene. The bustle of high life, the raillery of fashion, and lively sallies of wit, are such as all must admire. Be as cynical as you please, you cannot refrain

from being interested; and sure, he who can thus delight the eye, engage the fancy, and rivet the attention at the same time, deserves some applause. While men are fond of perceiving sprightly delineations of character, the influence of custom, or the flippancy of gentility, they will contrive to praise the School for Scandal. In brief, its faults are many, but its beauties are more, and therefore overwhelm them. Probably, the prevalence of the vice, so satirically shown up in this comedy, may be one of its principal decorations.

Speaking of *character*, the writer says, "In point of character, the work is dismally deficient. Sir Peter, for instance, is a total of inconsistencies: in his squabble with Lady Teazle, a simpleton; a man of acute sense, in his strictures on the scandalous coterie: in his love, a dotard; in his friendship, rational." We do not entirely concur in this stricture; he who suffers himself to be dallied by the charms of a beautiful engaging wife, may be a "simpleton" in squabbling with her, although he may rebuke her scandalizing acquaintances. "And yet, I doubt I love her, or I never should endure it.—But I am determined she shall never know it." Compare this speech of Sir Teazle's with the one after the squabble, and we think there will be little "incongruity." "Well, though I can't make her love me, it is some pleasure to *tease* her a little; and I think she never appears to so much advantage, as when she is doing every thing in her power to vex me." Further on, it is said Sir Peter is, "in his love, a dotard; in his friendship, rational." This is very possible: we have no right to conclude that the rationality of friendship must repulse the dotardship of love.

Again, "silly in his reliance on Joseph, who only *speaks* sentiment; and in the essential occurrences of Joseph's detection, and the disclosure of the Little French Milliner, his enormous inconsistency, could not, one should think, escape the most superficial understanding." To the truth contained in the close of this sentence, we cannot but assent: not so with the former part. Remember, it was remarked, a little above, that in the squabble with his wife, Sir Peter was a "simpleton, acute in censuring the 'Scandalous coterie;' in his love, a dotard." Now we think this is the very man to be duped into admiration, for fine verbal sentiment: his reliance on Joseph, therefore, as long as he discovered no *flaw* to reprehend, was, we conceive, by no means "silly in him." We cannot follow the

author through all his censures on each character in the play, (*some of which, might certainly be mitigated and weakened,*) but shall quote the sensible and just exposition of that of Charles Surface.

"The character of Charles Surface, is nearly in keeping, and *qualis ab incepto*. Still, while overflowing with sentiments of (spurious) generosity, his heart is not pure; he sneers at his dead father, and more than once has a fling at Virtue; which even a profligate would venerate, though neglectful of her precepts." In conclusion, we may add, that credit is due to the writer, for his ingenious attempt and manly criticism; and though we do not say, it has altogether succeeded with us, it has made us re-peruse the play, and will teach us to reflect, when we praise the "School for Scandal."

Dartmoor: a descriptive Poem, by N. T. Carrington, author of the Banks of Tamar.—1 vol. royal 8vo. £1 ls. bds. pp. 204. Lond. Hatchard & Son, 1826.

When Johnson said that poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason, he produced a definition strictly applicable to descriptive poetry; for here, truth must be made agreeable by the colourings of fancy and imagination. To read Dartmoor and not taste an intellectual pleasure, would be almost impossible. The subject of the poem is richly supplied with descriptive objects, and these objects are painted in glowing colours, and represented in tasteful variation. And lastly, the versification is equable, without being monotonous, and harmonious without violence done to the position of words—the principal fault in the poetry of the day, which is horridly disgraced by grammatical inaccuracy, and sentences twisted and wrenched 'till the sense is sacrificed to harmony.

Mr. Carrington's "Dartmoor" has been most auspiciously welcomed into existence by the periodical press; but we have seen no praise that our own perusal has not justified. One circumstance, ere we proceed to criticise, we will not forbear to note: the pity some of the reviewers pretended to feel for the author's situation. That iniquitous, time-serving publication, the Literary Gazette, began, and half a dozen followed up the condolence. We know not how Mr. Carrington relished their "pity;" we detest it ourselves, and assure him we considered it

as a specious abasement, when we read of his "obscure situation," &c. There is something very far from any thing "obscure" in the conductorship of a respectable academy, and it is a question whether or no, many of the critics who mingled their criticisms with a professed regret for his humble situation, would not gladly relinquish the driving of the quill, for the income belonging to a successful schoolmaster. We like sympathy, benevolence, and charity, as well as others; can estimate these virtues when practised; but that maukish strain of pity doled out to a respectable member of society, is repulsive to delicacy and generous feelings. When a man says "I pity you," his tacit signification is, "I can spare a little regret for your debasement, but am much rejoiced at my superiority;" therefore pity should be nicely mentioned, else it betrays more pride in the condoler than tenderness for the afflicted.

Since Thomson's time, we have been favoured with few descriptive poems.—We have had many poems containing occasional beauties in the descriptive, but these were scattered amid imaginative lumber. Perhaps we may account for the scarcity of descriptive poets, by considering that it is easier to conceive than describe. We hear great praise bestowed on the powers of imagination, as if imagination were inseparable from talent. All men are in a greater or less degree imaginative, and they who think none are imaginative beings but those who show themselves so in their writings, certainly err. Imagination may be enlarged by frequent reflection, but he may be very imaginative who never reflects. An idiot, for instance, while staring between the iron railings of his cell, and may fancy himself in fruition of liberty, without reflecting on the possibility of obtaining it. To adduce a more familiar instance: Let us suppose a man of common understanding, and an accomplished poet, to take an evening ramble together at the close of the day; they pass through wild romantic spots, ascend steep hills, survey the distant landscape, cross purling brooks on little wooden bridges, penetrate through the shady grove, and then return home. Now both will probably have eyed the beauties which met them in their walk, with the eye of imagination, but on the morrow it is the poet alone who mingled reflection with imagination, that shall sit down, and describe with poetical fervour, what he observed.

We have read "Dartmoor" with due attention, and consider it, taken as a whole, an exquisite descriptive poem. The language and ideas are such as pertain to a poet; the former is rich, classical, and freed from antiquated phrases; the latter, if not always original, are seldom common. The reviewer in the *Literary Gazette*, with the most laudable penetration, discovered that Mr. Carrington was an imitator of Thomson; for ourselves, we think it quite as plausible to say, that Elkanah Settle imitated Shakspeare, because he wrote the "Empress of Morocco!" Two men may describe the same object, but we have no right to assert that he who wrote the last was a copy of his predecessor. Mr. Carrington, as well as Thomson, calls the fields green, the sun warm, and snow cold; but is he for this to be degraded to the servility of imitation? We estimate Mr. Carrington higher than this; he has *some* originality in his poem. He differs from Thomson in versification, language, and style. Thomson seldom varies his pauses, while few lines in "Dartmoor" preserve the caesural pause, therefore Thomson's numbers more harmonious, but Mr. Carrington's are less monotonous. In language, Mr. Carrington, without a doubt, is inferior in copiousness; he is compelled to retreat to repetition, where Thomson has only to select. In style, which next to invention, influences the merits of poetry, Thomson is florid, luxurious, and chaste. Mr. Carrington appears to have modelled his own, and writes with more dignity than elegance. There is less want of purity in it, than ease. Thomson's numbers may be said to flow in a current, calm, and unrestrained. Mr. Carrington's labour under a restriction.

Dartmoor is rich in every thing but similies; and these cannot be denied to be beauties, when aptly introduced; they heighten illustration by the imagery they bring with them. It is in pointing out objects, and presenting them to the reader just as they are, in wild magnificence or rude sublimity, that Mr. Carrington excels; and it is no small tribute of praise to say, that here he is original, agreeably diffuse, and sings with the fervour of the true poet.

Where faults are far outweighed by beauties, they are not to lessen our approbation on that account, for what deserves our praise; but at the same time, they who attempt to criticise, must inadvertently on them when requisite, however they may be censured as invidious.

We mention with no ill-will a few of those errors which we have found in Dartmoor. One strain of thought pervades too many of the pages; and however natural it may be, it nevertheless creates a weariness in the reader. The breaks introduced in almost every page look fastidious—like the King's Beef-eaters at the tower, they repulse the stranger just as he is on the point of following up his pleasure. As before said, the language fails in copiousness, and for this reason the recurrence of single and compound epithets, the repetition of like nouns and verbs sometimes detract from what would be otherwise worthy of applause. But the nature of the poem affords a very allowable excuse for this.

Notwithstanding all deficiencies, "Dartmoor" is a beautiful production, develops great poetical talent in the writer, and is an admirable description of the wild, uncultivated Moor of Devon. The following extract will enable the reader to form an adequate opinion of Mr. Carrington's poetry.

"How seldom sweeps
The arch of heaven, thus beautiful and bright,
Above the waste! I view the hill sublime
Far distant, lifting in the clear blue air
Its pyramid of rocks; yet oft it wears
A crown of clouds, whatever season rules
The gloomy changeful months. But when it
wreathes

The snow around its high majestic brow,
And stern the desolating winter reigns,
Be heaven his aid, exposed upon the waste,
Who meets the brumal tempest. Yet, inured
To cold—to danger—hardy as the race
That Scotland boasts,—the peasantry who
breathe,

Dartmoor, thy piercing gales, unshrinking dare
The storm that would appal the soul of him
Who lies in fields luxurious. On the Moor—
When from the frowning sky the sudden blast
Bursts wild, and thick the feathery flakes descend,
Swift sailing on the howling wind—the swain
Bold treads the fearful path, and through the bog,
Quivering beneath his feet, sagacious winds
To seek some truant of the flock. Alas!
Not always, though inured to hardship—skill'd
To tread with nicest foot where danger lurks,
And brave to face the mountain storm, escapes
The wary villager. Thrice o'er the earth
Has winter pass'd, since here the peasant boy
Untimely perished. Him the battling winds
Resistless, and the volleying hail, and snow
O'erwhelming, found upon the unshelter'd heath,
As eve abruptly closed. What woe attend
On pale misfortune's sons! In yonder towns
Voluptuous, the gay, the young, the rich,
Had met, that self-same hour, in many a hall
To pleasure consecrate; and as around
Stream'd the full flood of radiance, music cheer'd
All hearts within, while horror ruled the night—
The howling night without."

Before we conclude, a few words in the way in which "Dartmoor" is turned out. The plates are executed by *Rogers*, and

are, as artificial ornaments to a good poem, acceptable. In the typographical department, too, there is neatness and clearness; but why ninety-one pages of poetry are to be lumbered with a hundred and five pages of preface, and one hundred more of notes, we cannot imagine! If the learned gentlemen who penned the preface and notes, were

anxious to benefit the Devonians by a display of their topographical lore, why not publish the preface and notes in two separate volumes! Mr. C. may be assured his Poem did not require this *hamper* of learning to increase its weight. We suggest the propriety of publishing the Poem in a cheap form—at least, with the plates alone retained.

Critical Glances.

[Under the title of Critical Glances, our readers will have a condensed review of the principal new works worthy of notice, that have appeared during the month, and though our remarks will necessarily be confined, we trust they will be to the purpose, and sufficient to convey to them a right estimate of their merits and defects; our object is not to say much, but enough.]

Woodstock; or the Cavalier, a Tale of the Year 1651, by the author of "Waverley," &c.—3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, Constable and Co., 1826.

This novel bears a great resemblance to *Peveril of the Peak*, and though some of the characters are not painted in equally glowing colours, they are not deficient in the interest the author's magic pen can impart to all his characters. Woodstock is in part, a history of that factious period of English history, when the arrogant usurper of sovereignty, the surly Cromwell, was the monarch of the Commonwealth, and the royal Charles was compelled to seek a deserted refuge in the palace of Woodstock, near Rosamond's labyrinth. The character of Cromwell himself, is pictured with all the force of truth. *Trufty Tomkins*, an independent *Sir Henry Lee*, and *Colonel Markham Everard*, are all sketched in a masterly style. On the whole, Woodstock is a clever performance, betraying the usual descriptive energies of the *Great Unknown*, but in our opinion inferior to some of his preceding volumes. Will he ever give us a second Rebecca?

in observing the splendid success of some literary women, who are constantly ennobling their adored sex, by producing works of genius and taste. The name of Joanna Baillie is already wreathed for immortality by her frequent reputed efforts.

Her present work is distinguished by beautiful imagery, sublimity of sentiment, and rich in the most enchanting similies. The plot is exceedingly simple. *Cordehus Mora*, an officer of the imperial guard, during the bloody tyranny of Nero, is converted to christianity from witnessing the constancy of some Christian Martyrs; this forms the outline. We cannot resist quoting the following passage:

"I am, methinks, like one, who with bent back
And downward gaze—if such a one might be—
Has only known the boundless azure sky
By the straight circle of reflected beauty,
Seen in the watery gleam of some deep pit,
'Till of a sudden roused, he stands erect,
And wondering looks aloft and all around
On the bright sunny Firmament;—like one
(Granting again that such a one might be)
Who hath but the elements of fire,
On household hearth, or woodman's smoky pile,
And looks at once, midst standing thunder peals,
On Jove's magnificence of lightning."

The Martyr: a Drama in three Acts, by Joanna Baillie.—8vo. pp. 78, London, Longman and Co.

The time is now arrived when women are no longer to be considered as incapable of possessing that strength of intellect, which, from an analogy with their other qualifications, the pride of the opposite sex has frequently denied to them. We live in a period when it may almost be doubted whether the mental powers of the male or female are the strongest. Leaving it to the disquisitions of the philosophic enquirer to determine this interesting point, we can only express our delight,

Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth, by Mrs. A. T. Thomson.—2 vols. 8vo. London, 1826.

The ladies of late seem to have been more than usually studious and active; they are determined to convince us, that they are not made only to be dandled in love, paint velvet, or sing "Home, home, sweet home!" These volumes are written in a style of unaffectedness, yet sufficiently energetic. They throw a light on the prevailing customs, national manners, pageants, tournament, &c. &c. prevalent during Henry the Eighth's reign—we recommend an attentive perusal,

The Forest Sanctuary; and other Poems, by Mrs. Hemans.—8vo. pp. 205. London, 1826, J. Murray.

Mrs. Hemans has long occupied an eminent rank in the literary world: her writings are imbued with a tasteful elegance and poetical beauty, which are only discovered to be admired. As the miscellaneous Poems have been already circulated through the medium of some of the first-rate periodicals, we shall spare any remarks on them.

The object of the *Forest Sanctuary*, will be best understood by the author's own words. "The *Forest Sanctuary* is intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as the outward sufferings of a Spaniard, who flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his children in a North American Forest." The story is supposed to be related by himself, amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum." We need hardly say how it is related! witness the following:

"But through the black ravine, storm came swelling—
Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou blast!
In thy lone course the kingly cedars felling,
Like plumes upon the path of battle cast.
A rent oak thundered beside my cave!
Booming it rushed, as booms a deep sea wave;
A falcon soared; a startled wild deer passed;
A far-off bell toll'd faintly through the roar—
How glad my spirit swept forth with the winds
once more!"

Sonnets, and other Poems, by D. L. Richardson.—12mo. bds. London; Underwood, 1825.

This unpretending volume may be called without rating it with flattery, quite a *bijour*. The poetry is simple, nervous, and harmonious, void of excessive show, though sufficiently energetic to display the author's successful courtship to the Muses. It has been, without exception, so universally favoured by all the reviews

in the kingdom, that our additional meed of praise may be considered almost unnecessary.

We select the following Sonnet, out of others, to show Mr. Richardson's powers in this arduous kind of poetical composition:

"Lady! if from thy young, but clouded brow,
Joy's radiant beam depart so fitfully—
If the mild lustre of thy sweet blue eye
Cheer not the mourner's gloom,—Oh! do not Thou
Like the gay throng, disdain a Child of Woe,
Or deem his bosom cold!—Should the low sigh
Bring to the voice of bliss unmeet reply—
Oh! bear with one whose darkened path below
The Tempest-fiend hath cross'd! The blast of
doom
Scatters the ripening bud, the full-blown flower,
Of Hope and Joy, nor leaves one living bloom,
Save Love's wild evergreen, that dares its power,
And clings to this lone heart, young Pleasure's
tomb,
Like the fond ivy on the ruined Tower!"

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Woodstock; or the Cavalier, a Tale of 1651; by the Author of *Waverley*, 3 v. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.—Vivian Grey, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—Godwin's History of the Commonwealth, vol. 2, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Casti's Tre Giuli, translated from the Italian, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Ireland in Past Times, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Catron's History of the Mogul Dynasty, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Tyler's Ancient Geography and History, crown 8vo. 7s. bds.—Atkinson's La Secchia Rapita, an Heroic-Comical Poem, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 14s. bds.—Nimrod, or the History of Rome, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Ellis's State Prisoner, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Surgeon-Dentist's Manual, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Specimens of German Romance, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. bds.

Amongst the numerous Medical and Surgical Works of the day, we consider that written by DR. COURTENAY, on Syphilis, and other frequently fatal complaints, to be worthy of the highest encomiums, and justly deserving the serious attention of all those persons, who may unfortunately happen to be afflicted with the maladies, which form the subject of this very interesting publication. The luminous views taken of these diseases, together with the important warnings against excesses, entitle this work to great praise; and we may add, as a further recommendation, that it is written with much delicacy and morality.

Provincial Occurrences.

Appropriation of the Subscription money for the Relief of the distressed Manufacturers.

It is a melancholy fact, that, but for the support derived from continued subscriptions, thousands of our fellow countrymen must have perished with hunger. In Blackburn, it is computed that 13,296 'starving wretches' have been relieved with oatmeal in one week; 10,000 in Rochdale, 14,000 in Norwich; besides those in numerous other places; 14,500 quarts of soup are given away weekly at Macclesfield. This will afford the reader some idea of the distress which prevails in those districts, although very inadequately. In Manchester, 21,316 pounds of bacon, 19,803 pounds of meal, 246 measures of peas, and 3½ barrels of herrings, are distributed in one day!

[*Extracts of Letters from Correspondents.*]

SOMERSET.—It always gives us pleasure to notice the alacrity with which the public gentlemen of these Western Counties identify themselves with the interests of the nation at large. The sympathy which so rapidly diffused itself among all ranks in the metropolis, has not been confined in its energies throughout the kingdom. In Bath, Bristol, and other parts of Somersetshire, public meetings have been convened, for the purpose of co-operating with the prompt interference of the committee in Town. We have attended two of these meetings, in Bath, and Bristol, on which occasions the most distinguished liberality has been displayed. Differences of opinion have sometimes been shown, as it respects the application of the funds; but in no one instance have we observed any demur on the propriety of the relief to be afforded. We are sorry to confess however, that, in one or two instances, these laudable exertions, on the part of the opulent, have been met by ingratitude, on the part of those for whom they were made. The partial disturbances in a neighbouring manufacturing town, as they are already before the public, require no melancholy detail here; but the feeling of pity with which they were received, admits of this alleviation: we are sure the disposition of the suffering poor in these districts is, in general, highly creditable to their good sense, and equally gratifying to their benefactors.—As an occurrence of some considerable speculation, we should not omit to notice that the celebrated Henry Hunt has tendered his services to the freemen of this county, to serve in the ensuing Parliament: but the impressions of the people are decidedly against him.

WILTS.—That excellent charity, called "The Wiltshire Society," commemorated its tenth Anniversary at the Albion House Tavern, London, May 9, the Rt. Hon. Lord Carnarvon in the chair. The meeting was distinguished by a numerous assemblage of rank and talent. From the Secretary's report it appears, that twenty six boys, apprenticed out of the funds of the Institution, are now serving their apprenticeships: and that one in particular had become a useful member of society. Among the new Subscribers were the Earls of Malmesbury, Clarendon, and Carnarvon; Sir Edward Poore, Bart; Wadham Wyndham, esq. M.P.; Lord Andover; H. H. Joy, esq.; John Davis,

esq.; J. D. Astley, esq.; Charles Penruddocke, esq.; the Mayor of Salisbury; P. R. Hoare, esq.; Charles Webb, esq.; &c. The provincial movements are uninteresting.

DORSET.—A general meeting of persons possessing lands, and otherwise interested in Cranbourne chase, took place at the Crown Hotel, Blandford, to take into consideration a negotiation, which had recently been carried on with Lord Rivers, for the disfranchisement of the chase, and for proposing measures for its accomplishment. His Lordship's proposal was to take for the disfranchisement, an annuity or rent charge of £1800, payable at the end of twelve months, from the time the agreement should be entered into; with certain conditions, such as—his Lordship's own property not to contribute to this payment, and a period of three years to be allowed for getting rid of the deer—the necessary protection, as at present, being afforded to them in the mean time—each party to bear their own expenses, except as it regards obtaining the act of parliament, for carrying the proposed measure into effect, which is to be mutual. After some discussion, it was resolved, that the plan proposed by Lord Rivers, was fair and reasonable; and a committee was appointed for carrying it into effect. No other news of consequence in this district.

HANTS.—Romsey Market was opened on the 27th of April, under a royal license, authorizing the holding of the same on a Thursday instead of a Saturday as heretofore. The circumstance was regarded as auspicious. Not only did the bells ring, but flags were displayed from the church and other buildings in the town. A large concourse of people assembled to witness the procession from the town-hall to the market-place, when the royal grant was read by the town clerk, and the market duly opened. There was a very numerous attendance of dealers, and things in general, fetched good prices. The town hall was tastefully fitted up, and one hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner, over whom Godwin Withers, esq. presided. The inhabitants and neighbourhood anticipate good results from this attraction.—The subscription at Winchester for the distressed manufacturers, exceeds 500l.—At Southampton, upwards of 200l. were subscribed, by a meeting convened for a similar purpose.

MEMOIRS OF A PRINCE.

[Written by himself.]

All I ask of the people of England is, that they will dispassionately consider the various coincidence of circumstances which this narrative professes to adduce in support of its claim to originality and truth; and if, by comparing notes with the accredited accounts of national biography and history, it shall appear that its representations are deficient in character and consistency, then let the appropriate stigma be applied to its presumption. But if otherwise, may I not claim the candid consideration of my intelligent reader?

I owe my birth and parentage to a conjunction of events both singular and romantic. Among those who accompanied her late serene highness to England, in quality of her suite, on the occasion of her marriage with a branch of the illustrious family of England, there was one who suddenly obtained permission to retire from the splendid inconveniences of court, and unobserved, retraced her steps to the luxuriant retreats of beloved Italy. The ostensible cause of this arrangement may be elicited from the fashionable table-talk of the year 1784, which will form the introduction to a tale as yet 'untold.'

About the autumn of the year alluded to, the Emperor of Austria entertained at his court a distinguished visitor, under the assumed appellation of the Comte de Hoya.* A *curious fracas* (as the journalists represented it) happened after one of the reviews, at the conclusion of which, his imperial majesty gave a grand entertainment to the officers of the army, the foreigners of rank who attended the review, and the ladies of quality in the neighbourhood. The comte was reckoned by far the handsomest man of the company assembled; and as he opened the ball with a lady celebrated for her rank and beauty, perhaps on no similar occasion had there been so much envy and jealousy excited. His partner, however, was the wife of a colonel of cavalry, whose regiment had been particularly celebrated in the review; but her husband, as it was said, owing to a fit of illness, was not present on the occasion. The Comte de Hoya was remarkably attentive to his partner; and he was condemned by some of the ladies present, whose malicious eyes detected every movement with officious pertinacity, as displaying indiscriminately every symptom of love, with his general courtesy, and the peculiar marks of attention which he bestowed upon her. There are no reasons now existing why any part of this affair should be withheld from the public. The colonel was speedily informed that his honour was in imminent danger; and the informant, who probably was mortified that she herself had not been the object of the comte's admiration, thought proper to exaggerate the real facts, by declaring, that the Comte de Hoya had certainly made some improper advances to his wife, upon whom he seemed likewise to have made a very deep impression. Fired with jealousy, the colonel immediately sent a written challenge to the Comte de Hoya, of whose real rank he was totally ignorant; and though weak and debilitated, he informed his adversary that he was at liberty to make choice of sword, pistol, or both, as he pleased.

* It was then the travelling title of his Royal Highness Prince Frederick.

For the sake of elucidating the extraordinary facts as they are presented in my subsequent history, I must supplicate the reader's patience for a few moments, in detailing the current rumours of that period, on a subject which engrossed universal attention: and then distinguish the real truth from its numerous exaggerations.

It was said, and indeed published, (and I have the document in my possession,) that his royal highness was extremely surprised at the receipt of the colonel's letter, which contained the challenge: he was aware that he had treated the lady, while she was his partner, with every mark of respect: but that he had not, in the smallest degree, insulted that decorum which ought to be observed towards a lady of rank and virtue. Impressed with this idea, he naturally concluded that the husband must have been misinformed, by the ill-natured remarks of some secret enemy of his lady: and in his reply to the challenge, he declared that he had given no cause of offence, and were it otherwise, he would be ready to give him an opportunity of receiving satisfaction, notwithstanding the inequality of their rank. The bearer of this answer was an English officer, from whom the colonel derived the first intimation of the real rank of the personage of whom he entertained such terrible suspicions. He appears to have received the information with considerable alarm: he begged the officer would intercede with his royal highness, that he might be allowed to throw himself at his feet, and implore forgiveness for the audacity of his message. The prince, it was reported, behaved on the occasion as became his exalted rank: he not only dispelled every anxious fear, but honoured the colonel with flattering marks of respect and esteem.*

I have thought it necessary to detail minutely the circumstances, as they were currently accredited, both on the continent, and in England: until very lately, however, existing reasons have prevented the exposition of the whole truth; as this is no longer the case, and as my motives are neither sinister nor extravagant, I am pursuing the dictates of a long-indulged impression, and the commands of one now no more, in presenting it to the public. It is probable the foregoing narrative will fail in exciting that interest which once it commanded. There can be no doubt, however, that after a lapse of more than forty years, many will peruse it with the testimony of their own recollections to corroborate its authenticity: but, as it appears to me necessary to establish its reality beyond the possibility of doubt or contradiction, I am candid to explain what circumstances are likely to retard the conviction. England, at that moment, was the scene of great political contention. The highest interests in the nation were divided in their sentiments and attachments. Even in the present moment, which retains an impression diffused by the two greatest lights which have appeared in the political sky, there is enough to convince the mind what must have been the ferment excited by the glare of their meridian splendour. Those who are in possession of facts, as detailed in the pages of history, can hardly sympathize with the feelings of a nation, when every individual assumed the attribute of a statesman, and every one mustered his resources to contend for a cause, with which he identified his own existence. It was an era in the history of empires, when the potentates of Europe looked on the movements of a remote island with amazement, and an indescribable interest; and when the balance of power was so nicely adjusted between inimical parties, that nothing remained for the spectator, but to admire the

* The despatches from Holland, which contained this report, were published in the English Newspapers, about October, 1784.

display of talents which appeared to have been lent from heaven for a peculiar exigence. If, then, a contest for power in one particular spot, commanded the attention of an enlightened world, what must have been its effect in the immediate sphere of its display? Those who accustomed themselves to retain events as they transpired in the cabinet, had little leisure to note the passing occurrences of the drawing-room: consequently, though the resources of fashion were by no means deficient in character or interest, much has been lost through the intrusion of superior claims. And for myself, I account it a strange indication of that power which either ordains or prevents, and at which it is our duty to wonder and adore, without an attempt to investigate or discuss. Besides, the anecdote with which I have introduced my narrative, was considered the legitimate *property* of Vienna, where the circumstance transpired. It reached England as a tale already reiterated an hundred times in a neighbouring climate; and it may be supposed to have excited that interest, which a moment of leisure demands in the midst of days devoted to important business. Its very nature partook so much of mere gallantry, and the *beau-monde*, that it never entered the head, much less the heart, beyond a mere *apprehension* of the thing.

Forty-two years have now nearly finished their course; and within that period, thousands have started into existence, and after acquiring a name imperishable as the monument on which their immortality is recorded, are returned again to their native dust, no more to gratify the curious eye, or cheer the vale of human existence, by their invigorating influences. Still live there in this land of liberty and knowledge, many whose actions, even at that remote distance of time, entitle them to a lasting remembrance. Many among their associates, have preceded them in their passage to that 'bourne, from whence no traveller returns;' and if the latent musings of a stranger's mind, catching their interest from realities, awaken sensibilities and reflections, which, in the bosoms of some had long lain dormant, unconscious of existence, let the hand which traces them be forgiven! The object contemplated in these reminiscences, is neither more nor less, than to derive from an inexplicable labyrinth of error, circumstances for improvement and grateful remembrance.

My entrance on this stage of being, was unattended by any convulsion in the natural world, and certainly, notwithstanding my claims of blood, without any expectation in the political hemisphere. It was several years after the noise excited by the occurrence at Vienna had subsided, that the lady alluded to presented herself, quite unexpectedly, in the train of a distinguished princess, on her visit to this country. I have no reason to conclude that any one possessed the secret motive of her embassy. Her mistress, probably, had she known it, might have favoured the romantic courage of her disposition; but there needed not this powerful spell to accomplish a simple purpose. The present opportunity was favourable to her plans, and an application in a proper quarter could not fail of success; for it could afford no common gratification, even to the future queen, to display in her retinue so distinguished a title as the marchioness della P——. On the return of the Comte de Hoya, the colonel relaxed in those attentions which every woman is accustomed to appreciate so highly; and without daring to insinuate a motive for his conduct, which might reflect on the character of his young and beautiful bride, he soon adopted frivolous and disgusting excuses, for protracting absence from home, which finally introduced the articles for a mutual

separation. I am not attempting an apology for the conduct of either in this affair, but as far as it is possible to elucidate its mystery, by unequivocal facts, I consider myself justified in detailing them. Besides, the parties to whom they refer, are far removed from the influence of prejudice or opinion, and their memories will hardly be affected by the review of a distant posterity. There was some disparity in the ages of the marchioness and her husband. She had hardly completed her nineteenth year, when her fortunes became united to a man of double her experience. The match was decidedly a political one on the part of her friends; for, by the will of her grandfather, property to an immense amount reverted to a distant branch of their nobility, in the event of her remaining single. The old gentleman, it appears, entertained a singular aversion towards nunneries, those living sepulchres, as he was accustomed to designate them. In his youth, his prospects had suffered materially, by an enthusiasm, which betrayed thousands of all ranks into a direful captivity—such, at least, is the account I have always heard of the conditions imposed in his testament; conditions, which we may suppose, were not very likely to involve the happiness of the inheritor. In the present instance, however, it was otherwise. Isabella had from her infancy, betrayed occasionally, symptoms of a wandering imagination; and without any particular prejudice against matrimony, the subject was never introduced, but she evinced a chilling sort of carelessness, and a repelling apathy. Her marriage at last settled the question of inheritance, and all parties sanctioning the arrangement, rather hoped for unruffled happiness, than expected it from her new engagement.

After the separation to which I have alluded, the marchioness returned for a few years into the bosom of her family, by whom her waywardness was indulged, allowance being made for her constitutional malady. But the reasons for this arrangement, were otherwise more judiciously construed. A relapse from a state of mental activity followed this important movement, from which she recovered to pursue a line of conduct to her friends, at least, strange and unaccountable. This was the sudden adoption of a plan, which, it appears, she had long projected, of embarking for England without any plausible motive being assigned. My readers, however, are in possession of this motive. The only Englishman who honoured her by his voluntary friendship, was the sole attraction to which her heart submitted. Her voyage was prosperous, and there was enough in the ceremonials of pomp and pageantry to engross a mind less occupied than her own: and there can be no reason to doubt that the convictions of her judgment on this sudden step, were neither few nor trifling. The demise of her father, some months before, as the impression on her mind betrayed no extraordinary emotion, was supposed to affect her spirits gradually but deeply. Her appearance in England was like that of an unknown luminary, which dazzles by its splendour, but disappears, unconscious of the admiration and regret which it excites. ‘Lady Isabella,’ by which title she was introduced to several British peers, received the voluntary homage of admiring spectators, whose addresses were only restrained by her sudden departure. I say not this from any feeling of self-gratulation, but from a moral consciousness of its being the truth: and since many of its witnesses are no longer inhabitants of the earth,* there are still living those who have succeeded to the first offices in the state, and from whose memory will not easily be effaced the drawing-room of the year 1795. Among others, the distinguished indi-

* The youthful chancellor, the celebrated Pitt, for instance, by whose recommendation Morghen engraved a beautiful likeness of the marchioness.

vidual, after whose example I have assumed the appellation of *Compte de Hoya*, at whose suggestion that unfortunate lady re-embarked for the land of her nativity. I cannot help remarking, that, had the marchioness, contrary to her advisers, remained under the protection of the British nation, her story might have required no reiteration now; but on all occasions, at least with a few exceptions, she was the dupe of impulse; and naturally led by specious promises, she was easily beguiled for want of habitual precaution. That there existed sundry important reasons for her exile, I cannot with consistency contradict: if it had been a mere matter of course or inclination, I am at a loss to account for such contradictory reports, which, from papers now in my possession, I am aware, obtained a character of importance more or less, according to their plausibility. The truth itself is simply this: the marchioness finding herself in a critical situation, the exposure of which might destroy the confidence of her mistress, resolved, with the concurrence of a royal personage, to prevent unpleasant consequences by a precipitate flight.* She met with considerable difficulty from the princess, who, however, was finally induced to comply with her request, and the urgent solicitations of a third party. The separation was not effected without mutual regrets, which bespoke a sincerity of regard, to which many pretenders are really strangers. I know not from what reason, unless it may be resolved into a constitutional one, that the inhabitants of a more southerly country are warmer in their attachments than the precise and calculating English. The sanguine temperament of their dispositions, naturally propels their energies, at which their northern neighbours secretly wonder, and bless their own discretion. The domestic history of an Italian family, for instance, would present a singular diversity of events, the reality of which would hardly obtain credit in England—so much depends on the structure of the mind, and the government of the passions.

The marchioness embarked at Dover, and passing through France with the rapidity of a courier, ventured to tarry a few weeks in that beautiful garden of nature, so appropriately designated Montpellier, in the south of France, and adjoining Italy. There was residing in this beautiful spot, at the same time, the daughter of the Prince of Orange, respecting whose marriage with a branch of the royal family of England, various reports were then in circulation. But what particularly gratified the marchioness at this stage of her journey, was the meeting with Sir William Pulteney and his daughter, whom the baronet really wished to marry to a statesman of his country, whose youth and abilities excited the admiration and astonishment of the world. I know not whether the chancellor exactly relished the match: it is certain Sir William demanded a peerage in the event of its taking place; and it was said the secretary had some scruples about the settlements proposed by his worthy friend. Be this as it may, the lady excited considerable attention wherever she went; and owing to her probable destinies, became at length the centre of attraction for courtiers, sycophants, and politicians. She was really amiable in her disposition and manners, yet it was reported, entertained no very high predilection for the entertainment prescribed for her: for as the popularity of William Pitt originated in his exertions in the cabinet, and the dauntless courage of his administration in the House of Commons, he had little time for the display of

* She did not shelter her character under the authority of a married woman, a circumstance into which many would not stop to enquire. The fact was, however, the separation from her husband had transpired some considerable time before; and no refuge could now be anticipated from the general plea of matrimony.

those refined sensibilities which usually engross the soul of woman. Montpellier, at this season of the year, could generally boast an assemblage of rank and fashion, to which all parts of the continent periodically contributed; and it was never deficient in its accommodation; yet the native beauty of its matchless scenery might well permit the absence of its fashionable resources, which were generally of very humble pretensions, and escaped the lash of criticism by their very insignificance.

The establishment of the marchioness, when she arrived at a small village on the banks of the Tiber, and took up her abode in a neighbouring mansion, was, from prudential motives, limited and select. Here, then, the reader is to be informed, the subject of these memoirs was first recognized a living memento of human frailty. I purposely omit any detail of events connected with my childhood beyond my recollection, but the relation of which has afforded my dear parent oft-repeated pleasures. Until I had attained my seventh year, my education, which imposed but little restraint on my inclinations, was directed by a Father in the Romish church, a very harmless man—because, to speak the truth, he had no talents for mischief, and was incapable, by the native inertness of his temper, to attain any creditable distinction. I never knew a man (I speak now from more mature observation) with less pride or zeal; or so totally destitute of those qualities by which we are accustomed to ascertain a man of genius. He came well recommended, as I have since understood, from one of the states in Germany, although, if I mistake not, he belonged to a canton of Switzerland. I do not remember that his figure produced any striking impression on my nerves, when introduced with many solemn admonitions, as my authorized preceptor. At this distance of time, I am enabled to give some account of his person, manners, and accomplishments, and the secret by which he obtained my confidence and regard. He was about thirty-two years of age, rather above the middle stature, complexion somewhat florid; and if my memory does not deceive me, his eye displayed considerable meaning and penetration. I myself could never evade the spell by which it detected any youthful folly or presumption. His features, for a *tout ensemble*, were really well proportioned; and, in short, Pierre was a good man, well enough calculated for his employment; for I have never since seen any one of his standing with so much prudence, good-nature, and discipline. Had he more ambition, his real usefulness would never have been appreciated: had he less, he could not have been so generally respected. The confidence reposed in him by an affectionate parent, was by no means unworthily regarded. The precepts of this good man were mild, and they were always impressed on my mind by an example ever before me, of habitual consistency. I am paying a tribute due to his memory from a grateful heart, when I record his firm, yet temperate persuasives to a regular system of devotional exercises: and I am not magnifying the capacity of his pupil, when I declare that my impressions with regard to the sublime truths of Christianity, are justly attributable to his indefatigable care. This amiable deportment may well supply the absence of a splendid intellect, and, I am sure, best comports with the juvenile capacity. There was seldom a disposition manifested, from which I sighed to escape, such as moroseness, or an impatient petulance. On the contrary, some of the happiest moments of my life have resulted from the winning cheerfulness of his disposition. He was not a man to permit the indulgence of any gratification with sullen complaisance merely: he was rather anxious to enrich the fund of social amusement, and would take care that

his presence did not restrain the seasonable mirth. It was under such auspices, then, that I pursued a course of elementary studies, which, I believe, were judiciously proposed and arranged. As it regards the habits of life, which we were accustomed to observe, they were, in the opinion of many, monotonous, and unfriendly to improvement. I believe, however, and my judgment is formed from subsequent experience, that retirement is the best friend to mental cultivation. The peculiar situation in which the marchioness was involved, necessarily required a private life, and the exercise of self-denial in the pursuit of worldly gratification. Our evening parties, therefore, seldom extended beyond the family circle, and the casual society of a neighbour or two: one of which, on account of his rank in these memoirs, I must digress a little, in order to introduce. I am almost inclined to believe that the name of Henry Sydenham is forgotten in England: it will be long before it is by me; never, 'till the feelings which vibrate at the recollection of his fortunes, shall vibrate no more in this frail tenement of mortality. He was an English gentleman, and a scholar; of an ardent disposition, which I have known to render dubious the purity of his principle. His energies, however, were launched among those who knew not how to appreciate their excellencies; and being the younger branch of a family, whose honesty and independence kept them poor, he had no other basis on which to build his fortunes than the development of his splendid abilities. I blush to think that these were rather restrained than encouraged by those who ought to have fostered the genius of a century; for to no other cause do I attribute the misfortunes of its subsequent career. Henry Sydenham was naturally indolent and I have heard him confess, that were he required to purchase immortality by the display of extraordinary powers, mental or physical, supposing himself in the possession of them, the world must be at the trouble of electing them or employing an amanuensis for him. But I have since thought, this indolence was more the result of adventitious circumstances: certain it is, he was not allowed to pursue the natural bent of his inclination, with any chance of reward; and as he disdained the ordinary walk of mankind, he had a sufficient portion of pity for those he would not exert himself to reclaim. Unaccustomed to controul the impulse of nature, which invariably led his wanderings, he very early in life became absorbed in a passion, apparently hopeless in its consequences. Yet, as he has said, his very despair administered to his romantic genius, and he pursued a phantom until it surprised him into a reality. The idol of his affections was a lady of youth, beauty, and education, but without one farthing to keep all in countenance. It was not her fault, however, but the caprice of her family, by whom she was caressed. Sydenham possessed her confidence, and married her privately; and after the storm had somewhat subsided, began to picture scenes of future bliss. It was but a short deception, for he soon awoke to perfect misery. I am unwilling to particularize what circumstances occasioned a misunderstanding between them after two or three years had transpired, because I am liable to err in my judgment. Sydenham, however, became involved in his circumstances, and received a letter in Paris from his relations, acquainting him that his return was neither expected nor desired. It contained a postscript in the hand writing of his wife, which notified her assent to its contents. Whatever his feelings might have been at the receipt of this intelligence, it is certain that a temporary dispensation of Fortune at this critical juncture was gratefully acknowledged. The death of a distant relation; who had held a sinecure under the British government for many years, put him

in possession of considerable property. I cannot tell to what uses he applied this unexpected acquisition: it was not however to reconcile the differences which had separated him from his family. A mind like his could not exist without an object on which to lavish its powers; and Paris was not a city to be deficient in resources. Accordingly, poor Sydenham fell a victim to a second error, which he had foolishly imagined might rectify the first. He attached himself to a lady, who, though not exactly a reigning toast of the day, was equally celebrated for her beauty and inflexible virtue. His newly acquired fortune enabled him to maintain a rank of no common splendour, and I recollect him in my native village, an accomplished foreigner, with an amiable family.

(To be continued.)

SABBATH MORNING.

How lovely on the breeze of morn,
 The distant chime of Sabbath bells;
 O'er the green vale their music swells,
 And echoing from the fragrant thorn
 The linnet's lively note replies:
 'Till o'er the waters gently dies
 The morning hymn of praise.
 Sweet bells! with tones divinely deep,
 Ye seem to wake all nature's sleep;
 And bid the exulting vallies raise
 The incense of thanksgiving loud
 To those whose ever watchful sight
 Restores them to his smiles of light.
 Hark, from her nest in yon high cloud
 The lark hath long her lay begun,
 And looks upon each dew-clad hill,
 Where bath the vivifying sun
 His gladsome ray disported far—
 Hath glazed his form in every rill,
 In every pearly plant, a star.
 She bids them wear their holiest robe,
 For now is born to all the globe
 The sabbath of our Lord and King.
 Hail! day of rest to all below
 From care and toil, and fear and woe;
 Rejoice O Earth! O Nature sing!
 While the bright Sun, High Priest, alone
 Through heaven pursues his glad employ,
 To soar to the eternal throne
 Creation's sacrifice of joy.

SONNET, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

ADDRESSED TO C. A. H.

Lo! the glad Spring advancing speeds her way,
 Rejoicing o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,
 And at the cheering hour of morning dawn
 Lists to the innumerable songsters ever gay,
 Who hail the approaching sun's resplendent ray:—
 O may our souls in union strive to sing
 The praise of Heaven's great and glorious King,
 In notes responsive to their tuneful lay.
 Henceforward let us dedicate our powers
 To the blest work of gratitude and praise,
 And may the theme employ our earliest hours,
 And claim the choicest of our praising days;
 'Till we the general concert may prolong,
 And join at last, Heaven's noblest, sweetest song.

M. H. K.

J. F. H.

ESSAY ON THE IMPORTANCE OF POETRY.

A small portion only of the present generation need to be informed from the experience of others, that poetry, in its iridescent varieties of devotional, sentimental, heroic, dramatic, pathetic and humorous, affords the highest mental enjoyment that can be afforded by the charms of literature, and to the few who are utterly insensible to its exalting and refining ecstasies, may be applied, though not addressed, the apostrophe of Campbell, in that model of poetic excellence the Pleasures of Hope—

"There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
 Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
 There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
 In self-adoring pride securely mail'd;
 But, triumph not ye peace enamour'd few!
 Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwell with you!
 For you, no fancy consecrates the scene
 Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
 'Tis your's unmoved, to sever and to meet,
 No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet."

To such whose blindness, frigidity, or imbecility, excludes them from participating in the raptures of the poet, I can scarcely allow a capacity for enjoying elevation in science, or the other branches of literature, much less for the refinements of poetry or painting, since it implies an intellectual deficiency, scarcely less obvious than the deprivation of external sense, and which must make them invulnerable to the attacks of the moralist, through the

ordinary mediums of oratory and disquisition; such, therefore, are too contemptible to present an obstacle to the employment of poetry, as a means of instruction in numerous departments of wisdom, whence it has been excluded by the cold philosophy of these *insensibles*.

It shall therefore be my object, in this paper, to attempt to shew the importance of poetry, when properly directed, to produce effects on the minds of mankind favourable to the best interests of society; and in the first place to offer a few remarks on the nature of this great agent, on which I shall treat: far be it, however, from my design, to define poetry; a definition which has puzzled thousands, better calculated for the undertaking; but formidable as the subject may appear, I shall endeavour to set forth a plain man's opinion, on a species of thought and language, which enters as an elementary and almost essential quality into the composition of almost every mind, which claims a superiority to the truth that perishes!

Poetry, we know, does not alone consist in rhyme or rhythm, in splendour or beauty, simplicity or complexity of ideas, clearness or mystery of expression: but in an happy combination, or adjustment of all, by an operation of the mind frequently independent of its volition, and not within the controul of the judgment. There is a happy association of touching or subliming sentiment, of exquisite feeling, happy description, or vivid imagination, which can rarely be produced, though frequently adorned by artificial labour; of ideas, whose clothing should be so suited to their temperament and dignity, as to appear as the natural appendages of beings they embody. It is from such creations, occasioned generally by sudden confluences of thought, poured warm from the recesses of the soul, and presented in the order, which judgment may frequently, but not always arrange, that we derive those pleasures of poetry; and differing from wit and reason, in the nature of its origin less than the variety of objects, we experience from its resources a delight more exquisite than either. In its composition, we are informed, it has its birth more slowly than wit, and more rapidly than reason, and which has been often individually and comprehensively the vehicle of both; the poet is endangered of becoming heartless in pursuing the former, and prosaic in leaning too submissively to the latter.

With such endearments, we may trace poetry as the ornament of every age in the history of the human race, and the favourite of every stage of mortal existence, combining all the beauties and sublimities of natural objects and feelings, with the refinements and enchantments of art, adorning with an equally successful hand, the tale of village love, and the song of martial glory: the vehicle of laws, and the security of records: the medium of revelation and prophecy. Of exhortation and denunciation, poetry has been sanctified by the holiest and best of mankind. Man may be supposed to have caught the celestial boon from the angels who sung his natal hymn, and to have bestowed it on his posterity as a lingering relic of the language of Paradise. Nor is its influence lost in passing through successive generations; the accumulated treasures of the poetry are still valued, and to the end of time will poetry probably continue to maintain its influence over the mental energies of mankind.

How is it, therefore, to be regretted, that the energies of a science so divine in its origin and capacities, should ever be prostituted to flatter the evil passions and propensities of the human mind; and that, like many other of the choicest blessings of Providence, it should be employed as a weapon to

subvert religion, and to infuse into hearts, thus declining in truth and morals, the poison of licentiousness, and the curse of satanic pride.

How need we lament, when we behold the illustrious talents of Byron debased by misappropriation. The poet whose spirit seemed gifted with a power to congregate all the splendid images within the sphere of human conception into the panorama of his poetry, and whose wand could call up all the passions of the soul, to cast their shadows on his pages, whose fancy explored heaven, earth, and hell, for the materials and machinery of his "palaces of thought." How do we grieve, that to the delusions of an unregenerate and unhallowed heart, to the deceptions of a vain and earthborn philosophy, he could reduce the greatness of his soul: and from the boundless flight of his imagination descend to grovel amidst the rottenness and corruption of brutal sensuality.

But while we lament the evil arising from the dissemination of vicious principles, by the writings of gifted, but ungodly, men, we cannot refrain from observing the opposite effects of the works of the religious and the wise; from the poetical apostles of infidelity and licentiousness, who have disgraced the purest gifts of the hand of genius, by compositions fit only to excite to wilder enormities the frequenters of a brothel, we turn with increased satisfaction to the less glittering, but more lovely, poets of the christian world. Let the heart disengage itself from the contagion of riotous inebriety, and turn to the mild influences of the sweet singers of Zion. Let us look awhile on the works of Milton, Addison, Watts, Cowper, Young, and Kirke White, and the other rays of the bright constellation of Christian poesy; here are the sweets of that poetry, which is drawn directly from the celestial source—with little of the contamination of human wretchedness. Here are the delights which can never cloy—here is poetry whose highest efforts cannot exceed the truth, whose sublime and excursive ecstasies never stagger the judgment or delude the heart. Religion hath delighted to honour her minstrels; and when the immortal Milton, who wanted none of the qualifications of Byron, approached the river of life, she bid him drink freely, and sprinkle his harp with the hallowing and exalting waters.

To the illustrious catalogue of deceased authors, who have adventured on the sacred lyre, may be added some of the brightest ornaments of contemporary genius. I rejoice to observe the abilities of Montgomery, Barton, Millman, Bowring, and numerous others, devoted to the cause of religion and virtue, and whose productions have been consecrated by devotion to the service of the Most High! How ennobling the appropriation! how superior to these works which are only sacred to vice, and protected alone by the vile passions they inflame.

To prove the influence of poetry, particularly on the mind of youth, I need only appeal to the every-day experience of my readers. Whilst there are thousands in every country, candidates for the honour and gratification of soothing or animating the feelings of their fellow creatures by the witchery of song, poets, and others ambitious of that character, are multiplied in every circle; as witnessed by the well-filled albums and commonplace books which have a distinguished place in the libraries of half the ladies and gentlemen of education in our land. The power of poetry is further evidenced by the influence which attaches itself to such as have a claim to the character of its possession. The romance of thought, the elegance of diction, and the sweetness of language with which Poetry arrays herself, makes her the most amiable messenger

of passion or principle; the language of every emotion, the medicine of every evil in the mind. Nor would I restrict the spirit of poetry to the narrow limits of rhyme or metre; no, there is a measure of this quality in every composition that can affect the mind; it is not only founded in the majesty of Milton, Shakspeare, and Byron, the smoothness of Pope, Goldsmith, Addison, and Campbell, but in the wild grandeur of the sacred writings, and the works of Ossian, the simplicity of the reed of Bloomfield and Clare, and the exuberance of Moore. The oration in the senate, and the declamation at the bar; the harangue of patriotism, and the appeal of charity; the rejoicing at our birth, and the mourning at our decease, must all have poetry in them to affect the heart; and the holy scriptures breathing poetry from their every page, have supplied the ministers of judgment and peace with imagery and language which must for ever retain the authority of poetry in the pulpit, and in all the effusions of devotion which claim a legitimate descent from the spirit of ancient prophecy.

It is also to be regarded, that there are pleasures belonging to the composition, as well as the enjoyment of poetry, that will insure its production, whether devoted to beneficial or malignant purposes. That "longing after immortality," which inhabits almost every bosom, has with the poet that desire of communicating its felicities which hallows and ennobles the impulse; the genuine poet indulges a generous wish to convey to other souls the rapture of his own—claiming but the easy, yet reluctant payment of a smile—for the smiles of successive ages, have thousands wasted their own; and have been content, like the taper, "to perish in giving light," and to endure pains and deprivations of poverty in life, that in the loveliness of their children their name might be perpetuated to the latest generations.

How important an object of public attention is, therefore, this universal and wonderwaking agent, lest its powers be perverted to the encouragement of the designs of evil men, and the overthrow of moral principle. In mechanics, or natural philosophy, the discovery of a new power, or of a channel for the more profitable exertion of a known force, is hailed as a valuable contribution to the mass of human invention; nor should the Christian philosopher be remiss in overlooking the means, by which more important effects may be produced on the machinery of the mind; here, then, let him observe with vigilance, the influence of poetry, studious to preserve its bias within the channels of morality and truth, and to the best of his ability, decry and discourage that spurious species which alike differing in its origin, objects, and consequences, from the spirit of genuine minstrelsy, has displayed enough of its potency to contaminate the fairest portion of the creation; and, which never relaxing its activity in the cause of vice, has nearly induced an hatred for genuine poetry in the minds of many virtuous persons, who have mistaken the imposter for the angel of celestial light. Such has been for more than a century the well-meaning aversion to poetry, entertained by that respectable body of people, the Society of Friends; and I hail with gladness, the change of sentiment that is rapidly taking place in consequence of exertion of the talents of Wiffen, Barton, and several others of their sect, in defence of poetry consecrated to the cause of religion and truth. Many are now convinced that fair Poesy does not require the aid of false feeling and deception, to render her the handmaid of excellence, and "the grace and ornament of society." I therefore would suggest to that, as well as every other Christian body, equally strenuous in the causes of civil and religious liberty, and moral im-

provement, the necessity and advantage of encouraging such authors as have willingly appropriated their talents to good and useful objects: and surely by such a reformation of literature, the reputation of the genuine poet can suffer nothing, since all that is valuable of the productions of his genius will be treasured by the wise and good, whilst the approbation of the ridiculous and vicious can afford no real satisfaction. Conformably with this sentiment, an eminent poet and divine has remarked, that "When poetry thus keeps its place as the handmaid of piety, it shall receive, not a poor perishable wreath, but a crown, that fadeth not away."

Shrewsbury, June 4th, 1826.

AUGUSTUS.

ORIGINAL LETTERS, BY DEMOCRITUS, JUNIOR.

No. I.

"Quod satis est cui contigit, nihil amplius optet."—*Hor.*

Blest with enough, ah! who would wish for more.

Previous to my entering into my critical, philosophical, moral, and political discussions, it may be requisite for me to state, that I am lineally descended from the mighty Democritus of Abdera, disciple to Leucippus; and though, not like many others, do I estimate worth from the antiquity of a musty pedigree, still I certainly feel an honest pride in telling the world that my actions have never shamed my origin. Like my illustrious forefather, too, I have travelled in pursuit of knowledge over the principal districts of Europe and Asia, and have endeavoured to see Nature in all her motley moods—from the intellectual philosopher, to the careless, uncivilized slave. Many travel for change of air, for bare unthinking curiosity, or, perhaps, to escape the satiety of *ennui*; but, I am immodest enough to say, that no scene presented itself to me without my endeavour to extract matter for speculation, analysis, and reflection. The unrestrained passion of the barbarian, made me compare the virtue of refinement with the brutal animosities of uncubed feelings; the unchaste luxury of the seraglio with the domestic and purer bliss of an European drawing-room; and the lawless sallies of extravagance with the economy of prudence. In short, I put fallacy by the side of truth, to demonstrate its emptiness, and learned to discover causes in the mature development of their effects. Diogenes, with some other old writers, relates that my mighty relation received five hundred talents for a recital of a splendid composition; that statues were erected to his honour; and that he dedicated his sequestered life to study: and, in order to convince mankind that, though he laughed at their follies, he did not choose to see them, he therefore most heroically put out both his ocular orbs. I will be candid, and confess that I have not yet arrived to such a pitch of heroism as to extinguish my luminaries; neither shall I be extravagant enough thus to waste my precious vision—but my degeneracy is not material. Democritus junior, too, has learned to laugh at the distractions of vanity, and the supercilious mockeries of life in all its changes; he has sought the solitude of a rural cot, and dedicates his waning years to the enquiries of philosophy, and general observation in the affairs of literature. My gay acquaintances once audaciously accused me of insanity, but my conduct

begins to expose their enmity. The love of praise my philosophy allows me, and, therefore, I was not a little gratified once in hearing some of my loving friends expressing their fear that there would barely be room for the erection of my statue in St. Paul's!

Retirement is congenial to contemplation: and he who desires to live more in the character of a calm spectator, than an active participator, will seek the quietude of the country, in preference to the bustle of a city. For this reason, I enjoy the tranquillity of a rural retreat in a small village in the West of England, where the principal inhabitants are the 'squire, the rector, and myself. My cottage is situated at a little distance from the rectory, and I can frequently get a glimpse of the venerable proprietor, as he pensively traverses his smooth green lawn, from my study window. Differing from Diogenes in my ideas of a residence, I have not neglected to furnish my country box with solid comforts, and the neat elegancies which may with propriety distinguish the house of the sage, as well as the fool.

Should you, Mr. Editor, think proper to visit me, you will be directed by the landlord of the village inn to cross the meadow just opposite his sign, and then walk down a cool, rugged lane, for a few hundred yards, at the end of which, you will see a cot with a thatched Italian roof, and six windows in front, with very white frames; this is Mr. Democritus's house: just lift up the antiquated knocker, and you will speedily be ushered into his presence. In summer, the appearance of my house in front, is sure to obtain a remark of admiration from the passing stranger. The yellow gravel walks, the various flower-beds fantastically laid out, the dark green shrubs, enlivened here and there by tall bending tulips, and other gay flowers, and the beautiful statue of Minerva, shining with its glossy surface through the bowery branches which half conceal it—all this, and other garden charms, delight strangers as well as the possessor.

Although uncumbered with a wife, I am not deficient in comforts: Susannah, the 'squire's housekeeper's relation, and now dwindling into her sixtieth year, is remarkably punctilious in her observance of my commands, and never troubles me to ring the bell twice without obtaining an answer. My study is in the back parlour, and when lassitude creeps over me, I repair to the window, and delight my eye with a view of distant hills, of wood and glen, and all the green tapestry of nature. Of course, among the volumes that compose my library, I have not omitted to place there *all the works which have come down to me from my ancestor, Democritus, of Abdera*. My mode of life is as simple as the patriarchal. I rise in spring when the sun darts its first oblique beam athwart the dappled clouds in the east, and retire to my pillow when he sinks in the burnished west. My meals are regular and simple, and the experience of years has caused me to prefer plain aliment to superfluous luxuries. Though "never less alone than when alone," I am not bestial enough for ever to be growling in my den of solitude, and, therefore, after I have employed the greater part of the day in the perusal of books, I seek the company of talking ones, yclept men. As I am generally-recognized all around the neighbourhood as very "*larned*," I am sure to meet with plenty of attractive civilities, &c. &c. during my perambulations. I have little pride, and therefore am weak enough to be very condescendingly humane. The bereaved mother, the destitute victim of crippled age, the brisk maiden of twenty, and the wrinkled and blinking dame of threescore, are permitted to have access to me when my advice is required. I do not wish to arrogate to

myself the merit of extraordinary philanthropy, when I say, that benevolent condescension often affords me moments of exquisite enjoyment. This is certain, that he who wishes to immortalize himself in the sanctuary of grateful bosoms, may, within the precincts of an obscure village, find sufficient employment for his virtuous hours. The patron of the poor and humble, when he goes to that undiscovered country from whence no traveller returns, shall leave more mourners behind him to chaunt his praise, than the monarch who lives in splendour, and dies in the misery of pomp.

I cannot think it impolitic for me to describe my two principal acquaintances, the squire and the rector; both of whom favour me with an unceremonious call whenever it pleases them. Squire Hollingsworth is an honest, spirited, buckskin-breeched gentleman farmer, with round, ruddy, laughing cheeks, and brawny sides. He is a man of considerable income, and contrives to spend it agreeably. He is decently educated, and deeply skilled in field lore—a renowned sportsman, who never trembles for his neck when Miss Puss sweeps along the grass with her busy tail. His hospitality resembles himself, ever freely displayed: I never knew a man who appears to be more satisfied with the world and himself, and when I hear his shrill merry whistle, as he walks up the garden, I am sorely perplexed on defining true happiness. Do we not after all our boast of philosophy, of intellectual refinement, and the felicities of mental disquisitions, often cheat ourselves? Which, in truth, is the happier, the sportsman in shouting *tally ho!* or, the dejected, ruminating student, breaking forth into fancied raptures, with *O, philosophia vite dux! virtutis indagatrix, &c.*? I am tempted to believe that many who dandle their vanity with the nominal pleasures of education are mere theorists in happiness; they only differ from the uneducated in this—they call themselves happy because they *wish* to be so; the former are never happy but when they really *feel* so.

The rector, the Rev. Mr. Alworthy, is a man of ancient descent, and is beloved as a minister of Christ's flock, and is a truly amiable member of society. He does not, like many gentlemen of the cloth, teach virtue and practise vice, but maintains throughout the week a comely deportment, a dignified but agreeable conversation, and never sacrifices the delicacies of the gentleman to the tyranny of compulsive prejudice. He lives in the bosom of domestic bliss and though his locks now begin to assume the hoariness of age, he is seldom gloomy, censorious, or fretfully punctilious. We generally visit each other alternately during the week, and as he is a man who has united to a refined understanding a most liberal beneficent disposition, I pass many grateful hours in his society. To him I am indebted for many lessons and principles of wisdom: for although I have had a very comprehensive view of life, by the experience of its joys and smiles, its woes and delights, there yet remains something for *me* to learn, and—but here comes honest Susannah, with a bason of strawberries and cream for my supper, so I must e'en say, "farewell!" for the present.

June 25th.

TREATMENT OF THE ENGLISH TO FOREIGNERS.

Quippe hæc merces lautissima.—*Juv. Sat. 7.*

A pretty picking here!

As we have the tenderest regard for all the human species, whether our own hearty beef and pudding eater, the genuine John Bull, the swimming-eyed bearded Italian, the frisking complimentary Frenchman, or the patriotic Swiss; since, in fact, our philanthropy is totally disjointed from the usual bigotry clinging to editorship, we trust our following remarks will be read without prejudice, and concocted without acrimony. We have no personal aim, nor owe we ought of grudgery to any son of distant climes. So far from entertaining an hostile disposition to foreigners, we are *proud* in having the privilege of being acquainted with one or two, in the strictest sense gentlemen; liberal in principle, cultivated, talented, disingenuous, and amiable. Should they be simple enough to apply our hints to themselves *personally*, we shall regret a painful discovery—the shallowness of their understandings.

The shores of Britain are the most hospitable in the world: seldom on them has the wretched fugitive been wrecked without sharing pity, or the suppliant been driven to curse the stony hearts that never beat with sympathy for other's woes. Britain! dear cherished land of my birth, long may thy heroic generosity, thy hospitality to friendless, distressed humanity, like thine immortal prowess, continue to exalt thee beyond competition in the scale of nations. But while an Englishman is reasonably delighted in proclaiming the hospitality of his country, can he be such an owl-like creature as to shut his eyes, and not behold the shameless ingratitude she meets with as a payment for her kindness? I cannot, will not, and “so here's out with it.”

Since the dreadful revolution of France, that made Europe to totter, swarms of foreigners have fled to England to obtain that subsistence their own unhappy land denied them. Here they have not applied in vain—they are treated with courteousness, benevolence, and patronized even to the preference of the natives themselves! Surely then, England does not deserve the rancorous abuse thrown out by those very men whom her liberality hourly supports. Nothing, however, is more common. Our laws, our institutions, our manners, and our literature, are held up to ridicule to our faces, and with an arrogance, not pertaining even to the unobligated; every thing of English growth is demonstrated by prejudice, saucy invidious comparison, to be inferior to what they have at home. Many a Frenchman, for example, after you have replenished him with all the good substantial realities of a British meal, after he has swallowed several bottles of your wine, will not hesitate, with all his gallic effrontery, to employ two or three hours in detracting that your countrymen and your own senses have taught to admire. And mark, too, while in the act of slurring the want of politeness in Englishmen, while he is extolling the extreme *delicacy of feeling* in the French character, he is himself the most unpolite of human beings—he is an ingrate! There is strange inconsistency here. We confess at once our inability to comprehend what a man means by his politeness, whose only way of showing it is to be nauseously ungrateful. What would a *Monsieur* think of an Englishman, who, after being clothed,

fed, and constantly supported in his house, should at last basely presume to calumniate his reputation, expose his failings, and ridicule his respectability! Would he, when he met him, make him a cringing *reverence*, shake him by the hand, and laud him for his amiable qualities? If he would not, the Englishman often does, and revolting as it may appear to human nature, sometimes seems to like him the better for it, and celebrates his research, his discrimination, and above all his extreme *politeness*!!

Charity is one of those amiable virtues which universally distinguish our countrymen; it is indeed the predominant feeling that glows in their bosoms. They may be passionate, wavering, proud, and often vindictive, but enmity is softened when Distress presents herself in her miserable garments. Injury will be forgotten when the foe is reduced to wretchedness. One of the most common proverbial expressions in England is—"charity begins at home;" but this is rarely acted on by the *affluent*. With them it may be said that *Charity* walks abroad, (sometimes in immodest garments,) and while those related to them by national fellowship are passed by with sullen neglect, foreigners share the most extravagant and unmerited bounties. It is true that a public appeal in behalf of our own countrymen is always generously answered. Wretchedness, when so glaringly thrust on the notice of the community, seldom pines in continued want. An orphan family, a wrecked mariner, a wounded soldier, when a public paper states their lamentable situation, will be immediately succoured; but our present remarks are not to be applied to the treatment of the English towards *great* distress, but towards those less abject professional characters, both native and exotic.

Without demur, then, we assert, that the preference, in the present day, so universally given to the abilities of foreigners, is frequently an unfair and ungenerous neglect of the native talent. If it be urged, that foreigners have the preference only when they excel, I roundly and warmly deny it to be so in general—a false and foolish excuse for a thoughtless, if not illiberal practice. They are frequently preferred for mere novelty's sake, for the whim of patronizing what is extraneous, without any regard for the merits of our countrymen. I will produce one instance out of many: A certain noble personage of some influence at the Opera house, a little while ago, meanly refused to engage an English dancer, *because he was an Englishman*; not that he was at all deficient in the nimbleness of the toe, for he was aware, when he rejected him, that this *very dancer* had been applauded for his dancing abilities on the continent. As might be expected, a cringing *pirouetting* Gaul was admitted in his place!! Fashion is more domineering in England than in other countries, and perhaps it is to her impudent, corrupt, and indiscriminating sway, rather than to any actual deficiency in humanity, we must attribute the anomalies in high life. Define Fashion correctly, and what an impure jilt she is! The great nurse her, because she often resembles themselves; they love to be distinguished as *fashionable*, and to convince the world they are so, scruple not to cherish what should often be despised, and condemn what claims support. It is now thought fashionable for *foreign* musicians and singers to take their benefit concert at the residence of some titled dame. Here they, as may be reasonably expected, fail not to get richly, superfluously rewarded, for squalling a *bravura*, or tuning the catgut. Now be it understood, that I do not pretend that there is any crime in this magnificent treatment of "*poor foreign sufferers*;" but why are not some of our *own* sufferers—men who boast of British birth—why are they not

granted the like indulgence? For no other reason than this: a paragraph in the Morning Post, is to advertize my lady's *munificence*, and it would not read so well, did it record lady L——'s name, coupled with an English "Mr.," as with a "Signor." I will not presume in *every* case to judge the motive for their predilection for what is foreign, but will ask them which is the more amiable, the encouragement of native talent, or the unbounded patronage of foreign talent, often inferior, and not requiring patronage.

We may conclude without any forced deductions, that if a wider patronage were extended to our countrymen, in their various professions, it would be rewarded in time, by a speedy attainment of what is considered so overweeningly excellent in foreigners. Really, I seriously begin to fear, that England will soon be so *Frenchified* and *Italianized*, that nothing of pure English growth will remain for British eyes to gaze upon. If the people of *ton* would limit their partiality to foreign monkeys and parrots, to fruits and wines, to government and measures—would they even not extend their "loving kindness" beyond giving foreign fine arts the precedence in their patronage; we should console our patriotism, by hoping that time would cure their maddening malady; but, alas! what is foreign, is advancing with rapid strides to a melancholy extent. From admiring the *skill* of foreigners, the English ladies contrive to admire the foreigners *themselves*; and after a little *coquetry*, as a sort of initiation into the foreign mysteries, they give them their hands—whether their hearts go with the pretty present, we will not say. "We have a right to *marry* what countrymen we please" respond the ladies with fiery eyes, "we are free as the men, in this respect, to use our own inclination, and are accountable to none for our predilection, however absurd." We grant this to be eminently true: we do not with arrogance *command* them not to nuptialize with foreigners; but we humbly *entreat* them, as our countrywomen whom we so idolize, as the sweet creatures whom Englishmen are so proud to protect for the honour of the true English breed, to *endeavour* to love their own countrymen *when they are anxious to be "joined in the holy bands of wedlock."* I am certain they will be quite as tender and affectionate as husbands chosen from more southern climes. If they will persist to marry foreigners, heaven only knows what is to become of us! Our country will be as incongruous in its appearance, as that whimsical medley Horace alludes to in the commencing line of his "*Arte Poetica*," a horse's neck united to a human *cranium*, a beautiful woman in the upper parts with an ugly fish's tail! In fact, we shall become in a century a pack of mongrels—half English, half French; and since we trust it is impossible for foreign manners and sentiments to be in sympathy with English feelings, the bodily form will be racked with inconsistencies and battling contrarieties. With such a prospect, ye English fair, for mercy's sake manage to *love* Englishmen, although you may *like* foreigners; do not take the expensive trouble to visit France and Italy in search of a husband, but condescend to pick one from the home stock of expectant wooers. Remember, there are *many* counties in Britain, and *many* marriageable men waiting for a wife.

When I entered on the present chapter, I had no thought of being so diffuse as I have proved; but the subject by degrees became so agreeable, that I was tempted to launch a little from my proposal; and even now, I have by no means exhausted my ideas, but must resume my remarks in a future number. A few words of *friendly* advice directed to the foreigners, and I lay aside my pen.

Well then, ye exotic plants! who flourish (against nature) more by being transplanted! Ye sons of other climes! who retreat hither to share our blessings, do not spit your insults in our faces, because they smiled on ye when you applied for support. Remember, that if you are intruders, you ought not to be monopolizers; though you are patronized, it little becomes you to flaunt or domineer. Because we, to encourage you, *condescend* to learn your language, do not, in return, attempt to ridicule those who have adorned our own energetic one.

Be not so audacious as to tell us your jingle is harmony, and our harmony jingle. Because you enjoy the beatitude of gracefully twisting your limbs, do not call us bandy-legged. When you choose to be cringers, rakes and deists, pray refrain from setting us down as savages, hypocrites, and asses. Because your wit is so sapient and clear as often to dazzle with its senseless burnish, do not, for this reason, term ours muddy and indigestible. Because your nation has produced a few great literary *Anthropophagi*, do not be so void of compassion, as to designate us mere pigmies, or imps in literature. In fine, since we receive you, do not abuse us; because we feed you do not despise us; and, above all, do not be so charming as to rob us of our fair countrywomen; or mark the consequence, which I now make known, as prophesied to me the other day by John Bull, esq.:—"An army of English batchelors shall, to revenge the dearth of British ladies, land in France, and by a mysterious spell, compel, without any exception, every Frenchman *that has a double tongue*, in Paris, to do nothing else for *twenty-four hours*, but mutter the following mystic lines, which will then be found by a Welsh parson, and delivered to the bands of British youth:"—

~~Athatcher of Chatchwood went to Chatchamathatching,
 Aththirtyreethistlythingsethethrityproofstacking.~~

ON SUICIDE.

There is a principle inherent in all animals to avoid such evils as have a tendency to destroy life; and hence self-preservation has been justly denominated the first-law of nature. How strange, nay, how inconsistent, does it not therefore appear, that man, who on account of his reasoning faculties, is justly placed at the head of the various classes of animated beings, shall be the only one that departs from this principle; and, occasionally, when tired of his present state of existence, is so impious as to raise the hand which was formed for his safety or support, to deprive himself of the inestimable boon of an all-wise and all-powerful Creator!

The perversion of intellect which can prompt to the execution of so unnatural a deed must be very great, and however our pity may be excited at those unfortunate persons who, labouring under insanity, may, in consequence of their loss of reason, be led to the commission of suicide; still we have to lament that many cases of self-destruction are occurring, and their frequency is greatly to be deplored, where there has not been any previous display of mental aberration, and where the awful deed has been deliberately reflected upon in the mind of the unhappy being, and carried into effect with an apparent resolution; and these cases are calculated to impress the mind with horror, and to inspire a feeling of detestation at a crime so unnatural, and so atrocious in the eyes of civilized society.

Though some may question, whether it be possible that any one possessed of a sound mind, can calmly or deliberately hurry himself out of the present state of existence, and consider it to be owing to the false perceptions or delusions of the moment, that self-destruction is determined upon, or carried into effect: yet it may safely be asserted that many instances do occur, where the unhappy being has shewn a full command of the reasoning faculty, and attended to the ordinary occupations of life, without exciting the least suspicion of mental disorder, antecedent to the commission of the fatal deed. In such cases we may occasionally feel a difficulty to discriminate; for on the one hand, a regard to the character of the diseased, with whom we may have been on terms of friendship, or feelings of compassion to the afflicted family, or immediate connections, may induce us to take the most favourable view, and to place the direful occurrence in the fairest light it will permit; yet, on the other hand, the enormity of the offence should awaken in our minds the greatest indignation, and lead us to the laudable endeavour of inspiring others with sentiments expressive of their disapprobation or disgust at a deed so contrary to the common feelings of human nature, so destructive to every noble or virtuous principle, and so repulsive to the laws of God and man.

In ancient times, as well as modern, it has been too commonly the case to extol or to hold up such characters as those who have deprived themselves of life, when ascribed by a multitude of opposing evils, as being worthy of our admiration for the resolution or the courage with which they have inflicted the fatal stroke, whether by poison, by the sword, or by any other of the means had recourse to on these occasions. But surely the attributing to honourable or noble principles, or considering as worthy of the esteem of others, an action, which displays the loss of real fortitude, and want of piety, (as is evinced in being unresigned to the degrees of an all-wise, all-powerful, and superintending providence,) must in itself arise from a perversion of intellect or mental illusion, similar to that imparted to the eye when looking through a deceptive medium, as through coloured glass which throws a false glare on the objects to which our vision is directed.

It is devoutly to be wished that some means could be devised to check the extension of so direful an evil; an evil of greater magnitude than many are aware of, as we may learn from the bills of mortality published in this island and in several parts of the continent: and it would be desirable to

“—————detect the cause
Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,
And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.”

What can operate more forcibly upon the minds of those who feel an inclination

“—————to run away,
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend themselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark,”

when they are capable of reflection and have previously received religious instruction, than the consideration of the awful state which may inevitably await them,

“Who rush into the presence of their judge!
As if they challenged him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath!”

But there are many instances, where, from a want of having been taught the relative duty of man to his Creator; or, where, provided the mind has been cultivated by education, there exists a total want of religious principle, that the wretched beings have committed self-murder, with a view either to escape the pressure of impending calamity, the conflicting passions of misjudging or ignorant minds, or the scornful contempt of a censorious world; and, it is probable that a dread of the infliction of some degrading indignity to their lifeless remains, may produce the effect of preventing others from carrying a similar design into execution. Upon this principle, the wisdom of our ancestors was displayed by the introduction of that apparently barbarous custom of denying christian interment, and directing the self-murderer to be buried at the intersection of public roads, with a stake driven through the body. It is recorded, that in ancient Rome the practice of suicide was become so prevalent, that with the view of striking terror into the minds of others, who were bent on similar measures, it was ordered by the senate that the bodies of all such as had destroyed themselves, should be publicly exposed, by being dragged naked through the streets of the city; and, in consequence of this enactment, the principle of shame had the happy effect of lessening the evil in a considerable degree.

I would here observe, that were our legislators to direct or enact it as a law, that the remains of all those persons who destroy themselves by violent means, (and who were not labouring under insanity, as may have been evinced by their previous conduct) should be considered in the same light as the bodies of those who have been guilty of the destruction of others; and, consequently, in a like manner devoted to the benefit of mankind, by their appropriation to the purposes of dissection.* It requires but little if any argument to prove, that in this case a real good would result to the united cause of science and humanity, especially in districts situate at a distance from the established schools of anatomy and surgery, by the assistance it would afford to the extension of that knowledge, which is absolutely requisite to enable the medical or surgical practitioner, to act in a manner honourably to himself and with advantage to others; whilst the consideration that such a fate awaited the remains of the self-murderer, might tend powerfully to restrain many from the commission of so foul a deed.

It being so desirable, for the the sake of those whose lives would be otherwise rendered burthensome, by the occurrence of several of the casualties to which we are liable, for the comfort or relief of others, who are the subjects of disease in many of its distressing and dangerous shapes; and for the improvement or elucidation of science; that anatomical investigations be not only permitted, but encouraged; in order to render the healing art of effect, and to enable its professors to mitigate or lessen the numerous evils that "flesh is

* It is a circumstance worthy of the deepest regret, that in this enlightened age and country, there should be men filling the most honourable stations in society, who oppose themselves to the diffusion of that knowledge from which they may in their own persons be desirous of reaping advantage. Such is the case with those men, who set their faces against the dissection of the human body, and in the elevated capacity of magistrates or judges, throw out the most degrading epithets against a practice, which has been, which is, and which will continue to be, one of the most useful branches of human knowledge, that the mind is capable of acquiring. Would the learned judge, who presided on a late occasion where he rendered himself conspicuous for his opposition to the extension of anatomical enquiries, feel satisfied in submitting to any surgical operation of importance, where the operator had not acquired a minute knowledge of the parts about to be cut through with his scalpel? Certainly not; for a man would with equal reason entrust a gold repeater to a blacksmith that he might adjust or repair its delicate mechanical operations.

heir to;" the proposition may not appear absurd or harsh that it be strongly recommended by those holding authority, that the body of the suicide, like that of the homicide, shall be rendered of service to that society whose laws have been so grossly violated, by its being legally devoted to dissection. It may be said, in objection, that the harrowed feelings of the relations or friends of such unhappy beings, would be rendered the more acute, and their future peace of mind destroyed by the recollection of the event, as connected with such an appropriation of the remains of their relatives. But have not such relatives forfeited every claim to their esteem? have they not voluntarily inflicted upon them the greatest injury of which they were capable? and is there, in reality, any thing so dreadful, when abstractedly considered, in the scientific investigation of a perishable material, which under other circumstances would speedily run into decomposition, and which must be consigned to the earth, in order to conceal an object offensive to the senses from our observation?

I could enlarge upon this topic, but will spare the time of my reader; and briefly observe, that several instances have come under my observation, where such a measure as that adverted to above, might have been of great utility, by operating upon the minds of others. By way of exemplification, the following examples are adduced:—A few years since I was in company with several young men of an evening, when our conversation ran upon scientific pursuits; amongst us was one of considerable attainments who had received an excellent education, and gained an apparent knowledge of the world and of the profession to which he had been brought up; who conversed upon the subject with animation, and by his observations evinced the correctness of his judgment, and the soundness of his mind. The following morning he deliberately shot himself in his bed-room, in consequence of some peculiar ideas he had entertained respecting a trifling bodily defect; having previously written some letters explanatory of the reason which led to the commission of so rash an act. In regard to this case, had such a law existed, the idea of being legally devoted to dissection might have operated as a preventive, and society have been saved the loss of a valuable member; or, had it failed of doing so, the example amongst many of a respectable station in life, might have been productive of good, by deterring them from acting a like dishonourable and disgraceful part. In an inferior class of society, I have very recently seen an instance of a man, who had been in the service of his country for some years as a soldier, having faced death on the field of battle on several occasions, and received a pension for his services at home and abroad: after spending a day or two in dissipation and debauch, whereby his means were exhausted, he cut his throat in such a manner as to prove almost immediately fatal. Here the example of consigning the body to dissection would have been of great force upon the minds of the uninformed rustics, who crowded around his remains, to behold the body of their companion weltering in the blood which had just before been shed by his own hand.

Instead of moralizing upon this subject, I will annex the following Stanzas from an Ode entitled "the SUICIDE," by T. Warton.

"JUST Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born woe;
Yet the same power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.

Her aid divine, had lull'd to rest
 Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
 And stay'd the rising storm:
 Had bade the sun of hope appear
 To gild the darken'd hemisphere
 And give the wonted bloom to Nature's blasted form.

Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
 To take, what first it deign'd to give,—
 Thy tributary breath:
 In awful expectation placed,
 Await thy doom, nor impious haste
 To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death."

Melksham, June 8th, 1826.

FERGUSON.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ANCIENT LYRIC POETS.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

No. I.

Those who are capable of enjoying a perusal of the ancient lyric poets in the original, require no explanation of the arduous task devolving on him who is bold enough to attempt a translation. But to such as are mere English readers, it may be proper to remark, that I shall endeavour in all cases to give the *author's meaning*; declining paraphrase where a direct translation is possible. The compound epithets, since they in fact are considered some of the most prominent beauties in lyric poetry, will be universally retained; I am aware, that my title is somewhat pompous. "Original Translations from the Ancient Lyric Poets:" but that reader is a simpleton who would quarrel with titles—let him look to what follows, and if he be incensed at this present specimen, all that I have to say is, let him apply to Pindar himself, and make a better one, "*verbum sat*."

The Ninth Pythian Ode of Pindar, to line 115.

TO TELESICRATES OF CYRENE, CONQUEROR IN THE ARMED RACE.

By the deep-zoned Graces aided, let me weave the song
 For Telesicrates, victor in the Pythian throng:
 With brazen helmet armed, in bliss I see him stand
 Cyrene's splendid crown, far-famed equestrian land.

Cyrene,* whom Latona's hairy son
 Erst from Pelion's murmuring bosom won;
 His golden car the virgin huntress brought,
 Queen of the land with teeming fruitage fraught,
 Bloomingly to dwell 'mid the grazing flock,
 In sunny Afrique, Earth's third lovely stock.

Venus of the silver foot, with gentle hand inviting,
 The Delian stranger took, from his heaven-built car alighting,
 And o'er the grateful nuptial bed
 Delicious modesty she shed,
 In marriage joined the god love swayed
 To far ruling Hygeus maid,

* In unison with his usual plan, Pindar here confounds the city with the nymph, whose name it bears.

From Ocean second hero he,
 Sov'reign of th' haughty Lapithæ,
 Whom, from Peneus' couch of yore,
 In Pindus' glens, Naid Cressa bore.

The sire fair-armed Cyrene bred
 From festal scenes and home aloof;
 Nor with her mates the feast she led,
 Nor loved to wind the circling loof,
 But spear and metall'd dart to wield,
 And pierce the beasts that scour the field,
 Her sway affording to recline
 In quiet ease her father's kine:
 And when the glimpse of dawn arose
 She tasted balmy brief repose,
 Companion of the pillow, sleep!
 That on the dewy brow doth creep.

One day, the arrow-skilled Apollo found her
 Shaftless, with brawny lion wrestling round her,
 And thus to summoned Chiron spoke:
 "Son of Philyra!* quit thy hallowed cave,
 Behold this noble woman's soul, how brave!
 Mark now the struggling nymph! what contest dread,
 Quakeless she draws on her undaunted head!
 Say, from what tribe the mighty nymph is borne,
 O! name from what renowned trunk she's torn,
 Inhabiting these dark and craggy hills,
 Whose lofty soul no chilling terror fills?
 Tell, may a God stretch forth his hand of power,
 Cull from her couch the bonied virgin flower?"

To him the god-like Centaur couns'ling said,
 While o'er his brow unruffled smiles were spread—

"The mystic keys of hallowed love
 In sage Persuasion's lips are lain,
 And men, and e'en the gods above,
 At first from public love refrain.
 And sure the fire of passion warmed this speech
 From thee, whom no unhallowed lie can reach;
 To thee who track'st the mazy paths of fate,
 Must I the damsel's birth and lineage state?
 Who tell'st the leaves that strew the earth in spring,
 How many sands the lashing whirlwinds wing
 O'er rivulets and ocean deep,
 And in thine eye doth past and present keep?
 If 'fore thy wisdom man may dare explain
 I'll weave it all in the prophetic strain."

* Son Philyra and Saturn, who metamorphosed himself into a horse, to escape from his scolding spouse, Rhea.

" In the vale thou com'st spouse to the maiden to be,
 From the Garden of Jove bear her over the sea,
 There queen of the cities, a throne she shall fill,
 O'er the island-race reign on the mead-grt hill;
 For thee, meady Lybia shall smilingly hold
 Thy beautiful nymph in her mansions of gold,
 And speedily grant her a portion to share
 Of the land where no wild beast or fruitage is rare.

Thence Libys shall bear from a mother's soft powers
 Her infant to Earth, and the fair-throned Hours;
 While on their knees the leering baby shall smile,
 Nectar in its lips shall be stilled all the while—
 They will rend him immortal, his friend's nearest joy,
 Called Jove, Aristæus, Apollo the coy."

June 6th, 1826.

" RES ECCLESIASTICÆ."

[We feel great pleasure in being permitted to insert the following remarks from a highly gifted and celebrated writer, on an article which appeared in No. I. of *The Inspector*, entitled "Res Ecclesiasticæ." To those who have perused that article, these sensible observations will be acceptable, and to all they convey useful information on an interesting topic.—ED.]

Every provision is made, that can be made, to prevent collusion.

Nor can any one be *ordained*, from mere *classical* knowledge.

Three witnesses, clergymen of unexceptionable characters, must sign a *bond fide* testimonium to the candidate's *moral character*, from a knowledge of the *three last* years. This is *indispensable*: and what creditable person would *sign* what he knew to be *false*? and, after all, considerable time is allowed for the Bishop's private enquiry.

That *improper* characters do enter into the church, cannot be denied; but I am sure, in general, by the laws of the land, and ecclesiastical canons, every care is taken to prevent it: and, let me add, that notwithstanding much obloquy arising from want of knowledge, there is no set of men, taken altogether, and allowing for exceptions, so well-informed, and so exemplary in their station, as the *parochial* clergy.

As to their *rolling* in affluence and luxury, how many livings do you suppose, in the whole diocese of Bath and Wells, are worth five hundred a year? not *one* in *forty*; and after an expensive education, all other professions being interdicted, (it being a thousand to one whether an educated clergyman be so successful as to get such preferment,) with perhaps a wife and five children, such preferment does not give the idea of affluence and luxury.

The idea of an university education, such as is described, proceeds from the same want of accurate information. Be assured, such a character as is described, could not be educated at our universities, though there are there, young men of large fortunes, and noblemen, as well as those destined to the church, such a character, however high his connections, would be instantly—EXPELLED!!

As to tithes being divided into *four parts*, one for the *bishop*, one for the *poor*, this was when the bishops were rectors. They had *all* the tithes, and sent out from the diocesan city their roadsmen, itinerant ministers. There were no *resident clergy*; besides, no clergyman had any *taxes* to pay. The *great* tithes, and oblations greater than tithes, were untouched. *Nine* livings out of *ten* are now in *lay* hands; I mean the *great* tithes. A clergyman had no *taxes* to pay, no *family* to maintain; there were no assessments to the poor, no labour paid out of the poor-rates. An incumbent pays now a quarter of his living, in many places, to the poor-rates and taxes—first fruits—tenths besides, after which, he is to maintain a family of five or six children!

Bremhill Parsonage.

W. L. B.

LEGEND OF STANCHAWES.

CHAP. II.

[Continued from page 76.]

The daughter of Sir Hugh Martindale conducted her father's friend from a spot which the returning dawn would soon render precarious to his safety ; and the silence of their retreat was but partially interrupted by casual expressions of surprise and astonishment. The object contemplated by Edwin Percy in his present journey, was to visit the abode of his father's earliest coadjutor ; and though not exactly aware of its precise situation, he was right in his conjecture that it could not lay far distant from the adjacent village. His encounter with Emily was immediately construed, by his teeming imagination, into an earnest of future happiness and success : and it is difficult to say which emotion predominated within, excessive joy, or restrained gratitude. A walk of about ten minutes introduced them into the thick and apparently inexplicable maze of a towering wood ; and so enveloped were they in its trackless and unfriendly path, that but for the exquisite fortitude of his guide, Edwin Percy would have preferred the dangers of an open country to the hardships which, in a great measure, constituted his present security. They emigrated from this unsocial spot, not without sundry marks which the lonely traveller invariably displayed in token of the difficulties he had encountered, and as a tribute exacted by the inhospitable country through which he had pursued his way. Edwin Percy was astonished at the prospect which opened immediately before him. The formidable walls of his friend's castle, embraced on every side by a wide stretching lawn, beautifully enriched by a meandering rivulet, impressed his senses with more than ordinary complacency ; and as the natural temperament of his mind was more elevated than otherwise, except when silence and solitude introduced unhappy reflections, the energy of his penetrating eye seemed at this moment peculiarly inspiring, as (to adopt the style of poesy) it reflected the image of hope and exultation. During their solitary perambulation, no topic had been discussed which bore on the political movements of the day—not in compliment to the lady, for Emily was a politician—but the taciturnity they preserved, and for which each had an especial motive, was uninterrupted by any casual enquiry respecting personal or domestic relations and occurrences. So that when Edwin Percy followed his guide through a narrow gallery to which they had ascended from the spacious causeway, and which communicated to the chambers of the castle by doors placed at opposite extremities, he knew not who awaited within to greet him with a hearty reception. The gallery was lit by a single lamp suspended from the centre of the ceiling by a gilt chain, which, however, poorly reflected its feeble beams : and as Edwin looked below on the broad-paved floor, and the appurtenances of state and magnificence which hung around, he secretly sighed for a return of those gratifications which, with all the enthusiasm of youth, he had been accustomed to worship. There is a pride peculiar to nobility, and hereditary inheritance, which no true patriot would wish to become extinct in the bosoms of those who constitute the leading interests of the nation. By no means could we wish to equalize the scale of rank, if for no other reason than to preserve the characteristics of a people, as they are varied by degrees. One rank, common to all, might display a thousand inconsistencies, to deface its legitimate impression ;

whereas, if a single scion disgrace its parent stock, there are redeeming qualities in another, sufficient to counteract its demoralizing tendency. In reviewing the exploits of his ancestry, there was nothing of which the descendant of the house of Northumberland might justly be ashamed: there was much to excite the noble emulation of his genius, much to encourage the display of his patriotic spirit. And with reflections not altogether unlike the preceding, Edwin Percy deemed himself an object of no small importance within the domain of a friend and fellow-patriot. Perhaps there was another motive for self-gratulation, which though we may not so easily define, is, notwithstanding, perfectly reconcileable to the impulse and waywardness of human nature. It was almost impossible for any one to be unmoved in the presence of Emily Martindale; yet it was no mean compliment to say, that such a mind only could appreciate her excellency. In plain truth, young Percy derived all his courage from this very impression, when, on another occasion, he so strenuously debated the propriety of his continental excursion. His bosom, however, had been the repose of his friend's confidence, and he no longer indulged the recollection of Frederic Mortimer with usual complacency. His residence abroad had partially tranquillized his mind, and his philosophy taught him to acquit his friend of any unworthy motive. Even the unjust appropriation of his property failed to excite the sterner principles of malevolence and revenge, and Edwin Percy ventured to return to England "a wanderer," as he expressed his condition, "without a consecrated spot to call a home," little dubious of the strength of his resolution. Frederic, no doubt, had a prior claim to the compassion of Emily Martindale, and it was duly awarded. Her acquaintance with the house of Northumberland, indeed, commenced with her infancy, and the infancy of Edwin Percy. They were the branches of noble ancestry, accustomed to the same habits, and naturally and imperceptibly imbibing the same notions and opinions. But all this failed to excite any other feeling in her than that of sisterly regard and esteem. It was the splendid qualities of young Mortimer, who was unexpectedly introduced to her acquaintance, that engrossed her soul, and the novelty was too earnestly contemplated to escape recollection. There was no calculating principle with her—she loved and was beloved, and as Edwin Percy shared the confidence of both, the fact for the first time in his life, discovered to himself a consciousness of a very deep and powerful interest. He could no longer mingle in their recreations, concert their rambles, or facilitate their amusements. Nay, on one occasion, when his unsuspecting friend, confided in him a message which was to be carefully concealed from Sir Hugh Martindale, his emotions were too visible to escape detection. Edwin acknowledged his weakness, and instead of the fierceness which might have been expected from a rival, his ingenuousness met with the sympathy it deserved. But the equilibrium of disinterested friendship could no longer be preserved, and although the victim of turbulent passions, Edwin Percy retained a sense of propriety sufficient to acquiesce in the arrangements of Sir Hugh Martindale and others for his departure, which though arising from other motives, was both politic and wise. His correspondents in England carefully abstained from introducing a topic which could only unsettle his firm philosophy; and yet, in the midst of his deprivations, he felt that he wanted an object, in which to centre his prospects, and allured by the influence of which, he wished to collect his thoughts. The impression never left him so entirely, but that its recurrence was sometimes invited, and its tributary sigh was never withheld. Edwin Percy, as

the child of misfortune, claimed on his peculiar privilege, the exercise of hope; and this principle alone, beyond all others, was the grand source of his existence. To say that his thoughts were not occupied with the recollection of Emily Martindale, when in the chamber of Sir William Ogilvie, he resigned himself to their powerful charm, would but ill besem the character of his circumstances. But he really knew not her present abode, and it may with safety be asserted, that the primary object of his journey, was to identify himself with the agents of a faction which then assumed a formidable appearance. His encounter with the daughter of his friend, under such very peculiar circumstances, excited a tumult of indescribable emotions, and completely usurped that interest in his mind which other claims, 'till then, had obtained. He did not stop to reason whether the omen were favourable or prejudicial to his future prospects: he wished for happiness, and if it were a deception, he was willing to be deceived. Yet, as he drew nearer to the venerable habitation, which, at a distance, he delighted to contemplate, his anxiety to demand the hospitality of his friend, he knew not why, gradually abated; and he wished for no greater acquisition to his content, than he enjoyed in the silent contemplations of his mind. Reader! has thy heart ever thrilled with a prospect of emancipation from the thralldom of aggravated distress? hast thou known the pangs of love, hopeless unrequited? hast thou, in the very vortex of despair, known the undefined rapture of instantaneous hope and exultation, when the very springs of life at their ebb regain the vigour and importance of youth? then thou canst tell what were the feelings of Edwin Percy, as he followed the mistress of his heart through the intricacies of her paternal domain. For such, indeed, she was—the idol of his affections, the undisputed monarch of his soul.

The apartment into which Edwin Percy was ushered by the courtesy of his companion and guide, displayed the appearance of mournful solemnity; and the lamp which only served to rescue it from total darkness, lent a melancholy interest to the scene. Indeed, so unintelligible was this state of 'darkness visible,' that Edwin Percy could not recognize the presence of any with whom he was once familiar: and he imagined it a sort of temporary provision designed by his fair friend, as an introduction to a meeting with her parent: her address, however, removed his suspicions.

"I have brought you a friend, my lord," she said, addressing herself to an individual, whose form could hardly be distinguished in the gloom which pervaded the apartment.

"What is the meaning of an intrusion at this unseasonable hour," enquired a voice in another situation of the room.

"Nay, sir," replied Emily, "be not angry with your daughter, because she has been the instrument of conducting to your presence a tried and valued friend; or Edwin Percy may think my courtesy constrained."

"Edwin Percy!" repeated both voices at the same instant: and both arose to convince themselves of the reality of the vision.

"It is even so, my lord," said he modestly, addressing the first speaker, whom now he recognised as the celebrated Cobham.

"But what brought you here?" enquired Sir Hugh Martindale, whose calculating policy never left him.

"I am brought here," replied Percy, "by a determination to regain my possessions from the grasp of a tyrant, or perish in the struggle."

"Young man," said Lord Cobham, whose coolness and deliberation were

his distinguishing characteristics—"you have all the impetuosity of your father, without, I fear, the salutary check which prudence might advise."

This was not the tone or language in which Edwin expected to have been addressed, nor was it at all calculated to conciliate his feelings: but it was not intended by the speaker to convey reproof; on the contrary, the admonition was intended as a caution to avoid those errors which had proved fatal to his ancestors.

"I should suppose, my lord," replied Percy, "you need not be reminded, that the repeated sacrifices which have been extorted from me, have left me without resources, and almost without friends. The acquisition of the former would render less indispensable the services of the latter, which I have known to be precarious and uncertain."

"You possess an independent spirit," said Lord Cobham, "which only requires a prudent management to prove eminently serviceable in the present juncture."

"Indeed, my lord! pray to what do you allude?"

"You cannot surely be ignorant of my present situation and sufferings. You must have been informed by popular rumour of my incarceration in the tower—"

"I did learn that intelligence on the continent, but your liberty I had not ascertained."

"That liberty was gained by stratagem, and although my escape was the result of intrigue, and my discovery would expose me to the fiercest flames of Smithfield, I prefer the sanctuary of this retreat to the pleasure of the monarch."

"How long, my lord, are things to remain as they are?" inquired the impatient Percy.

"Until our schemes are fully developed and completed. Your services may be requisite and effectual to our cause, and they need only to be asked and granted."

"Alas! my friends," said Percy, "for so I will call you, what have I now in my power worth your acceptance: or what can I display equal to the magnitude of the cause we advocate. There was indeed a time when my professions did not stand in need of supplies, and had I not been despoiled by the hand of persecution, they would not be withheld now. Still I can wield a sword in defence of the truth, and if a single arm be only requisite, pray accept this proffered one of mine."

"Your name, young Percy, is equal to a thousand arms," replied Lord Cobham. "Enlist yourself under the banners of the popular cause, and your enemies will be ashamed to meet you in the face of heaven. Here is the place of our intended operations—success depends on method—and this arrangement must be inviolably preserved."

"It is good," said Edwin, as he glanced over a roll of parchment which contained the names of their principal adherents, with their situations, and the number of their retainers. "London will hardly oppose the power with which she is surrounded. *Walsingham, Reading, 700.—Sir John Corfe, Middlesex, 980.—Corpue, Essex, 1500.—Lampetre, Surry, 740.—Froissard, Kent, 1260.—Haviland, Buckingham, 1300.—Redsdale, Hertford, 1100.—Cartwright, Hampshire, 360.—Total, 7940.*"

"These are forces," continued Lord Cobham, "on which we can rely, and when they are once in action, we may safely depend on the services of ten times their number. We want a leader who may centre in himself the im-

portance of the cause for which our soldiers are content to risk their lives and fortunes: and who so well qualified as the descendant of the house of Northumberland?"

This was an offer too mighty even for the comprehensive mind of a Percy, and he knew not how to receive it, though coming from a source which could neither flatter nor deceive.

"My lord," replied Edwin, "who so fit as yourself to lead on your legions against oppression and tyranny? I forget my sufferings in the contemplation of yours; and it would ill besem my youth and modesty to deprive your character of so great an honour."

He said this from the sincerity of his heart, and not to challenge obsequious compliment. Edwin Percy would have been content to have perished in the ranks, without any other distinction or reward than an honourable grave; and there might have been as much pride as forbearance in his complaisance. He could not expect to support the dignity of his house in the eye of the world, by that glittering display with which the common people are so easily captivated: his honour was untarnished by adversity, yet the glory of martial achievement remained to be won by his prowess. It was not for him, therefore, to propose the leading of a power, though he identified himself with its purpose. Sir Hugh Martindale, who knew him better, seemed to read the motive for his scruples, and well knowing the policy of the plan proposed by his noble friend, determined to attempt the removal of them.

"Your indigence," he said, addressing his young friend in an affectionate manner, "will plead most powerfully in behalf of the general cause; and the poverty of your resources will prevent the necessity of employing any other argument in our favour. There are none among the people who would wish to be led forth under more favourable auspices, and I cannot help thinking that in objecting to the proposal, you would be receding from the duty which Providence has enjoined on you."

"There is yet, another question," said Edwin Percy, "and that regards military capacity—"

"Which I answer thus—if you retain the same courage which astonished your friends in a boy of twelve years, your advisers can have no apprehensions on that point. But the name of Percy will more effectually serve our interests than either superiority of strength, or martial prowess. The plan of our proceedings has been concerted after mature deliberation, and no transient occurrence can shake the confidence we repose in our allies."

"If there were no other reason for my demur," said Edwin, "I ought not in my person to supersede the claims of more experienced soldiers and friends."

"There are none among us who would not willingly yield in rank and importance to yourself. In short, I do not see one so well qualified to oppose the Earl of Marche."

"The Earl of Marche!" said Edwin, who no sooner heard the title that his heart foreboded terrible suspicions. It was policy in Sir Hugh Martindale to adopt this argument, which though somewhat unintelligible, was sufficiently strong. The desire of signalizing himself in opposition to one, on whom had been lavished his noble fortunes, succeeded the reluctance which he had once confessed. Private regrets, he thought, ought to be sacrificed for the sake of justice: and his personal sufferings were so nearly allied to the public interests, that it was impossible to separate them. Emily Martindale, too, would be

the spectatress of this conflict, and relying upon the justice of his cause, he doubted not the defeat of his enemies would restore to himself his legitimate possessions, and the homage of her affections.

"You are probably not aware," said Lord Cobham, "that the government already begin to suspect our intentions; and from some indiscretion in the country among our followers, have taken some precautionary steps. Here is the copy of a document, in the shape of a cabinet circular, which none of us are able to comprehend."

Edwin Percy, now for the first time, recollected to have seen the original paper in the study of Sir William Ogilvie, although it never occurred to him a specimen of diplomatic chicanery. The characters were singularly diversified, and could not, by any ingenuity, be reconciled to the usual proceedings of the cabinet. The Duke of Egremont who possessed the confidence of the ministry, though he secretly inclined to the views and principles of the reformers, was the only man who had it in his power to unravel the mystery; and to him, as they knew the measure was of importance, Lord Cobham was determined to apply. But he had felt at a loss what messenger to employ on this errand. Edwin Percy no sooner possessed the secret of his desires, than he volunteered his services on the occasion. The duke was stationed at his house in Berkshire, and it was determined to accept the offer of the patriotic youth, and commend the trust to his keeping. The usual haste which characterized Lord Cobham's measures was conspicuous then—he desired Percy to recommend his courage by an immediate journey, and return by the shades of the morrow's night. A hasty repast was prepared, and a richly caparisoned steed stood waiting his commands. Yet he tarried, notwithstanding the dawn of daylight reminded him of his precarious situation. There was something he wished to say before his departure, but the only person in whom he could confide was not present: she had been absent from the moment of his introduction to her father.

The mettle of his steed, administered to the glowing ardour of his contemplations, and even the remembrance of Emily Martindale yielded to the nobler anticipations of renown and glory. What was his astonishment to be crossed in his pursuit by Emily herself, who, at the distance of some mile or two from her father's home, awaited his arrival. She had availed herself of the friendly assistance of her favourite milk-white poney, and, aware of the direction he would take, determined to encounter him when least he expected it.

"You are not surprised at this, noble Percy," she said, "if you remember the waywardness of my youthful fancy, which has never forsaken me. I would fain learn what impression has been made on your mind by foreign scenes and amusements."

"I do indeed remember the time," said Percy, "when happy in your society I neither expected nor guarded against the intrusion of others. Fortune, who cradled my infancy in the ruins of my house, has followed up her persecutions with stern consistency, and I have nothing to hope for from any other principle than revenge."

"And revenge only, I am sure, will never be allowed to actuate the measures of a Percy."

"Consider," said Edwin, "when from the heart is torn every refuge of hope, it has no other object to brood upon than the defeat of its energies. Have they left me one single consolation beyond the independence of mind which as inherent they cannot wrest from me? Have they not deprived the

sapling of its nourishment—the child of its parent and friends—the youth of its prospects? Tell me, Emily, how could I, when young Mortimer, in the splendour of wealth and prosperity, sought your love, oppose his pretensions, though his assiduity tortured my patience, and his success wracked my brain!”

“He had no motive of enmity towards you even then,” replied Emily, “and yet you have consented to oppose yourself to his legions from revenge.”

“Would Emily Martindale, because the inheritor of my fortunes is her lover, hinder me from the attempt at restitution? Must chastisement be withheld from the guilty, because circumstances have gilded his name with friendship or a title?”

“The Earl of Marche,” replied Emily, somewhat moved at the insinuation which this speech implied, “is honourable from principle, and despises even his interest, when it cannot be invited with the rectitude of his principles.”

“Now, by heaven!” cried Percy, with emotion that even startled his companion—“can you so far suffer your partiality to usurp the throne of reason? Is there a man to be found with a truly honourable mind who would at any risk, even that of a monarch’s favour, swell himself into the possessions of another, and that person his professed friend?”

“I will not then impede thy purpose, Edwin Percy,” said Emily: “yet my friendship for thee would fain induce me to persuade thee from this rash enterprize, from which, were there the slightest prospect of aggrandisement, I would not prohibit thee.”

“Thy love for young Mortimer instructs thy tongue thus eloquently, and not thy friendship for a ruined branch of nobility.”

“Whether it be my love or not, it is not my *fear* for his safety” said Emily: “and ’till next we meet, you shall have no other opportunity to misinterpret my motives. Farewell!”

The rapidity of her retreat prevented any expostulation, and Edwin Percy, after a last lingering look, pursued his journey once more in solitude, and without any remarkable adventure, arrived at the seat of the duke of Egremont.

We claim the privilege which has never been denied to the writers of description and narrative, of hasty transition from one scene to another—of anticipating the succeeding career, before the interest of the past be diminished, or its features forgotten. Edwin Percy, on his arrival, was glad to find the proprietor of the house accessible: and heedless of his appearance, worn out with fatigue, and withal, conscious of no very elevated spirits, he demanded an immediate interview on business of the most urgent consequence.

The duke, accustomed to such sudden surprises, was by no means discomposed at the unceremonious appearance of a cavalier. Ignorant of his rank and business, he would no doubt have considered him an agent of the government; but his dress rather inclined him to believe that he held a situation under a foreign government, and came invested with some diplomatic communication.

“My lord duke,” said Edwin Percy, somewhat struck at the nobleman’s imposing countenance, which evinced considerable genius and ability, “though a stranger to your grace, I have been thought worthy of a deputation from — from —.”

“I understand you,” interrupted his grace, “there are none within hearing of whom you may entertain any suspicion. The object of your mission —”

“Concerns yourself alone,” replied Edwin Percy, “if you are really the Duke of Egremont —”

“These are my credentials,” said his grace, smiling at the caution of his

visitor, and pointing to some government despatches on the table. These were evidently the result of recent negotiations, and their import, probably, had hardly been ascertained.

"Well, then, my lord—you will be kind enough to peruse these papers," said Percy, handing him a packet which bore the signature of John Oldcastle.

"This is a little unexpected," said the duke, after perusing the papers, "and may well be supposed to put even a minister a little out of countenance. Is it possible I am addressing the descendant of the house of Northumberland?"

"It is true, my lord," said Edwin, "and but for circumstances which I can never forget, I might have been seen by you now in other guise than this—and my object might have been congratulation instead of intercession."

"Believe me, noble Percy," interrupted the duke, as he embraced the youth with fervent affection, "no man in this realm can sympathize with your sufferings more sincerely than I do: and though, strange as it may seem, I lodge in my house at this moment the young nobleman who is enriched at your expence, I confess myself wedded to the cause your friends so nobly espouse."

"I am bound to you, my lord, for this expression of your feeling heart, which, to speak the truth, I little expected from a member of the British government, although I knew you admired the conduct of Lord Cobham."

"Does his lordship know the extent of his danger?" enquired the duke.

"He knows that the suspicions of the government have been awakened by the movements in Surrey," replied Edwin Percy.

"The Earl of Marche," continued his grace, "is here with instructions from the secretary, and your friends may expect a pretty rough engagement."

"I fear not, my lord—when are we to expect any decision of this affair?"

"The earl brings me word that nothing but immediate opposition can extinguish the turbulence of the faction on the other side of London: and I know that Walsingham here is very mysterious. I hear that the archbishop has ordered twenty thousand troops to march under the command of the Earl of Marche, on Thursday next."

"On Thursday, then, we will be prepared for them—"

"This paper, which defied even the penetration of Emily Martindale, is only the plan of the rout intended to be pursued by the army—a list of their commanders and stations—and the strength of their battalions. Here is a transcript of the whole."

"My lord," said Edwin Percy, "this business requires haste—we have only five days to advise with our friends—permit me now to resume my journey—and when next we meet—"

"May your fortunes be improved," interrupted his grace.

Pursuant to his instructions, Edwin Percy prepared for immediate departure, after an impressive admonition from the duke, who favoured him with a written communication for Lord Cobham, and for whose sympathy he could hardly account. He had scarcely rode the distance of a gun-shot from the noble habitation, when his gaze was attracted by the approach of a mounted cavalier, who rode with surprising ease and celerity, accompanied by a numerous retinue of attendants. A moment had not elapsed before the equestrian reined in his steed, and both he and Edwin Percy dismounted to share a mutual embrace. It was Frederic Mortimer, Earl of Marche. The feelings which prompted this expression of good will were creditable on either side, but it

was momentary. Percy, as he viewed the gaudy trappings of his rival, forgot the claims of an old acquaintance, and felt almost disposed to ask whence this sudden transformation. Nor did the young earl affect any ignorance of his thoughts.

"Marvel not, noble Percy," said he: "if this display does not offend your simplicity, neither shall it exceed my love.

"I may not doubt your professions, Earl of Marche," said Edwin; "yet I was too presumptuous in paying my respects to the man whom the king delighteth to honour."

As he said this, he turned to his steed with a motion to resume his journey: but the earl would have prevented it, by laying his hand familiarly on the arm of his youthful companion: yet he seemed dubious in his address.

"Farewell, Frederic!" rejoined Edwin, as he once more regained his stirrup; "your time is too precious to waste on a man of ruined fortunes. And were it otherwise, the stake on which our hearts are set, and on which my happiness depends, will not allow any compromise or delay."

His last words were hardly uttered, ere his impatient steed bounded through the cavalcade which accompanied the earl, whom he left to ponder in silence on so unexpected a meeting. We take the opportunity to suspend our narration, wishing, for the present, a calm repose to Edwin Percy, after the fatigues of his journey.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES TO MARY.

WHEN first Aurora's light appears
And puts to flight those dreams of years,
So fraught with sorrows, hopes, and fears,
Before I first knew thee, Mary:
I think of thee, thy lovely face,
Thine angel form, and fairy grace.

Again at noon, when Phœbus pours
His radiant beams o'er fields and flow'rs,
I think of those bright sunny hours,
So lately pass'd with thee, Mary!
And fondly hope each hour of thine,
May be as bless'd as then were mine!

When pensive ev'ning throws her veil
Of sadness over hill and dale,
And softly breathes the western gale,
Again I think of thee, Mary!
And sigh as yonder vesper bell,
Recalls our last, our sad farewell.

Bologna, October.

J. B. R.

WHEN THE LORN BOSOM HEAVES WITH SORROW.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

WHEN the lorn bosom heaves with sorrow
 Convulsed by its oppressive care,
 And anguish paints the dreary morrow
 In the dark colours of despair ;
 When dreamy hours for aye are vanished
 Save from mem'ry's unweakened eye,
 And we—like friendless mourners banished
 From bliss once thought too pure to die:
 How sweet to have some arm entwining
 Around us with endearing grace,
 Some piercing eye each thought divining,
 To chase it from its lurking place!

When o'er the senses steals remembrance
 Of cherished friends of other years,
 And Fancy draws their vivid semblance
 In all the mystery of tears—
 When the faint smiles of fleeting pleasure
 With light transmitted reach the soul,
 While the deep thought of rifted treasure
 Appears to overwhelm controul ;
 How sweet to see some fond one wooing
 Our throbbing heart to hers alone:
 By gentle means each tie undoing
 That binds to days for ever flown !

When the soul would fain dissembling,
 Unseen its inward woe conceal,
 And every pulse is but the trembling
 Betrayer, that proclaims it real;
 When all around looks drear and darkling,
 A desert to the pilgrim tired,
 When joy is even but the sparkling
 Of some far light that's near expired—
 There is a calm for every billow,
 One gentle and confiding breast ;
 Ah! who would wish a softer pillow,
 For weariness to find a rest!

THE COMEDY OF LOVE.

"I am resolved, howsoever, *volis, nolis, andacter stadium intrare*, in the Olympics, with those *Æliensian* wrestlers in Philostratus, boldly to shew myself in this common stage, this strange comedy of love, to act several parts, some satirically, some comically, some in a mixt love, as the subject I have in hand gives occasion and present scene shall require, or offer itself."

Here is a charming subject! how rich, how absolutely teeming with all that is beautiful in description, and exquisite in the emotion of feelings! Reader, whether thou be a wrinkled sneerer, a crabbed, morose, censorious, frowning old maid, a sharp-eyed blue stocking, or in the more amiable character of a young, blooming, budding virgin, with inspiring beauty and soul-exciting loveliness—I am sure I shall somewhat interest thee, and where I nod, the subject alone will keep thine eyelids unclosed.

The word *love* ought not to be strangely misapplied, and indecorously treated, as it often is; it is daringly transplanted from Cupid's dictionary, and blasphemously made subservient to monotony, deformity, and the irrational creation. "What a *lovely* house! what a *lovely* walk! what a *lovely* shoe! what a *lovely* pattern!" are often heard rapturously repeated, as if love had any thing to do with these insensible objects. But the most ugly perversion of the word love is, its application to cats and puppies (human, of course, as well as canine,) gabbling parrots and other feathered favourites. What! does not the ardent wooer, who over-night has been whispering to the archly-coy maiden "I love thee," feel it as indignant to himself when he hears the next morning his snuffy grandmother, or the fumbling, squeaking maiden aunt twist her mouth and cry to her brown tabby, as she smooths his dusty back, "Thou dear creature, how I love thee!"—to the nasty shoe-biting little puppy dog, "You sweet *lovely* creature!"—or to her parrot, smoothing its crested head with her fore-finger, "You *lovely* little darling." But for the consolation of all lovers who, like true knights, are anxious for the preservation of love's dignity in *all its branches*, I am delighted to add, that there will speedily be published, by the editor of the *Inspector*, a splendid work for the sole edification, moralization, and infatuation of lovers, to be called "Love's Vocabulary; or, a Dictionary for Wooers." Before I present my definition of love, it will not be inconsistently tedious to introduce what a few of our ancient authors have said of it.

"Love's limits are ample and great; and a spacious walk it hath, beset with thorns, and for that cause not likely to be passed over." Part of this definition is amiably true, and for the other prickly part, I vote that Mr. Cardan be duly censured by all ladies during the honey-moon. Leon Hebreus, the most diffuse writer on the subject of love, thus defines it: *Love is a voluntary affection and desire to enjoy that which is good*; This is decent and tolerably gallant, so let him pass. "It is worth the labour" saith Plotinus, "to well consider love, whether it be a god or a devil, a passion of the mind or partly god, partly devil, partly passion." When fettered with love's chains, where is the surly one who ever thought of looking round him, to see whether a god or a devil was binding him! I am inclined to think that a lover would meet with a frown of disdain from his mistress' eyebrow, were he to presume

to tell her there was a devil in her eye. And yet it is usual for lovers, when expressing admiration for their courted beauty, to remark "She is a *devilish* pretty girl, a *devilish* fine figure." Thus, after all, there may be *some* truth in Plotinus' definition. But I believe, since Moore has published his amorous airs, &c. the ladies have determined that love is a god; therefore if this god hath any *devilish* matter in him, he is deliciously artful in concealing it. Plato, in a hot rage, calls love the *great* devil, for its vehemency and sovereignty over all other passions, and defines it an appetite *by which we desire some good to be present*. Verily, Plato, for this piece of ungallantry, I will not now exclaim with thy admirer, Cicero, "*errare mehercule malo cum Platone quam cum istis vera sentire*—" I would rather err with Plato, than think right with Thomas Moore and Byron. I do not wish sacrilegiously to slander Plato, since he has long ago left the quiet shades of Academus for the gloomy recess of Creus; but really, I suspect that when he called love a great devil, he had been jilted in some intrigue: he was, it must be remembered, a pupil of Socrates, and all know that he asserted himself, that he was accompanied by a *demoniacal* conductor; perhaps he managed to impart some of his influence to his illustrious pupil.

Ficinus makes a complimentary addition to Plato's definition: 'love is a desire of enjoying that which is good and fair.' Austin is more dilate. The heart's delectation for something which we wish to win, or joy to have, coveting by desire, resting in joy. And lastly, scrupulous Scaliger will have love to be "an affection by which we are united to the thing we love, or perpetuate our union." After these citations, it is with modest humility, that I dare express my opinion of love; which I consider to be, admiration mingled with passion for conceived beauty; which Plato says, is grace in all things, delighting in the eyes, ears, and soul itself. It will be seen, that I do not think it possible for love, in its fervid reality, to exist without passion; also, that this passion can only be excited by some object, which the lover's imagination conceives to be beautiful. Whether, what appears deformity to one eye, does not appear the perfection of beauty to another, is an interesting question which we must treat of now. Of this, let all engaging, soft, delectable damsels be assured, that they will never fail to gain admiring love from the male sex; and so little do I fear the snarls of the plain, wrinkled, and dislocated;—so tender am I, that they should not listen to the whispers of vanity, and hopes never to be realized, I at once inform them, that no *colouring* art will impart to faded cheeks the glow of evanescent youth. No *patchwork* will, for any length of time, successfully supply charms which niggard nature has denied them. Ugliness, if not deemed a curse to a female, certainly torments her, as we may suppose the frogs did the Egyptians, when winding their slimy bodies among their garments and provisions. It is as teasing to them as water dropping ticklingly on a bald head, and tends to annihilate the delicious sensibilities of passionate fondness, rendering them often suspicious, fretful, arrogant, and vain. It will not, I imagine, be denied, that ugly women are in general the vainest: their vanity arises from deficiency not so much altogether of intellect as of those persuasive charms so bewitching and domineering over men's bosoms. They are conscious they are exteriorly inferior to many of their sex around them; they are compelled often to form a disadvantageous contrast; they are sensible that great exertions are to be made in order to attract, and for this they will at times be solemn and demure, at others, learned, caustic, and tacitly beseeching; but, most of all, they will

become vain, outrageously vain, and really endeavour to force on themselves an admirer *nolens, volens*. But, for charity's sake, for the honour of the true Lotharian spirit, I would remark, that ugliness in women always appears more repulsive, when betraying an insolent consciousness of their being what they are not—beautiful.

“What a wretch this fellow is,” says an ugly woman after perusing these remarks: “does he mean to assert that ugliness is a crime, that want of beauty is want of every attraction in the woman?” Gently, my sweet lady! if you have not beauty, you certainly do not possess what has shaken empires, and occasioned bloody duels; but you may yet be endured—yes, it is even possible, very possible, that you may have an admirer, if not a lover—yes, I will mercifully add, (that you may not go into hysterics,) by an unchanging, passive, endearing deportment, you may obtain a husband, but it will be a Platonic one.

Ugly women should endeavour to be *admired* more than *loved*: they should let the beauties of intellect, taste, amiability of disposition, and tact of being agreeable, supply what is wanted in the graces of the person. They will then be amiable, though not lovely; now and then engaging, though not bewitching. Above all, let them not condescend to be snarlers at the beauty of other females; this is horridly disgusting, protuberously, rankly to be despised. It is envy without its usual concomitant, partial merit; unwomanly nauseousness, abhorrent to all of liberal feelings. The last piece of advice I would give to ugly women is, they should be extremely careful not to have ugly tempers as well as ugly features. Oh! for a hook-nosed, pert, contemptuous, pock-marked, jarring scold, to frighten, sour, and pervert! I really am apprehensive, that were an ugly old scold to enter the room now, I should positively fly from my chair, and leave my valuable manuscript behind me! Only fancy, reader, what a tormenting, unsufferable being, a frowning ugly woman is! There sits one, with crossed legs, in yonder arm chair, perched on a cushion! Mark her snappish lips, how they pout in sulky jealousy and unamiable glow! Her eyes obliquely turned, and superciliously disagreeable in their glances! There is a ghostly victorious sort of smile trembling over her features, which, aided by an angry frown on her brow, and the sickly hue of a pallid face, a little distorted by the working of passions, which makes her appear as satanical as a niggling, meddling prude, can possibly be. Who is brave enough to approach and attempt to pacify the unpleasant creature? I am not, and will therefore instantly leave her to her miserable solitude.

I am aware that I have already infused much digressional matter into this paper, but I am equally certain none but ugly women will censure me, while there will be many rosy-curved lips gently parted in a playful smile, on reading out loud what I have here advanced. Beauty is well displayed, when contrasted with deformity, and for this reason I deemed it proper to make a few remarks on ugliness, to pave the way for its opponent—beauty.

Of beauty, I am certainly a most luxuriant admirer. I blush not to say so; men of the most commanding powers have been slaves to its melting influence, and what hinders me from confessing myself its lover? If it were reasonable to estimate the value of beauty, from its operations on all hearts, we might be profligate enough to assert, that it is almost one of a woman's chief qualifications. Acquired perfections in the female have undeniably their attractions; but what are these, when opposed to sparkling eyes and beauteous cheeks, where the lilies and roses grow into each other in all the blending luxury of

nature's sympathy! Were it also on weak minds alone, that beauty exercises her magic, we might with justice laugh at its gaudiness; but it is not so. The learned and the ignorant, the refined and the uncivilized, all submit to the thralldom of beauty. Ask a very learned gentleman whether he will accompany you to a ball, where there will be present an excessively talented but ugly woman; or to another ball, where there will be a sweet creature of heaven's own moulding, and you will hear him reply in this probable answer: "My dear sir, my curiosity would certainly be greatly satisfied in beholding the woman of genius; but, 'pon my soul, when there is beauty in the case, you know the thing is different—I am for the beauty!"

Perhaps some will consider me but a shallow metaphysician, for dividing love into two kinds, ideal and actual. In the former case, it is excited by description; in the latter, by the real presence of the object. Kornmannus, I am aware, in his treatise *De linea amoris*, discovers five degrees of love, "*Visus, Colloquium, Convictus, Oscula, Tactus*;" sight, conversation, a tête-a-tête, a kiss, a touch; but these may all be summed up as giving birth to *actual* love. A curious question presents itself here, whether is love, when warmed by a relation, or stirred up by ocular enjoyment, the most violent? Imagination, in the one case, has truly the most delightful play; and from its luxuriant capabilities, will verify the picture description has presented them. But, on the other side, the presence of beauty clothes itself in all the soft allurements, and not only forces the imagination to be fervid, but vitally attacks the senses. At any rate, it will not be denied that ideal love can exist, and I will only appeal to the youthful reader, just verging into manly age, if he has not sighed with all the languishment of love, for the presence of some beauty his acquaintances may have pictured to him.

But to come to actual love, with which we are at present chiefly concerned: how silent, yet how effective; how delicious, yet how teasing; how ennobling, yet how enslaving, is it from its commencement to its consummation! We are now in the most engaging part of our subject, and only regret our inability to muster up language sufficiently energetic to express our feelings, but we have entered the lists, and will steadily persevere.

The eye is the inlet of love,

"Oculi sunt in amore duces."

The eyes are harbingers of love.

There is a dumb eloquence, the unheard speech of feeling, an inexpressible, a complicated meaning, in the different glances which shoot from it. And, I cannot but conceive, that there is a mysterious connection between the eye and the soul. I never yet failed to construe the thoughts from the eye. Speech may be bent to the molliency of flattery, the tongue may forge what the heart contradicts, but seldom, very seldom is it, that the eye does not betray the inmost feeling true. There is more meaning in one glance of the eye, than in a stream of brilliant eloquence. The eye may be termed a mirror, on which is reflected all the contortions of thought, all the workings of passion. It is an unthinking and mischievous babbler, often telling very naughty tales. Therefore, ye women of undimmed vision! beware how you employ your ocular privileges. Remember, that rolling glassy ball, turning in its swimming sparkling loveliness, beneath your wavy eye-lash, has more wonderful properties than you *always* recollect. Do not be so innocent as to imagine, that we of the grosser sex understand not the language of the eyes—the most cul-

tivated of all tongues, and has flourished since Adam and gentle mother Eve mingled their looks together. I am of opinion, that women's eyes are most generally, when in the full flow of radiance, more expressive than man's; and this may be reasonably accounted for, when we reflect that the supposed modesty pertaining to their sex, forbids them to utter what the eye silently, though effectually reveals. A woman will love a man, aye, and make him know it, (unless he is some unaccountable anomaly) long before she will tell him so. It is here, the pretty creatures, women are so tantalizing: they show you by a look, that their heart is almost melting in their very eyes; and yet they contrive to make him, who would attempt to discover his sympathy, tremulous with solicitude: after all, it can hardly be wished, it were not so, because on further consideration, I find they must suffer from their supposed concealment of affection, as much as the men do from the fear of offending, by confessing it.

A beautiful face never fails to have its admirers. Little does the fair possessor think how many dreamy hopes flush the bosoms of many who gaze unperceived on it; women, it is admitted, are outrageously vain, and most of them dress for conquest. At a ball, for instance, there are few *single* (this for charity's sake) ladies who are not assembled there partly with a wish to attract admiration by the display of charms at this time exhibited in all the splendour they can throw around them; but they sometimes, amid the flirting variety, disregard him whose soul is too much affected for courteousness and flippant compliment, to make known his passion. Here of course much depends upon the disposition and other circumstances. If the admirer of a famed beauty be of a melancholy misgiving temperament of mind, his very admiration will often increase his timidity, and repulse him when he makes a feeble attempt to approach the idol of his imagination; he will skulk away unperceived to some corner of the room; and there, retired behind some clustering group of busy prattlers, he will enjoy a distant look, almost trembling as he gazes. Unmolested quiet, however, in a ball room is not to be expected, neither ought it to be allowed. Some wayward little teaser then, perhaps, aware before hand of his nervousness, and dread of becoming an object of attention, boldly calls him by name, and summons him to a quadrille. Having been very taciturn and by no means conspicuous before, at the sound of his name, he has a whole galaxy of eyes to confront in his passage from his retired corner to the quadrille. His timidity is now increased, and though his admired beauty is perhaps unprovided with a partner, although she is standing close by him, he has not courage to address her; he will walk awkwardly by her, nor open his mouth. During the dance, how is such a miserable, harmless, thing, to be pitied. There he stands opposite to the charmer, she gazing on him perhaps with little concern, more probably with contempt, should his sombreness have given his features a stupid cast. There is a very arduous step in one of the quadrilles, when the gentleman has to advance singly: this is so very trying that even those who have never feared a woman, move with some *maladresse*. What then is the situation of the victim of timid admiration! He is certain to commit a fault: treads on a lady's toe, entangles his hand in her pocket-hole,* twists her arm, or to complete his misery, he slips and falls to the ground in front of his fair one, amid laughter and jeers!!

* *Tropes mutaster* / ladies now carry their pockets on their arms, instead of hanging them on their sides.

It would require little inventive skill to adduce instances where beauty is unconscious of its ruinous operations on a timid heart, but it is unnecessary. Every day presents us with too many scenes where it *visibly* bewilders, for us to resort to more uncommon ones. We have so often and necessarily, in this subject, spoken of a beautiful woman, that it will not be digressional for me to describe what I consider to be a beautiful woman: I shall also give my idea of an amiable temper, and other gentle qualities, which should be superlatively found in a woman—not that beauty does not subsist without them, but because it is heightened by them.

A beautiful woman differs wonderfully from a fine woman: where there is prettiness in the one, there is showiness in the other. For myself, I could never love a fine woman. I might, as with a learned one, entertain admiration for her, but no impassioned feelings. In a fine woman, there is generally too much of the masculine *hauteur*, and independent stateliness. Give me the alluring softness, the pliant, meek, though not spiritless creature, who seems to hang on your very soul for existence. It is of late, fashionable to bestow much praise on an expressive face, without mentioning what feelings are expressed there. Surely, this is much to be considered in the estimate: a man's face, in order to be handsome, should express every passion that may swell his bosom. For love, the glowing play of the whole countenance; for hatred, the sullen coldness of the blanched cheek; for anger or rage, the high bearing brow, the quivering lip, and opening nostril; and for anxiety, compassion and reflection, each feature should be so nicely and prominently arranged, that to look on, they may almost seem to speak a language; but in a female's face, the features should have more passiveness, tenderness, and sweet pensiveness spread over them; above all, there must be nothing abrupt, coarse, or too intrusive. All, where beauty is, must be refined and delicate, without being monotonously placid; lively, sportive, and agreeable, without being exuberantly so. I know many consider beauty to be, where there is only plainness; they like to see faces like the polished covers of saucepans, with plenty of sheen, but unrelieved by any pleasing deviation from its smooth superficies. For me to call a face beautiful (and no woman is beautiful without this *treasure*) I must be able at all times to see feeling in it, and when the passions are excited, let them work there with sufficient energy to be moving without being the least disgusting. Hope, fear, pity, and love should be the predominant feelings reigning over the expression of the face. In a moment, at the least pulse of instigation, how delightful to see the tremor of solicitous fear chasing the roses there! and when pity, which should be inseparable from sweet woman, alarms her heart, how delicious to mark the sparkling eye, with its pearly ball, trembling under the silky eye-lash, while the lips are so parted as if they would breathe happiness on the object before them. With regard to the shape of the features, the difference of tastes renders it almost dangerous to be very pertinent here. To strike upon the senses with the effect of beauty, each should have its appropriate modification, and appear so gracefully disposed, that we can fancy no addition capable of imparting more sweetness and delicacy to the assemblage. The eye will visibly affect the impression of all the other features; the colour will be more beautiful in proportion to its brilliancy, and from its orb, rays like those darted from the glowing sun, will shed around their beamy light. For myself, I am partial to a blue rolling eye, not of the deepest hue, and of such a size, that, however employed, whether in glancing at woe, or sparkling merrily

with glee, there shall be nothing *wickedly* vivid in its appearance: the eyes of a beautiful woman are also much influenced in their expressiveness by the eyebrows crowning them. In a fine majestic visage, they are strongly marked, dark, and wavy; but in the countenance that has beauty, they should be tender streaks of silky texture, arching over the forehead in a graceful curve, as if the painter's finest touch had laid them there. The nose and mouth are next to be noticed, and both of these must have a certain proportion to each other. The nostrils, where the lips are inclined to pout, should be expressive and opened, that these may not look indelicately swollen. As for the mouth, precious receptacle of balmy kisses! made sacred by the sighs which often breathe from it—it must have lips sweetly turned, and be small without being triflingly so. The mouth is the prettiest feature in a beautiful face. I would at any time employ an hour in gazing on the cherry lips so affectionately in unison with smiles wantoning round them, while their ruby hue forms a delicious contrast with the snowy row of teeth seen occasionally through them. I need hardly remark, that a beautiful woman should be a fair woman; by a fair skin I mean not a sickly, pale, and moist one, without any soft gloss about it; but one warmed, as it were, with the sunshine of health, of polished texture, where the dainty whiteness is here and there relieved by a shade of vermillion, softly blending over the cheeks; these must be rotund, hanging like juice-teeming peaches on the boughs, replete with richness and healthfulness. I had nearly omitted to mention the hair, which whether of brilliant blackness or auburn colour, will most adorn the whole form, when unaffectedly disposed in elegant carelessness; let the crisped ringlets sport freely over the open brow in tasteful conformity. The last we shall mention in the bodily attributes of my beautiful woman, is the shape and figure: the former which relates to the limbs individually, I cannot touch upon for conspicuous reasons; the latter, which relates to the appearance of the person complete, is an allowable subject for discussion. A beautiful figure, then, will not in the first place be a tall one: however well proportioned, a lofty woman alway seems disagreeable and overgrown; the most pleasing height for a woman, will be found to be between five feet two inches and five feet five; beyond this a figure is unseemly. The *contour* of the figure must be gracefully slender, and every limb proportioned, well turned, and moved with easy negligence. The bust ought to be full, freely, and modestly supported, while the unconscious swell of the heaving bosom elevates and enlivens the whole. When all these perfections are united, (and they often are,) when each movement, each step, each turn bewitches and commands love, is not beauty here? When in simplicity and spotless innocence, the blandid possessor of these charms,

—“With coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay”

loves and breathes her vows, then beauty is most divine!

I must be brief as possible in describing the mental qualities which *beautify* the most *beautiful* personal ones, or I shall not have room to depict the pleasures of courtship, or the delights of being in love.

Although modest and retiring gentleness are ever amiable in the female, it is possible that these may be carried to unfeeling superciliousness and cold recklessness; let her be gay, lively, and active, innocently joyous at reasonable times: not affectedly shy, nor one who would think her lips profaned by a billing kiss. A woman should possess a sympathizing heart: there are few more charming overweening attributes of the human mind, than kind and

genuine sympathy. What more delightful than to hear her give sigh for sigh, to smile when you are happy, and weep when you are disconsolate? On the other side, there is nothing so repulsive to a man of mind and philosophical discernment, as to see in the woman he would devotedly love, an heartless insensibility, speciously termed politeness—a substitute too often for all that is unamiable. A sympathetic heart will betray itself to the one it beats for, in innumerable ways, undiscerned by the disinterested. Its softer energies are awakened at every fond call: they will even operate sometimes ere the lover himself feels their want.

Before marriage, you cannot be too attentive in your observance of the lady's temper. Choose one capable of being ruffled, though not on the most trivial obstacles and oppositions. While you admire placidity and submissiveness in the disposition, you will detest the drawing, milky, inconvertible *thing*, who has little soul for excitement, or judgment to refer to; such a one is a mere insensate, who, though she never offends, will seldom delight. It is possible for an amiable woman to be a proud one. By a proud woman, let me not be misconceived: I mean not that pride which is built on conceited pretensions to real or imaginary superlativeness over others, either in fortune, rank, or acquirements. The pride most decorous to a woman is, a proper estimate of her own rights, with a determination to express resentment when they are unjustly violated. To me it is a delightful sight, to mark the spirited and commanding way, in which the nobly-proud woman will express her disapprobation of any indignity intended or endured. A wife, who resents her husband's contumely, neglect, or dissipation, only proves her love to him, as well as a regard for herself. Vivacious, sensitive, and lofty-minded females, ought always to be preferred to those spiritless lumps, who will crouch to innovation, and submit to affront.

Learned women are extolled as models of excellence, and subjects for the admiration of men. But among females, in general, learning should be confined chiefly to professional ones and old maids. The former are, with some limits, compelled to be so; the latter become so to dissipate *ennui*, and relieve the monotony of their unsocial life. I confess I prefer the society of a pretty, unaffected, simply-educated woman, to that of the learned one. A female's education, for the most part, should be confined to a pleasant knowledge of her own language and a foreign one, with a moderate skill in the most agreeable feminine acquirements. She has no need to meddle with the cavils of criticism, nor be a dabbler in metaphysics, nor a flimsy sophist in philosophy.* Learned women are too fond of adding to their literary accomplishments others of a more fastidious and nauseous kind—prudishness, conceit, and absurd arrogance. It is remarkable, that most of our celebrated literary characters have married beautiful, but not learned women; some will say they have done this to procure flatterers of their own formation, but it is more reasonable to think they preferred the artlessness, the graceful simplicity, and unsuspecting fondness of a charming wife, to the deepest and most admired literary attainments. Were I a married man (and I *mean* to be one,) I should be quite disgusted with a bookish wife. After returning from the tedium of a weary and studious investigation, it is very unsocial to enter your drawing-room, that ought to be the bosom of domestic comfort, and find your wife poring 'over Metastasio, criticising Reade, or balancing the opinions of the wise, instead of attending to

* A wife's best philosophy is, the art of loving her husband as much after as before marriage.

the more winning and affectionate duties of householdship; digesting the last new Philosophical Treatise, instead of infusing that refreshing beverage, Souchong.

Virtuous love is the most ennobling of feelings; it exalts human nature, by making it sensible of its finer movements; it mollifies the harsh energies of the soul, corrects the despondency of the melancholy, and throws an inexplicable shade of beautiful endearment over every thing around; it is at once the perfection of mortal bliss, to love and be loved. I envy the felicity of that man who is paying the courtship of love to a female, such as the one depicted above, beautiful in mind and in person. The power which love exercises, not only over the feelings, but the actions, is truly astonishing, and somewhat mysterious, when the estimate is nicely made. From the blest hour the lover breathes from his languid lips, his soft tale of love's tyranny, to the gentle mistress of his affections, until courtship be consummated by matrimony, he has happiness for his lot, in defiance to the destructive combats of woe and disappointment. If he be distressed, he has a pillow for his weary head to rest on; if despised and neglected by an ungrateful world, he has a purer world to retreat to—one of his own, where he may receive condolence and aid, where scorn, will not frown when he depletes, or a dry eye be seen when his own are watered with tears of grief. When prospects are clouded by the dark shadows of anguish, and the world seems in a moment of wretched forgetfulness, like a barren desert, what bliss in the thought, that there is one being who will sympathize with our sorrow, and cheer us with the tenderest affection! When those we set up as idols in the temple of friendship and esteem, shall basely desert the post of honour and integrity, is it not happiness to have one who looks fondly as ever on our fortune, and loves with a purity and warmth unknown to the most sacred friendships? I lay a stress here, as I am sure the sympathy which exists between two souls mutually enamoured, is the most fruitful source of their happiness. There is a thread in their existence which, though invisible to the eye, is felt in the unison it creates. Banish me to the sandy deserts of Lybia, expel me to the dreary mountains of savage countries; but let me be sensible that I leave *one* behind me who will think on me in my absence, cherish my memory, ruminate on the blissful obligation which alternately unites our destinies, and I will brave the miseries of such inhospitable exile with a portion of stoicism unfelt by the solitary child of woe, who is not conscious of having one sincere soul in existence that would heave a sigh for his misfortunes, or rejoice at his happiness. That love, when flaming fervidly from the heart, stirs up fortitude and a contempt for what otherwise would seem almost insurmountable, admits not of denial, if the experience of ages be an ample testimony.* When a man has fallen in love, (the allowed, though indefinite expression,) there is a complete renovation in his system. Unfold the records of the chivalrous times, and see what magna-

* I am told that there is such a creature in existence as a woman-hater, *alias*, a man-brute; I would however, presume to caution this phenomenon in the human kind, that he may, after standing the test of many years, at last be a renegade, and become the weakest victim of passionate love. Prodomius relates an anecdote very much to the purpose: An old physician, named Stratocles, who was bleared, professed to be a most violent woman-hater, a severe persecutor of the whole sex; he mocked and reviled women wherever he came and foreswore them. Yet this rascally old dotard, was entrapped at last, with the looks of the beautiful Myrilla, the little smirking daughter of the gardiner Anticles; to render himself agreeable he sought his glass, adjusted his hair, shaved his Jewish beard, wore a laurel wreath to cover his bald pate, and became furiously loving, so much so, (excuse the translation) "ut solis occasum minus expectare posset, omnibus insalutatis in thalamum festinus irrupit;" think on this ye women-haters!

nimity, what splendid deeds has love performed amidst all the vagaries and delusions of passion, carried to the loftiest pitch of romance. But not to refer to extraordinary scenes, let us come home to domestic life, and we shall observe; that love's operations, though frequently mischievous, are more frequently the excitors of laudable ambition and strenuous efforts for success. A virtuous woman, when beloved, has an opportunity of rendering her lover equally so, should he be inclined to dissipation and impiety. The power she can command over his actions, may be nobly employed, not always in luring him to praise her charms, and extol her perfections. Her endearing call may win him from the voluptuousness of vice, and the giddy engagements of folly, to the paths of prudence and wisdom—from the pestiferous haunts of the gaming-house to the hallowed fane of the deity: in one word, her love, if skillfully exerted, may, in time, correct lawless passion, ennoble his degraded mind, and bring him to her bosom, the prodigal reclaimed. The sceptic and the iron-hearted may condemn this picture as over drawn, and merely a specious representation of an improbability—let him do so; most likely he, in this case, has never felt love, so let him restrain his verdict.

The pleasures of lovers exceed those of other men, both in quantity and quality: though often the mere bliss of passing emotions in the mind, their transient nature does not deprive them of their value. In them, Imagination freely and delightfully exerts her fairy sway, and without alluding to any thing sensual, they have the most refined imaginative delights. The memory of the past gives birth to pleasing images of the future; and thus, the soul may be said, in these moments of contemplation, to be lapped in speechless delight. After a conversation, a country walk, with those we love, how fondly does the various incidents which marked our interview cling to remembrance during the remainder of that day. We enliven, and cheat absence of its poignancy, by a warm recollection of endearing looks, dallient language, and the unbosoming of the thoughts. Not a look, a word, or a balmy sigh is unremembered. Love not only enriches the source of pleasure, but renders even trouble and perilous actions agreeable. To love's thralthom, the noblest of men have submitted, and this will be 'till time shall be no more. At love's command the sluggard will cease to be one, and soon as the day-god emerges from the reddening east, he will rise from the drowsy couch, and face the cool matin breeze to enjoy a recontre; the tyranny of habit is corrected by the stronger one of love. The power of love, too, is amplified daily, where it exists in all the glow of purity and constancy. In fine, there is no wish the lover would not strive to satisfy, no mortification he would not endure, and few denials he would not cheerfully relinquish, when the possessor of his heart is to be served—nay, in this case, the love of another will sometimes triumph over self-love itself: supposed by those whose morbid feelings would reduce every deed to this origin, to be the ruling passion.

In the midst of this charming representation, justice to my subject compels me to say something of that disease that attends the despondent, and now and then, even the accepted lover—love-melancholy, a choice subject for the poet's satire, and the jeerer's ridicule. I am one of those who would seek for a rose on every thorn; something of a delectable nature in every sorrow. Had I an opportunity of completely analyzing love-melancholy, I should not despair of tracing out something grateful for its keenest pangs, amid the most desolate of love's victim. But he whose love meets with a full return of passionate fondness, I am certain loves more, as dangers and interruptions

increase; it being granted before-hand, that his love is not the whim of bare fancy, but the settled predominant feeling of his bosom. This will not appear very mysterious, when it is remembered, that we commonly value that object most, which we have toiled most to obtain. There is, in this, a great degree of what the unloving denominate romance; but wit is not the grand remover of truth, or nominal ridicule the destroyer of that which really exists. On the principal here laid down, that true love increases its energies, as obstructions multiply, that heroic conduct, that noble spirit of honour unconnected with degrading selfishness, may be explained. There is an imagined glory in combating what is only invincible while unresisted, and in the hope of one day triumphing over every hostility, that for the present impedes, though not deprives him the of possession of the being most cherished by him on earth. Should inequality of rank be considered, by the lady's friends, as a warrantable objection to his future union, he is more active than ever in repairing this supposed disadvantage, by constant and unwearied attention to his particular pursuits. If thwarted by the unkind interference of her cold and calculating relatives, who make their regard for her, the specious excuse for the furtherance of their own avaricious views, he is gratified by the display of her constancy and his own independence. In short, obstacles discover real love: they are only incentives to the exercise of prudence, firmness, and integrity; to apply a metaphor, the toil of the combat enhances the value of the prize—that conqueror will be the proudest who has met with the greatest competition.

Sentimentalists, who peruse the tales and romances of chivalrous ages, wish that they might again return, and realize those romantic and faithful attachments they read of with delight, and sometimes heave a regretful sigh, that they were not participators in them. Alas! such proofs of interminable affection, such zealous, sincere, and soul-endearing attachments, which so often characterized the days of chivalry, will continue to be admired without being imitated. It must be granted, that people are now growing too wise to follow the steps of their romantic forefathers; not like them, do they condescend to sacrifice interest, and even life for the sake of love; they are, by far, too sapiently refined to permit such weaknesses to affect them. But, would it tarnish the glories of the proud artificial moderns, if they were to reject a great part of their demeaning selfishness and plotting efforts, concealed under the professions of love? Would they be less sensible because less avaricious? Less admirable because more truly valourous? or, less refined because more ingenuous?*

I think there is a song floating about the musical world, with a line, containing a very severe stricture on love, as it is called in these times, so much to be envied by successive generations,

"There's nothing like love;"

that is, such love, as the miserable and depraved hacks of fashion, those miserable underlings, milder genus of panders, patronize and encourage.

* Love is a misnomer so often that it is requisite to unmask a few of its meanings. Dotardship, in all its stupid simplicity, is love. *Matches*, (sulphurous, sometimes epithetically understood,) in which greedy friends try to pamper their own desires by blasting their children's love; dancing with a lady, and whispering in her ear is—love! moonlight encounters are—love! visiting the same lady three times in the same day is—love! sed ohe! jam satia!!

At the risk of being reviled as a slanderer, and asserter of corruptions which do not exist, I declare that never was virtuous love, so rarely seen than in these times—mournful heralds of future and more extensive dissoluteness. Love, like religion, makes most people exceedingly loquacious. They will declaim with rapturous energies on love, “pure, chaste, and dignified love”—they will tell you, that “it is degrading to marry for mere mercenary motives;” but mark these hypocrites; like foxes prowling round the farm yard to steal game, they prowl skulkingly, and seemingly very honourably, round the mansions of a rich heiress, or a tottering, debilitated skeleton, called in the language of *ton*, a *young old lady*, to steal their game, which is the well-filled coffers. Could we peruse the doleful chronicle of half the *fashionable* families of the day, what a lamentable perusal should we enjoy: youth, innocence, and beauty sacrificed, where it should have been cherished; peevish old fellows coupled to brisk and frisky maids; matches schemed by money-calculating principles, cursed by mutual detestation, coldness, and apathy!

I should like exceedingly to devote a sheet of the Inspector in animadverting on the conduct of ambitious and unfeeling mothers who disregards all that is truly delicate,* and with the shameless excuse of tender prudery and “a parental regard for their offspring’s happiness,” educate their daughters solely for advantageous display, which is to consummate in their obtainment of “a capital match!” To follow up the mummeries, chicaneries, artifices, and corruptive arts which attend the beautiful girl, from the age of six years to a blushing eighteen, would be incongruous here. Suffice it to say (and I could adduce facts to substantiate mere asseverations,) that the principal lesson taught them is, the necessity of marrying well; a very mysterious and complicated expression, when truly translated; meaning, she is to *sell* her affections to the most liberal purchaser, and call her exposition of her bale of charms by the soft appellative, love. To marry well, they dance gracefully, play divinely, and flirt abominably. The art of “bringing out” as these shameless mothers term their unfeeling conduct, is daily making alarming approaches to perfection. Like horse dealers who order their nags to be trotted out, to shew their purchaser’s approval, they teach them to practice every artful allurements which is likely to cozen a wealthy suitor into admiration of charms, which are, in fact, almost as saleable as those of the common courtesan. Without being censured, as unfairly acrimonious, we may say, that we have our women marts, where goods of different value are exposed with a great deal of specious ceremony for sale. That a mother should be anxious for her child to marry advantageously, is not at all culpable; the purest affection will dictate this desire. But when we find that her sole aim in educating the child is, for ever to buzz in her ear, the propriety of her making “a good match” and uniting herself to a man of fortune, without caring to imbue so youthful and pliant a mind with a deep respect for virtuous love, as well as advantageous, it is time for Censure to show herself. Few marriages have sincere affection for their basis, and this will ever be so, while sordid interest overwhelms every purer consideration. Fronting the danger of being jeered at as the mawkish child of over-simple tenderness, I will maintain, that marriages where love, in all its pristine purity is not the predominant instigation, are maledicted

* Delicate, indelicate, delicacy, &c.—for their different meaning see “Love’s Vocabulary.”

by the want of it; and those soul-stinted and ignoble flatterers, match-contrivers, &c. who are the principal parties in the completion of such marriages, deserve the most indignant contempt of the amiable and generous hearted.

Incongruity has always something repulsive connected with it: the eye seems unwilling to look on the vivid contrasts of disparity, and the wild uncouthness of things imperfectly united or forcibly assimilated, which are absolutely different in every rational attribute. Apply this remark to those unions, in which a maid of twenty, buoyant with all the spirited appurtenances of youth, possessed of the finest sensibility, passionate and lovely, is compelled by the cruel machinations of her doating friends to throw herself into the arms of the grey victim of threescore ten; to *marry* the nauseous unsightly creature, live with him, sleep with him, sing to him, and in the silent depth of her own heart detest him.* If this be not avarice in its most tantalizing garb, if it be not the summit of refined insensibility to all the softer qualities of our nature, avarice and insensibility are imaginary imperfections. Besides the disparity of age, there is decency neglected here. What has the old dotard with weakened legs, and bending back, with furrowed brow, moistened eye, toothless and bald, croaking, fretful, and rheumatic, to do with a girl of eighteen or twenty for his spouse? Is it a time for him to wish to toy with the dallying fondness of so brisk a being, when the nerve of manhood, the vigour of body and mind, have all departed from him?—better, far more decorous to his hoary locks, were he to look home, and consider what monitors are hourly telling him of the vanities of this life—of the necessity of preparing for its eventful close! Old age, from the good and wise, will ever receive the compliment of honourable respect, so long as it possesses, in its own integrity and venerableness, an intrinsic title to command it. But when the experience of a long life shall have only added to its depravity, and each successive year presents a greater partiality for the absurdities and vices of wayward youth, “the rottenness of eighty years,” though “embalmed in gold,” is bereft of every charm that dignifies and ennobles it.

It would be arduous to determine which is the more culpable—the avarice of the parent that bestows the daughter to the mock endearments of the grey-headed rake, or the base cajoler himself, that plucks from its proper sphere, so fair a flower. It happens, *sometimes*, that the lady herself, being poisoned by the principles of avarice, is rejoiced to be united to a man that quadruples her age. When this is the case, she does not *love him*, but *his money*—she marries dim to day, and would be delighted to put on mourning for him a week afterwards. The reverse of this, however, generally takes place: the crafty mother waits patiently, until chance enables her to pick out some affluent old man, who has no relations to leave his property to, and whose constitution is evidently on the decline, (evinced by groans, spittings, coughing, &c.) and lays her mazy net accordingly. She contrives to invite him to her house, and with pretended *nonchalance*, speaks of her daughter's beauty and accomplishments. By and bye, miss herself appears, arrayed in such a manner, that nothing but modesty is omitted among her charms, and before the evening closes, she

* It was proposed by some friends the other day, that our new member for Bath, ‘*atavis edite regibus*,’ should endeavour to win the favour of the *young* of both sexes, by presenting a petition to the House of Commons, praying that all youthful damsels compelled to be married to old fellows, above a certain age, may have the privilege of killing their “gouty husbands, *when they are tired of them!*”

makes a complete conquest of his heart, (if he can be said to have any,) although she is untouched by one affectionate feeling, perhaps even disgusted with the part she must play, or be punished by her mother for her omission. A few weeks glide by, and report has a mouthful of wondrous news to relate: "Miss N., only one-and-twenty, has married old Mr. O. P. Q.!!" Observe the consequences of such a discrepant union: it generally happens, as a revenge for this patronized genteel kind of prostitution, that the old man dwindles on longer than was expected; and his young wife has to submit to the penalty of tying on his night-cap, rubbing down his benumbed limbs, putting him to bed, and feeding him with broth, for the remainder of his existence. When he at last obliges her by dying, and the base reward comes, her health, her happiness, and spirits are corrupted, and the money obtained by the most debased selfishness of the mother, fails to prove a blessing to the daughter.

The manner in which the tender offices of love are performed, will best distinguish its genuineness—whether it be avarice dressed in the winning exterior of affection, or the passion itself enshrined in the hallowed temple of a devoted heart. Many bear with them all the pretensions of love, without possessing one of its divine principles. To say, the woman who has a heart for every body that requires one, loves, would be an indignity offered to a plough-boy's coarse understanding. Equally indecorous should I appear in asserting, that love can mutually subsist in a great disparity of age, and the boasted intentions of money-hunters, rakes, and dissolute seducers, who look upon marriage as a sinecure. When once these characters are in possession of what they secretly courted, "love flies out of the window." Dissipation, inconstancy and its usual detestable concomitants, intoxication and gambling, spread ruin around; and the wife, who dreamt that she alone was the object prized, is often the victim of her husband's crimes, often the desolate mourner over her unexpected miseries. True love is discernible in the nicest points, where its influence can be exerted. Notwithstanding the imperfections of temper, the contrasts of taste, and the difference of vigour in the mental sensibilities, those who unite their destinies from motives of ingenuous and uncorrupted affection, will never repine for want of happiness. Again, married people chained sympathetically together, by "*invincta copula amoris*," the indissoluble ties of love, in themselves, constitute a fund of blessedness: they require not the artificial helps of mundane incentives; their souls are poured into one common existence, and are acted upon by alternate sympathies.

In the marriage service, the parties mostly interested in this holy consummation are commanded to repeat, that they take each other "for better and worse." In these two words, "better" and "worse," there is more included than is generally remembered at the time of their utterance: some ladies, I am told, always bring out these words, with a mumbling hesitation, just as others of the same stamp, instead of "obey," shorten this important word, by depriving it of its oval initial; thereby intending their intention to *bark* at their husbands. But my remarks pertain to more amiable beings than these: to those who prognosticate a sigh, and relieve a tear of its accompanying anguish, by kissing it away from the burning cheek on which it trickles. I cannot fancy anything approaching nearer the celestial perfections of "joys that never wither," than the enjoyment of undissembled love; such as has the heart for its basis. Compare the state of those who have nuptialized for the sake of interest, with their's who are wedded from the motives of love, and the contrast will at once determine the beatifications which distinguish the one

from the other. In the privacy of domestic life, for instance; what discord, sullenness, and resentment, blight the pleasures of the interested couple. Then view what endearments, grateful sacrifices, and felicities; increase the tranquility and contentment, of those who wed from affectionate motives. Prosperity will not decoy their affections from where they have ever been bestowed; when the tempests of adversity lower on their path, they grow in fondness, as their mutual dependence becomes more visibly affecting.

Whether the affections of women, or those of men, are the more firm and constant, is a question not yet determined; it is, to apply a very appropriate classical quotation, "*adhuc sub iudice lit*"—Cupid's jury have not yet decided it. I have dwelt so much on other topics in this amatory treatise, that I shall not weary either myself or reader, by being prolix here. My opinion (and I state it with all due diffidence,) is, that men love the soonest, and women the longest; or, in other words, women, for the greater portion, are more constant than men. Whether their constancy be the effect of the weakness of their passions, when compared with those of the opposite sex, I am unable to ascertain. Most probably, the modesty Nature has engrafted in in their feminine qualifications may be a great preservative here: they are often more innocent from the compulsions of delicacy, than from choice; while the male creation being little, cumbered with this coercive attribute, hold but an indulgent reign on their desires, err sometimes intentionally, but oftener from the irresistible flood of passion.

There are a thousand other circumstances, which I might have introduced into this Comedy of Love, but the limits of an article in a magazine would not allow me to be more diffuse than I have been. Enough, however, I hope, has been said, to display the blisses of virtuous love; love, that is sanctioned by the deity himself, and recommended by the tenderness of his own omnipotence. One word of apology for a conclusion: the nature of the subject has occasionally forced me to be more egotistical than I really wished. If the good hearted reader knew my happy prospects, I should not despair of obtaining his willing pardon.

June 21st, 1826.

R. M.

IMPROMPTU

TO HER WHO BEST CAN UNDERSTAND IT.

IDOL of my soul, chide not with that tear
Of beauty's pride in thy blue rolling eye;
One kiss will melt the little trembler there,
One smile will calm that swelling bosom's sigh.
And though I am culprit through one hour's delay,
(In love's sweet dalliance 'tis a heavy crime,)
Our hour-glass shall not shed its sand away,
'Till raptures kill that tanning fondler, Time.

R. M.

POPULAR ELOQUENCE.

No. III.

REV. JOHN LEIFCHILD, BRISTOL.

It is almost impossible for any one to conceive the idea of a standard for popular excellence, so varied are the resources and tastes of the human mind. Among the multitude of living characters in Europe who delight by their genius, or if we confine ourselves to England, we may venture to assert there are not two alike in natural coincidence, or without one material distinction in the general features of their public display. It is pleasing to reflect that this is really the case, and that thousands are spared the mortification of a doubtful comparison, who possess redeeming qualities in themselves: this is also one reason, probably, why we retain so many trophies of originality, while less encouragement is held out to the adepts in servile imitation.

These remarks derive considerable force from the contemplation of Mr. Leifchild's ministry: the grand excellence of which is, that it unites all the blandishments of the purest classic school, with the most chaste and touching simplicity. Mr. Leifchild would not thank us for concealing that, as a public character, he has not escaped severe criticism and animadversion; the principles of which have been more immediately applied to a *mannerism*, which, it has been said, comports but little with the dignity of the ministerial character. Many of his admirers are at a loss to account for this, conceiving it impossible to detect the slightest indication of carelessness in a style which never offends by its laxity, or dull monotony. In truth, never was so much study required to present a specimen of apparently unpolished *design*, never were equal pains taken to conceal the instrumentality employed to give effect to the whole. We cannot be understood to mean that Mr. L. would for a moment allowedly receive the auxiliary helps of an artificial method, without detracting from that ingenuousness, which is conspicuously the native ornament of his character, public and private. It is only for those who are incapable of pleasing, and who envy the reward of abilities they do not possess, to imagine a defect in the constitution of that taste, which has perceptibly characterized the present growing century. That Mr. Leifchild is not idle in his study, his provision, which never tires, most amply demonstrates: but that his habits of study may differ from the methodical arrangement of scholastic discipline, there seems to be a sufficient reason to believe. Yet while the constitution of his mind requires its own pleasing in the improvement of its resources, *their* development must effectually prevent the opposition of the most rigid formalist. Those who are most familiar with his public ministrations are satisfied that they result from a choice preparation of subject and matter; and the perfect self-possession they evince, supercedes any enquiry into the propriety of their selection. The fact is, Mr. Leifchild possesses a mind of no ordinary capacity, and equal in its resources to the liberal expectations of his warmest admirers. Without attempting to court popularity, he is now enjoying its meridian smiles, without having imposed on the credulous by stratagem, or administering to the prejudices of a few, at the expence of reason and propriety. We would always aim to form our estimate of character on liberal principles, without forfeiting our own for the sake of conciliating parties with whom, on minor points, we may chance to differ: for this reason, in our present notice, without propitiating the claims of private friendship exclusively, we presume to rank Mr. Leifchild in a class of ministers, whose worth is beyond the reach of praise or censure. His style, as far as we may exercise the right of individual criticism, is singularly appropriate with the pretensions of his acknowledged talent: the latter has never been questioned, and no one with impunity can dictate the *modus* of the former. It is unaffected: so much so, indeed, that when it has failed to appease the fastidious demand of the cynic, it has been erroneously deemed unmanly, if not puerile. If there be an affectation of carelessness in the preacher, it is well atoned for by the brilliancy of his genius, the depth of his research, and the occasional fire of his appeal. In his present situation, Mr. Leifchild could not fail of exciting pretty general interest, and it would be well for those who devote so much attention to certain punctilios, if they did not also neglect the grand object of the Christian ministry, "to bring sinners to repentance."

Saturnalia.

No. II.

Risisti: licet ergo, nec vetamur
Pallentes procul hinc abite cure,
Quicquid venerit obvium, loquamur
Morosa sine cogitatione. *Mart.*

These jovial lines are quite impartial,
And taken from that punster, Martial.
Let no splenetic classic hate them,
Because we waggishly translate them.
"We like bold speech as well as you, sir,
Nor fear to scout blue devils too, sir,
While freed from dismal hesitation,
We give our thoughts due explanation."

Sydney-Gardens, Bath.—FREEMAN, INSPECTOR, FORCIBLE, LACKADAY.

FREEMAN.

Bless my soul! what loyal subjects the Bathonians are! already this month we have had a gala for the honour of a sovereign's memory, and now another to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo. They extend their munificent applause beyond the grave; Alas! poor George the Third, as quiet, simple and easy old man, as ever sat and counselled in an arm chair, still lives in the memory of his people; here, in this *corporate* city every returning 5th of June is a splendid gala; and yet after all methinks 'tis a tint of mockery to commemorate a man's birth-day, when he sleeps to wake no more. What could all this assemblage of variegated lamps, and gaudy crowds do towards rendering him more beloved?

INSPECTOR.

Why, master Freeman, what should it do, but, recall our thoughts to the days that are gone, and swell our bosoms with gratitude at the recollection of a virtuous king, who though deceased is still enthroned in the hearts of his subjects; I see no mockery in this, I wish every king may resemble George the Third: may the royalty of the generations which succeed him, be as useful, as amiable, as actively benevolent as his was: may we have many galas, in commemoration of their birth-days!

FORCIBLE.

What beautiful sentiment mingled with no slight touch of romantic extravagancy! one would think his late majesty was a second Alexander in prowess, and a Nestor in council; I would not, as I value my own honour, wish to impeach that of others, especially when it is that of departed royalty, but a man has a right to express his sentiments, freely on majesty as well as on an humbler son of frailty: for myself, I am of opinion that he was nothing superior in any qualification to the common order of mortal perfection; easy, good tempered, and moral, of a disposition inclined to be peaceable.

FREEMAN.

Why the matter stands thus: if you judge of George the third, by comparing him with other kings he was certainly very obscure and lethargic, in his public career, but very docile, benevolent and affectionate in the bosom of domestic quiet: perhaps he was one of the most moral kings ever seated on the British throne, in saying this I do not forget some frolics or intrigues, which fame has reported; but how innocent are these when mentioned with the lustful deeds of his illustrious predecessors; illustrious, I mean, for being notoriously dissipated; look, for instance, at that woman-bitteber, Harry the eighth, that bloody decapitator of spousal heads: with George the third there are no shuddering tales connected, we mention him with respect as a sensible plain man, who was more partial to the alluring solicitations of householdship, than the noisy calls of Commons and Lords; we have to praise him for private virtues, although, as a patriotic king, our bosoms do not glow at the sound of his name. It is not forgotten that the American and Irish wars took place during part of his reign.

FORCIBLE.

Come, no more of George the third, or we shall enter into the tedious praise of all the convivial virtues and chaste transactions, which distinguish "Fum the Fourth." Whatever we may think of his late venerated majesty, this day is the proud anniversary of an illustrious one to Englishmen, a day that flushes the soul with patriotism, when it remembers the glorious deeds of Britons on the field of Waterloo.

LACKADAY.

That's right, my hearty! instead of satirising our departed monarch, let us with honest pride greet the day which commemorates the battle of Waterloo. I wish that noble fellow, Wellington, was present.

FREEMAN.

See yonder puppy, with a back of poker-stiffness—he is not altogether unlike the gallant commander; there is the same fiery eagle eye, and hooked expressive nose, but then the creature in his walk and deportment!

FORCIBLE.

I should rather say, in his valorous parts; Wellington has not much to boast of in *personal* attributes; but place him amid the thunder of battle, the loud reverberating roar of guns, and then it is that Wellington, in all the divine majesty of the warrior, the hero, the general, and the patriot, shines pre-eminent.

FREEMAN.

Merciful heavens! what a scene of carnage and of rout, was the battle of Waterloo! I was not present myself, but Captain C——, a friend of mine, was in the engagement, and has often related to me, with enthusiastic ardour, and the glowing consciousness that his own stout arm has been serviceable in felling the Gallic foes, the particulars of the day. If you wish to form any correct idea of the awful scene, retreat not to the crammed pages of a prosy book, but listen to some brave fellow who mingled in it, and lived to tell his countrymen of England's courage. He told me, that the confused echo of the different guns, the crash of arms, the war music, the shouts of the victor, and the moans and sighs of the dying and wounded, above all, the dense cloud of smoke occasionally enveloping the combatants, were tremendous in their effects. You fireside creatures shrug your shoulders at the relation of a battle; what would you feel if actively engaged in it?

INSPECTOR.

As every Englishmen ought to feel. Think you we would shake at the sight of a pointed bayonet, or slink away from a mailed cuirassier? Let the greatest dastard mingle in such a conflict, and even he, nervous as he is, would soon be warmed. In the field of war, the fear of personal safety is not predominant. The spur of action elates the soul, and fills it with a vigour which does not naturally belong to it. Besides, there is the showy pomp of military accoutrements, the haughty looks of struggling and advancing antagonists, foaming coursers, and banners proudly displayed. These, with a thousand other artificial helps in the scene of battle, will render the cowardly almost brave, and the valorous magnificently so. Did this captain describe Buonaparte to you, or some of our own native heroes?

FREEMAN.

Yes, but I'll give you the particulars another time. There is a curious incident connected with his own lot in the battle of Waterloo, which will admit of being told. This captain left a wife (not one of the most affectionate, as the circumstance will prove) behind him, when he went to the wars. As I before said, he fought at Waterloo. I do not remember the name of his regiment, but he liked to have taken his last nap on the bloody trampled plain. You shall have it nearly in his own words: "I had done some tight jobs that day—stabbed as many as I could, and providentially escaped with a few slight pricks 'till the close of the day, when having unthinkingly strayed from my comrades, three surly whiskered, yellow-faced French soldiers rode by, and before I was aware of their nearness to me, I received a plunge from one of their weapons, which brought me to the ground, while the two hinder troopers' horses luckily did not paw me as they passed, but leapt as it were over my prostrate body. Here I lay bleeding profusely, and though swooning, I retained sense enough to endeavour to stifle the

blood that gushed most unmercifully, with an handkerchief. Bye and bye, some other soldiers rode by, leaving me harmlessly locked, as they thought, in the quietness of death. But my strength was soon exhausted, my sight became dim, and the last object I perceived, 'till I found myself stretched on a bed in a French prison, was a poor fellow, racked most dreadfully with torturing wounds, groaning and twisting as if in the expiring agonies of death. After being confined to an unhealthy charnel house, a sort of place in France, denominated a kind of *Hopital*, my health became sufficiently restored for me to attempt an escape, and this was effected with the greatest peril, caution, and difficulty. The strangest scene of all yet remains to be told. As we were seldom in the same place for any length of time, I had not received any letter from my wife, neither had my letters reached her. On the day after the battle, when the muster was made, it was concluded, by my absence both among the wounded and dead, that I must be either dead or taken prisoner. It happened that a brother officer had seen me fall, and it was at once therefore concluded, that I was killed. Among the dead lists in England, my own name was printed, and my friends, of course, had no reason to think it a mis-statement. They mourned the customary time—yes, even my wife put on a black gown, and moistened her cheek with a passing tear: but my destiny was not such an inactive and silent one as they imagined. I returned home, and entered the door just as my wife, with her future husband, were leaving to be married!! Here was a droll adventure. Illness and want had so disfigured me, that my shameless spouse pretended a total forgetfulness of me; but it was of no use. Though my form was wasted, my lawful imperiousness was unweakened. In a few hours, I dismissed, as civilly as I could, all the assembled wedding folks and their gaities, and with much cool laconism, told the fellow who was on the point of relieving my wife's celibacy, that "when his presence was again required, I would recall him—'till then, I hoped he would be polite enough to accredit my existence, and allowed me to do as I pleased with my own."

LACKADAY.

La! what a funny account. Only think now! how very curious that he should have popped in just as they were popping out! I wonder what they thought you were, or from what corner of the universe you were arrived.

FORCIBLE.

Did the captain condescend to domesticate with his wife after this proof of speedy forgetfulness? I should have packed her off, had I been in his shoes.

FREEMAN.

To be sure he did; why should he not. He was not such a simpleton as you confess yourself. She was a charming creature, and notwithstanding her former conduct, ever after performed the soft duties of a wife with the most affectionate solicitude. The poor women would indeed stand a poor chance of happiness, if they are not permitted to indulge themselves with a second husband. When the first dies, he may naturally desire to be remembered, but he must have a selfish heart if he exacted from her a promise that she would not marry after his decease; it is putting an embargo on human nature itself—a more violent innovation on liberty than the window tax itself. He might, with equally as much reasonableness in his demand, beg the favour of her dying with him for sympathy's sake; this mortiferous sympathy we know actually operates in some of the warm and savage climates, where the wife fumes away on the funeral of her departed spouse.

LACKADAY.

La! Mr. Freeman, what a horrid custom! Only think now, to have those limbs we have so long doated on, toasted and fried on hot ashes—what an unnatural custom! I wonder how the victims feel, when stretched there.

FREEMAN.

That is a sensible and very learned remark—haw! haw!—feel. Why suppose, by way of experimental illustration, you apply the tip of that freckled nose of your's to one of those oil-burning lamps hanging on yonder laurel bough: you will then be enabled to guess how the poor Indian women feel when their limbs are writhing in the torture of burns and scorches.

LACKADAY.

La! master Freeman, what a shame now! you are always boring one with your jokes. I meant how they felt in resolution, not how they relished their bodily sufferings.

INSPECTOR.

Excuse my rudeness. With reference to the husband's treatment towards his wife, I imagine his future days with her must have been molested with no very satisfactory sensations—they must have been racked at times by many heartless surmises and jealous fears, arising from the consciousness of his wife's slight affection towards him. Every-bodest has its inflating pride, and his was of very strange composition if he did not feel the lady's second choice before she was confident of his own death, as either a tacit reproach for his treatment, base ingratitude for his lavished affection, or a direct demonstration how little he met with a return of love.

FREEMAN.

That's all butter and cream, Mr. Inspector, some of your romantic poetical *rabies*. You creatures of imagination, to be contented, ought to have women expressly created for you, with souls, eyes, and voices, in the strictest sympathy with your own. Moreover, such ideal chaps as you are, must be insufferably vain to consider yourselves worthy of such in conquerable attachment from the beloved sex. Most reasonable demand, truly! your wife must not re-marry, because she was formerly married to you. I am just of the reverse side to you. You say, that when a widow gets her a partner in wedlock, (for they are deep enough to cheer their solitude sometimes, leaving all *locks* out of the case,) she betrays a disrespect or a want of affection for her former one. I will maintain, that on the contrary, her second marriage is paying a very energetic compliment to her first; meaning, that her first husband was so agreeable, that she must needs try a second one. You, perhaps, allude to yourself *personally* in your remarks: that materially alters the case. I think you may compose your anxious spirit with this sweet morsel of consolation—the wife that lives you out will have a very forcible lesson, to teach her the dangers of marrying again! haw! haw!—don't be offended—you look sour at me, poor Mr. Inspector, haw! haw!

INSPECTOR.

'Fon my soul, sir, I shall not swallow this abusive personality, I would inform—By all the names of beauty, by all the charms of Venus' delightful self, just as she stepped coyly from her bath, what an angelic looking creature has just glided gracefully by us! "she moves a goddess and looks a queen" what, a bewitching air, what feminine and delicate motion of the limbs! what retired but overweening simplicity and innocence are shed round her whole person! what—

FORCIBLE.

What vision is this that has thus so satisfied your admiration! one would think that Miss Venus herself, has passed by, to listen to your bedizening praises; you are determined not to disgrace your nominal title, by failing to *inspect* any thing striking, moving or irresistible: pray after all this Ovidian eloquence, condescend to inform us, in plain Platonic language, who the fair damsel was, with the particulars.

FREEMAN.

Oh! if you desire information on this point, I can be of service. My eye was gazing on the lady at the same time his was; it is Miss P. of ———, in this town, a very fine creature, but remarkably fond of flirtation. She has already, by her coquetry, been the cause of sixteen duels and four deaths; and not content by shedding blood, she contrives to upset a whole family, by a pretended intrigue with one of the sons, or when she is piqued at the *surveillance* of the manœuvre, is wicked enough to excite her jealous apprehensions with regard to her husband! not that I really believe she has ever criminally offended, she only entertains innocent little partiality, for a plurality of furnace-sighing wooers at the same time. When she leaves the town, she dismisses them to feed on promises, 'till her return; while in the mean time, she entertains herself at another place with a similar courting assemblage. I ought to add, that she displays great abilities at the dismissal of each lover: retains him in her ungrateful service, by repeating the same specious promise she has given to a score before him!

LACKADAY.

La! what a shocking, bare-faced, jilt she must be, thus to trifle with her name and affections. I wonder she presumes to show her face here, on this public occasion; perhaps she means to kill somebody here, in compliment to the prowess and spirit of Massacre.

INSPECTOR.

Gentlemen, I can endure this no longer—you are insufferably rude: almost indecently so. You disgrace yourselves as men, when you are cowardly enough to calumniate a lady of whom you knew nothing, but what the impertinent and forged tales of silly praters, and busy-bodies have made known. I'll prove, if necessary, that she is neither a jilt, or anything so disgraceful as you have presumed to describe her. Her resplendent beauties, and almost unearthly perfections have attracted the envy of those she slighted, and they are mean enough to propagate reports, most injurious to her honour and dignity, as an unsullied gentlewoman. You will oblige me by discontinuing your malevolent stricture.

FORCIBLE.

Ye thunders rumble! ye winged lightnings, that flame the liquid air with your forked sheen, dart forth now.—“Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! You cataracts and hurricanes spout 'till you have drenched—” not yonder brilliant arch, where so many heroes are now assembled: for sure, there's a miraculous spouter in our jolly companionship! and so, Mr. Inspector, you are all at once converted into a tremendous gallant, all powder and shot. At any rate, don't *go off*. You forget what a delinquent you were some time since; did you not calumniate, and wantonly too, a certain interesting and truly amiable young lady—or to speak poetically, the maid of golden flowing hair, and pearly blue eyes? It is time for me to refresh your memory, when you give others such palpable raps.

LACKADAY.

Oh! Mr. Inspector, shame on your indelicate *equivoque*! it was very villainous to attempt to blast the untainted reputation of so charming an actress; one in the drawing-room, as well as on the stage, so exceedingly retired, soft, and winning—a semblance of Chastity herself. You may show your satirical grinders as much as you please, but you certainly did render many, who were your friends, most injuriously inimical. The lady was an orphan—the generous supporter of a numerous family—her name was her only fortune—and yet, you wantonly slurred it with an *obscene pun*! Miss C—, however, was most heroically supported. Troops of valourous knights, all caparisoned in show of goodly arms, assembled round her, abusing you, and full hot for “*prosecution*.” Nay, I did hear, that an aristocrat condescended to censure you, and I expected all the faculty would have anatomized you for presuming to abrogate to yourself the office of *accoucheur*, without the suitable qualifications.

INSPECTOR.

Are you aware, Mr. Lackady, that it is the satanic employment of *some*, to conceal the most deadly and abhorrent purposes, under the fairest assumptions—that there are such nauseous creatures prowling about in the world, who prefer the vilification of an intention, to the charitable extenuation of mistaken frivolity. You understand my meaning, doubtless. All that I shall trouble myself to say to you on the subject, is, that *some* of those immortal semblances of divine perfection had more to be ashamed of on reflection than I had. They *wilfully* misconstrued and diffused, with all the meanness of unfeeling babblers, what they professed so much to regret. My error was not the fruit of dastardly machination, to stab like a villain at a woman's happiness, with whom I had a friendly acquaintance. It was not my office to open the thick brain of *every* perverting numskull.

FORCIBLE.

Well, sir, I must tell you I was one of those credulous beings you denominate “numskulls.” You might understand your own jokes, but others might choose to give you the character of a jeerer. On the day the miserable pun appeared, half Bath was in an uproar: Meyler's reading-room became a temporary conventicle for ranters; and nothing was heard in the pump-room, but the virulent speeches of its gouty pedestrians, and the very musicians stretched their long necks from the orchestra, like condemned sinners.

LACKADAY.

Why, look you, as to Bath being in an uproar, there is no disastrous conclusion to be drawn from that. If you were to roll an orange, with some initiatory ceremonies, down Gay Street, I'd wager my best beaver hat, that Queen Square monument would totter from the valour of the scramblers. Though I do not, at all times, agree with you, Mr. Inspector, I will say, that I absolve you from all malevolency of purpose. It was an inconsiderate pun, to call it by its worst name. Besides, I understand you waited on the *only* injured party, the lady herself, and made, (unnecessarily,) a public acknowledgement of an error the public in reality had no concern with. The most sensible of your friends, and also of Miss C—'s admitted that the sole place where an explanation was necessary, was the publication itself, in which the equivocal appeared. You were, too, (a professional gentleman informed me,) very shabbily treated; but rely on it, for that apologetical forgery you were indebted to *mulligan-tawney*, and to a *little man* in a *low* situation.

FREEMAN.

For pity's sake! don't satiate us with any more comments from defendant or plaintiff; rather cast your eyes around, and admire the delightful view. Truly, BRIDLE* merits patronage for his spirited endeavours to obtain it. How resplendent, and how rich to the gazing eye, are those streams of bright-hued lamps. Look at the arch there—how gracefully it throws its glittering swoop over the broad path! above all, feast your ocular powers by gazing on the groups of lovely females traversing this neat yellow-pebbled walk.

INSPECTOR.

We might almost imagine ourselves in Fairy land. View the bottom of the garden: there is the arena, with its circling porticos neatly arranged, and all the social conveniences. Then there is the orchestra, shaped like a crescent, with golden coloured lamps, wreathing round its sides and parapet, like the twining vine with its branching tendrils. Methinks the sunny brilliancy shooting from the pendent lamps adds to the expression of some of the faces clustered there. There comes Miss Owens, a very interesting lady, to my mind, and of a comely person. Her dress is very neat for the occasion; the red dress is softened by the external white one; and then that feather in her bonnet—it seems to bend over her head with a military archness that wins my liking, much.

LACKADAY.

My stars! there's a thumping G. R. meaning, I dare say, *get rich*, which I am sure will not be my lot if I come very frequently to this horticultural elysium. Well, I don't remember ever beholding a greater literal monstrosity than those exalted alphabetical giants. Suppose now they should happen to fall from their present situation, what would become of our beautiful orchestra with lamps wreathing round its sides?

FREEMAN.

To hear your discourse, master Lackaday, a stranger would think you were just arrived from some of the Captain Parry's newly-discovered ice countries. I advise you to apply at the Guildhall for requisite information.

FORCIBLE.

Don't mention the *name* of the Guildhall to me!—there are too many creatures of the aristocrats belonging to it. I propose, since it is such a *convertible* place, that it be denominated in future "The Bath City Kennel."

FREEMAN.

Well, my dear fellow, when you have accomplished this nominal alteration, pray appoint me *whipper-in*; I should like to have the *lashing* of some of the hungry barkers there. But I'll be serious: were you present when the election of the city members took place?

LACKADAY.

To my sorrow, I shall not forget my presence there. I never was inside so noisy a stewed-up kennel before. Such prodigious barking, growling, pawing, whining and snuffling, were never heard. I'll describe the place to you just after my own

* The proprietor of the gardens.

homely fashion, "*crassâ Minerâ*," as my old master, David Doggerel, used to remark. In the first place, on the election day it was hotter and more pestiferous, from the juxta-position of mouths, from which were emitted breathings of various temperament, than the dark hole in Calcutta. A man could not open his mouth without great peril of snapping a neighbouring nose. But I am told, that in *most close boroughs*, the area where the duped citizens stand, is always circumscribed, for the benefit of the corporation. The ladies, however, were *highly* accommodated, and seemed to enjoy the warm sufferings of their *inferiors*. The body corporate is separated from the body incorporate by a wooden barricade, which encloses a space of a few yards' dimensions for the voters to arrange themselves round a thick table. Removed a little behind, and somewhat elevated, is the red-tasselled cushion, spread over a sort of pulpit, on which the Worshipful the Mayor of Bath reposes his most honourable elbows; on either side of him stood the candidates. The poor reporters looked most pitifully tremulous, puffing and staring like astronomers: one, I remember, had my hearty condolence; his fat, like quicksilver in the thermometer, had all risen in his cheeks.

FREEMAN.

We will not trouble you any further, sir; most of the present gentlemen, I believe, as well as yourself, were there; and therefore I am sure they will relieve you from any further amusing and lively description. In reference to a former observation of your's, Mr. Forcible, to what a degraded situation in the political hemisphere, is *Aqua Solis* reduced! Alas! I fear that Bath's free consequence, like the steam from its hot native springs, will evaporate into nothingness. Believe me, I was quite amazed at the shameless way in which all the citizens of Bath in common, were trampled on at the city election, as the *corporation* call it; it was indeed the most debasing spectacle an Englishman could witness in his country. Only conceive, for a moment, seventeen men, (one of them, in particular, with *like* passions with ourselves,) robed in smutty gowns, and armed with brazen faces, presuming to elect a raw, inexperienced aristocrat, in defiance to the united hisses and energetic wishes of the insulted people! Yes, mine eyes did look on the nauseous sight: hundreds of free-born Englishmen were mocked at, slighted, debased—spit upon by the votes of usurping ministerial men!! It was a mystery to me, that the popular rage did not show itself in a different way than by hisses and cat-calls. For myself, lawless as you may deem me, I should not have been a dastard, had an active tumult commenced. I am sure of this, we had better, at all times, behold broken heads than broken principles. The election day is to Bath, every time it occurs, a mortifying piece of tyrannical assumption; but this last one has, in truth, plucked from her all her plumes of grandeur—turned her over to the clawing innovations of the aristocracy. One of the body corporate, who voted for the rejection of General Palmer, appeared a most detestable ingrate—came all the way from London to vote against the man whose father had been his former beneficent patron! he had much better remained in cockney land; he came to Bath to perpetrate a vile, ungrateful act, and left it with the hootings of the citizens for it. As for General Palmer, I can barely curb my violent feelings, when I think of his rejection. It had long been rumoured, that an attempt would be made to throw him out of parliament; but I would not allow myself to think of such an abhorrent piece of unmerited knavery. There are substantial incontrovertible reasons to entitle him to the honour of representing this ancient city. Among the most energetic, his political principles; which are built on the liberty and happiness of the democracy, he is none of your court-cringing sinecure-prowlers, who would turn inside-out their very hearts to advance their interest. Forgetting, if we can, the spirited efforts of his late father to advance the commercial prosperity of this country, the General is a brave, noble-minded fellow, who keeps his friendship for those who merit it, and his sword for the villain who requires it. Again: judge him by his past services, and they will be found consonant with the honourable hardihood of the true Briton. He has not snored in parliament when he should have poured forth a spirited phillipic, or shrunk from his duty when the welfare of his borough was to be forwarded. The person who nominated Lord John Thynne, mentioned the length of time his lordship had served in parliament, but did not favour us with even a glimpse of what he has been *performing all this while*. It is of little vital import how long a man has been in office, if he has been a sluggard in meeting its duties; however, he has not *been idle where he was most concerned*.

FORCIBLE.

Were you not down-right enraptured with *some* of the orators there? I almost forgot the oven-like warmth of the place, when my ears were pricked up to listen to the melodious thrillings of eloquence. Surely, I said to myself, (rubbing my eyes,) the spirits of Demosthenes and Cicero are present here. The eloquence, in fact, was such as I *could not hear* again; it was absolutely *over*-convincing: it broke upon the senses, and made a positive crash of intellect—a compound of *pathos*, *bathos*, sublimity, sensibility, and strict accordancy. A wiggid counsellor rendered himself exceedingly conspicuous, by his peremptory speeches; he announced a most independent and novel rule for voters,—viz.: they are to vote from individual caprice, without hesitating to enquire on what basis that caprice is founded; it is sufficient for them to tell the scrutinous public, “they like him!” This *liking* gentleman has since become much *liked* by the populace: every body says they *like* him, because it is *likely* he will *like* them, and so their mutual *likings* will tend most *likely* to a *like* satisfaction, though derived from *unlike* motives.

LACKADAY.

Would to heavens! the freemen of Bath, who bluster a great deal at first, but dwindle into submission *after dinner*, would rout out the musty archives of their native town: perhaps after all, they may be the sufferers of a scurvy trick! It is thought that General Palmer will treat a terrible rumpus among *some* of the gallipots: most likely, *crack* them a little.

INSPECTOR.

The hour and my engagements, compel me, gentlemen, to bid you farewell. Yonder is Signior, the Devil, wreathing himself round the ropes almost in a state of elegant nudity; you had better go and applaud him for his amusing and *delicate* contortions.

June 27th, 1826.

A WAR SONG.

I see him advancing, his broad banner dancing,
In the breezes of summer I see!
A banner that waves o'er an army of slaves,
O'er men that ne'er dared to be free.

Our lives he may have—the free and the brave
For Liberty die with delight;
Away with the slave that shrinks from a grave,
When it lies in the field of fight!

On freemen all! we will conquer or fall,
O God! thy assistance be giv'n;
Fierce be the shock, while each breast 's like a rock,
Each arm like the lightning of heav'n!

Though loudly he rave—the proud tyrant knave,
His minions we never can be;
By the land of our birth—by heav'n and earth,
We only exist to be free!

Bristol.

X.

CAMBRIDGE SENATE-HOUSE PROBLEMS.

No. 1. (To be continued Annually.)

SELECTED BY A FELLOW OF TRINITY.

With occasional Notes, by the "TWO MODERATORS."

1. If three *barley-mows* make one *hay-stack*, how many *bag-pipes* make one *kettle-drum*?

2. Given expressions for the tangent of the polarizing angle and the sines of double refraction, to determine the value of *Rippingale's* celebrated picture—*Canynge's Funeral*.

3. By means of Babbage's calculating machine, to demonstrate the Athanasian creed.

4. Given the colour of a cloud lying due east, and the azimuth of the sun, to determine the captain's name, the size of his ship, his latitude and longitude, the variation and dip, together with the health of his wife, and the state of the market.

5. The dimensions of a square *piano-forte* to find the square root of a dotted crotchet, and its ratio to a bottle of Burgundy.

6. Granted the possibility of trisecting an angle, to give a rigid demonstration of Dr. Kitchen's "empirical formula" for "making forty *peristaltic persuaders*," (anglicè, forty cantharides for a two-yearman's stomach). See *The Cook's Oracle*, p. 37.

Also, to give an investigation, independently of the doctrine of fluxions, of this Doctor's rules for constructing "a *portable magazine of Taste*," and cooking a beefsteak in the style of Devil's venison. Vide p. 679.

7. Solve the four celebrated problems of Solomon, Prov. xxx. 19.

NOTE.	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
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Vide the younger Herschel's considerations—on the *Various Points of Analysis*, Part I. Phil. Trans. 1814.

The reader may also consult La Place, *Calcul des Probabilités*, as well as Bridge's and Robertson's *Conic Sections*.

8. Given the annual average excess of our imports above our exports, and the interest upon exchequer bills, to determine a sure and certain way for a man of letters to get rich.

NOTE. This seems to admit only of a *tentative* solution. One or two hinted at fellowships—these, however, do not constitute riches: others with rather more propriety pointed to the list of college livings; but neither do these, properly speaking, any more than lay-adwosons lie within the grasp of the mere man of letters. *Interest* has, and ought to have, and ever will have, her casting vote. Those who looked to the liberality of the metropolitan booksellers were soon convinced of their error; and as to the game of fortune-hunting, and heiress-stealing, it is generally found that the "gay Jack Masters," who could dance and talk nonsense, would carry away the prize from the Byron, who could write merely impassioned verses, but could not conduct himself gracefully in the amorous toyings of the waltz, or the intricate maze of the quadrille. The only alternatives appear to be pauperism or novel-writing.

9. Maupertius, in his demonstration of the existence of the Divine Being, makes the resulting expression *negative*; show the source of his error.

Answer, it arose from the mismanagement of the *imaginary equation* $\sqrt{-1} = \sqrt{-3}$, which entered into the investigation.

10. Required by means of the 12th axiom of the first book of Euclid, and the primary property of the lever, a demonstration of the elegant theorem of Pythagoras—God is a sphere whose centre is *every-where* and circumference *no-where*.

NOTE. The theorem is here translated for the benefit of the unlearned.

11. Ye learned in numbers! come prove unto me,
Bond fide, that *unit* is equal to *three*!

NOTE. The great importance of this question has been long understood. Poor Powell lost a Cambridge professorship—the very chair of Barrow, Newton, Whiston, Cotes, and Smith—because neither he, nor Baron Masseris for him, could see that *one was more than two*: whilst the celebrated Waring obtained it, and its emoluments too, by proving *one was equal to four*! Even the Infidel Emerson, (*Algebra*, p. 190,) goes farther than this, and contends that *something is nothing*, and *nothing something*. The learned professor, too, who stands at the head of the first military institution in this country, could prove that “*nothing was equal to five*.” vide *Gent. Math. Comp.* 1798. Oh, the unsearchable riches of the mystery of—“*vanishing fractions*!”

12. Find the nature of the spiral by which a statesman winds himself into place, his Majesty's exchequer being the pole, and the law of force directly as the value of the place combined with the urgency of creditors, and the number of sons for whom he has to provide.

NOTE. Consult Winchester's *Life of Pitt*, Cobbett's *Weekly Register*, and Moore's *Life of Sheridan*.

13. With one of Matthews's curling-machines, of thirty-barber power, to resolve all kinds of equations, algebraic and transcendental, as well as numeral: and to shew its application to every species of reasoning, syllogistic, soritic, and Socratic—mathematical, physical, and metaphysical, commercial and legal, human and superhuman, * * * * *

[We hope the Cambridge Moderators will excuse the liberty we have taken with their lucid annotations, by the occasional insertion of stars less brilliant than the gems of science they have gathered on the banks of the silvery Cam for our inspection. Upon re-perusing their MS. they will, we think, at once see the reason of our omitting the passages; or should they not view it in the same light with us, they will at least reflect that *truth* and *knowledge* are far from bettering the condition of society, under all possible circumstances. Such circumstances are the present: it would be arming the Suicide with a more inviting mode of self-destruction.—ED.]

Reviews.

Lessons in Criticism, by Rev. W. L. Bowles.

There are certain subjects which come under our review, respecting which we hardly know how to discharge the functions we are bound to display, without inflicting an injury on the one hand, or degrading the character we assume of candour and uprightness. There is a degree of ambiguity in modern authorship, which a splendid title-page instead of concealing, generally betrays: and a perusal of each successive work has only the effect of weakening our faith in the professions of a crowd who start for fame and immortality. This has been especially the case of late—speculation has not been confined to its own legitimate sphere; but it has been suffered to extend its influence beyond the world of

commercial enterprise, and molest the energies of moral and intellectual engagement; in consequence of which, a vitiated principle has sometimes acquired importance at the expense of truth and propriety. The very rank of those who have condescended to oppose error, has in some instances done much for the popularity of the principle they tacitly condemn: the cause against which they contend, equally with the cause they espouse, eliciting some latent flame of talent, which hitherto had been suffered to remain in obscurity. A large proportion of the information we possess might have been hidden but for excitement: still it is a question whether the consideration which has been bestowed on popular fallacies, has materially effaced their impression. Prejudices have been known

to acquire a deeper root and strength from the very opposition they have called forth; and when ridicule has been the weapon employed against them, there are instances in which it has been considered the shallow subterfuge of an inveterate obstinacy.

It is by no means our intention to decide on the proper subjects for impartial criticism; we may by possibility anticipate an opinion, by a cursory review of the work before us; but we trust its ingenious author will pardon any tardiness with which we may seem to approach his arguments. It appears to us necessary, that the attributes of certain antecedent principles should be clearly defined, before we decide on the mode of their application; and this we will attempt in the first instance, premising however, (for the sake of conciliation,) that our strictures are intended to apply only to the subject in the abstract, without any particular or immediate reference.

We take it for granted, that, in writings which properly come under the denomination of polemic or controversial, their authors assume a station, in the rear of which is their *principle of right*, the object of their defence: and opposed to which are certain aberrations, characteristically enough called *errors*—for what is error but the association of corrupt ideas, the natural concomitant of depravity, in a mind already polluted by transgression. Now if this definition be received, it follows that there can be no *principle of error*, with any technical consistency. Truth is the standard from which error has revolted—had there been no truth, there could have been no error. The disquisition is purely metaphysical, and may never be fully understood. To account for the existence of error at all, on any basis of human ingenuity, is as impossible as its antiquity is impenetrable: this we know, (and it is the *ne plus ultra* of our knowledge,) that all natural evils result from moral ones. It is one of those subjects, the explanation of which requires (as Dr. Johnson with his usual discrimination admirably observes) the use of terms less abstruse than that which is to be explained, and such terms cannot always be found. For as nothing can be proved but by supposing something intuitively known, and evident without proof, so nothing can be defined but by the use of words too plain to admit of definition. If we say that a man has no business to apply criticism to any subject beyond his comprehension, we plainly evince, that so far as we have considered the premises on which our opinion is founded, our ideas are confused and radically defective. We are

unable to define criticism, if we suppose it to be an instrument at the disposal of every man, or even every literary man. A blind man may possess notions of the beautiful from some intellectual association, but he would be insensible to the exquisite graces of a Medicean shape; even though it were palpable, it would not the more capacitate him for the enjoyment of that display which is designed only to gratify the eye. In like manner, a deaf man would be unable to define the harmony of sound. To suppose such men *authorities* in matters of taste, respecting which they are profoundly ignorant, is not more preposterous than the conduct of modern cynics, who could write as well on the natural history of the antipodes, and with less chance of ridicule or contradiction, as on the subjects which usually elicit their nerveless imbecility. Few men, comparatively speaking, have dared to expatiate on subjects which require the full development of their intellectual resources; and when this has been attempted, how often has the writer mistaken the ravings of unsettled opinion, for the vigour of constitutional maturity! Our patience has been exercised in the perusal of *what they wrote* on such a thing—we cannot call it criticism. The topic was plainly beyond their grasp; and either from inability or laziness, they have failed to produce any other impression. An attempt to disguise ignorance is generally perceived in a certain redundancy of expression, an inflated style, against which a well informed man does well to refrain; for in any case, it is at the best an unworthy expedient, and can by no means be reconciled to the character of a scholar, or the man of taste. Real attainments are diffident, and their existence is proved by the chaste mode of their application. There is first an apprehension of the subject, to the investigation and development of which they are directed: its positive and negative properties and associations are at once arranged; for without an apprehension and arrangement, how can we characterize rational criticism? In many cases, however, and where talent has not been wanting, we have seen the most shameful ignorance where we looked for discrimination and judgment. Thus, a linguist may be a stranger to the science of astronomy: he has no apprehension of the system, how can he compute distances? Universal knowledge is evidently beyond the compass of an individual, and it is right it should be so. There are those vain enough to think otherwise, and they never distinguish themselves by proficiency in any one branch of study. We prefer the lec

tures of a botanist on the science of botany: and before him, we should prefer Sir Astley Cooper in medicine and anatomy. Each in their respective department, and as long as they maintain their *station*, they will maintain their *rank*; but if they remove from that station for which they are certainly qualified, they either invite their genius by preposterous advances, or stand alone without one single mental energy to apologize for their presumption. Do we then mean to restrict the resources of intellectual gratification, or deny the exercise of judgment to those who do not assume the authority or reputation of a casuist? By no means: this would in effect paralyze the efforts of any for cultivation and improvement. Besides, in all ages of the world, and in all countries, where *freedom* of debate has been discouraged, the people have groaned with intolerable slavery; but a new world of intelligence arises with the exercise of unfettered reason, and a moral renovation has been no less the result of outward fortuitous circumstances, than of individual self exertion.

Upon a review of the whole, it certainly appears that although the powers of legitimate criticism are the monopoly of none, they cannot be assumed with impunity, or without involving a deep responsibility. These considerations however are not likely to deter the energies of the conscious great—as well might the majesty of truth crouch beneath the virulent abuse of bigotry and intolerance. We have seen pigmies in literature and science occupying posts of elevated excellence: and we have reflected that ‘a pigmy on the Alps is but a pigmy still!’

(To be concluded in our next.)

Smith's Translation of Tacitus De Moribus Germanorum et Vita Agricola—second edition.—Longman, and Co., 12s. extra bds., 1826.

A second edition of this little important work having made its appearance, we deem it proper to take some notice of it. Our classical readers, will, no doubt, recollect that it has been many times translated before: but we do not remember ever to have seen it done so well, nor presented to us in so eligible a shape as on the present occasion. As a Book, it is unique—the Latin text of Brotier being preserved in a narrow neatly printed column, in juxta-position with the translation, and copiously illustrated with foot-notes. There is nothing of

bookmaking about it, the object of the translation having evidently been to give a useful cheap work to the public; and when we consider the superior manner in which he has accomplished the translation, we have no hesitation in saying that he has secured to himself the sale of many editions.

Indeed, all other translations with which we are acquainted, have uniformly ground down the *asperities* of this energetic writer into their own crucibles, for the purpose either of pleasing the fastidious, or of compounding the high notions of those who have never reflected under what circumstances Tacitus wrote. But Mr. Smith has thrown aside all these considerations, and has only been solicitous to give his author *as he is*: nowhere lowering his tone through fear, nor elevating it through attachment—he has succeeded in presenting us a Tacitus in English, clothed in all his native fire and epigrammatical acumen—a *task by no means of easy accomplishment*.

With many of the notes also, which Mr. Smith has added, we were extremely well pleased—particularly with note 149, page 200. It is to the point, and well written. Nor were we displeased to meet the Caledonian chief in his native dialect, nor with the comments of the *Detector of Macpherson*. We are of opinion, however, with all deference to Dr. Shaw's abilities, that the speech of that hero received its finish from the pen of Tacitus himself: whether it was ever deposited in the archives of Scotland, is a question which cannot now be solved. Having thus hastily given our opinion of this translation, it is impossible we can have a great deal to find fault with; but we were surprised that—“*Tamquam pro virili portione innocentiam Principi donares,*” *Vita Agricola*, page 207, should have escaped this Translator's comment—surely a *great* and *good* man ought not to have done so—particularly after he had experienced so bitterly, the effects of Domitian's tyranny. It was in fact an exhibition of hypocrisy in death: a circumstance at which the mind revolts. There are also some errors of orthography in the Latin text, not noticed in the errata, which we suppose to be the handy work of the compositor—we would, however, advise Mr. Smith in his next edition, to be more particular on this head, as we deem it of great importance that a book, destined to pass into the hands of all scholars, should be very correct in that department.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Britton's Topographical Sketches of North Wiltshire, 1 large vol. 8vo. 2l. 2s.; medium 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Public Building of London, No. XIV.; proofs. 4to. 14s.; imperial, 8vo. 8s.; medium 8vo. 5s.—Pugin and Le Keux's Specimens of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, No. II., Imperial 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.; medium 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Duff's History of the Mahrattas, 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 15s. boards.—Nixon's English Parser, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sheep.—Adventures of a French Sergeant, Post 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards.—Political Primer, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. boards.—Paris on Diet, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Alla Giornata; or To the Day, 8vo., post 8vo. 1l. 10s. boards.—Spurzheim's Phrenology, in Connexion with the Study of Physiognomy, Part. I. with 34 Plates, royal 8vo. 1l. 2s. boards.—Whitmore's (Lady Lucy) Morning and Evening Prayers, 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards.—Church of England's Pledge; or, The Religion of Reformation, 12mo. 7s. boards.—Descriptive History of Holland, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

7s. bds.—Giles's Antinomian Reclaimed, 12mo. 2s. boards.—Chateaubriand's Adventures, 12mo. French 7s. bds.; English 7s. boards.—Eccentric Biography, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Walker's Dictionary, by Howard, 12mo. 6s. boards.—Watts's Psalms and Hymns, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 9s. bds.—Hunt's Design's for Gate Lodges, &c. 4to. 2nd Edition, 15s. boards, Ditto India proofs, 1l. 1s. boards.—Schleusner's Lexicon, by Dr Carey, 8vo. 14s. boards.—New Annual Register, 1825, 1l. 1s. bds.—English's Law of Pews, 5s. 6d. boards.—Rejected Articles, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Miller's Biographical Sketches, 2 vols. 4to. 3l. 3s. bds. Ditto, on Columbiar, 10l. bds.—Roscoe's German Novellists, 4 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 18s. boards.—North's Lives of the Norths, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s. boards.—Barry on the Blood, 8vo. 7s. boards.—Brown's View of Christianity, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. boards.—Doddsley's Annual Register, 1825, 16s. boards.—Lyte's Tales in Verse, 5s. 6d. bds.—Faber's Difficulties of Romanism, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Provincial Occurrences.

ELECTIONS.

SOMERSET.—The candidates for this county are the late members, Dickenson and Lethbridge, the latter of whom is opposed by the celebrated Henry Hunt. The claims of the opposition candidate, allowing them the merit of novelty and originality, as they are connected with certain ostensible recollections, have hitherto but partially succeeded. The ferment which might have been expected as the result of this singular presumption, is unaccountably deferred: and reviewing the whole of the circumstances, as they have transpired from the day of nomination, it cannot be concealed from our critical inspection, that the pretensions of Henry Hunt, esq. have greatly declined in the estimation of the public, ever since his 'incarceration' in the *bastille* of Ilchester.

There was a contest in the election for the city of Bath. Lord Brecknock, with Lord John Thynne, was chosen by a majority of the body corporate, in opposition to the well-known voice of the inhabitants, who were warmly attached to the interest of General Charles Palmer, their late representative. At the termination of the contest, the Hall resounded with execrations, hisses, and yells, which must baffle all description. Notwithstanding, the candidates suffered themselves to be exposed to the gaze of the populace, in the usual ceremony of chairing. A numerous assemblage of rank and talent have since united to express their opinion of the merits of General Palmer, whose claims on a future occasion must ultimately triumph.

The members returned for Bristol are R. H. Davis, esq. and H. Bright, esq. after a short and doubtful contest on the part of the friends of E. Protheroe, esq.

WILTS.—John Benett, esq. and Sir John Dugdale Astley, bart. are re-elected for this county.—The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Folkestone, and Wadham Wyndham, esq. are re-elected for the ancient city of Salisbury.—Messrs. Estcourt and Southey are returned for the borough of Downton.—Messrs. Pearce and Taylor are returned for Devizes.—Sir M. Lopez and Sir G. Warrender are returned for Westbury.—Messrs. Maitland and Gye are returned for Chippenham.—Lord Bruce and Lord Brudenell are returned for Marlborough. It is supposed this election will afford the inhabitants an opportunity of trying whether the right of returning representatives is to be confined as heretofore to the members of the corporation.

DORSET.—The late members for Corfe Castle will resume their seats.—J. Calcraft, and G. B. Wall, esqrs. are returned for Wareham.—There are five candidates for Weymouth whose claims are pretty equally acknowledged: the good people are in a fine bustle.—Lester and Ponsonby are returned for Poole.

HANTS.—Mr. Chamberlayne and Mr. Dottin are elected for Southampton.—Lord Binning and Dr. Phillimore are returned for Yarmouth.—Sir J. W. Pollen, and T. A. Smith, jun. esq. are returned for the borough of Andover.—Sir G. H. Rose, and G. P. Rose, esq. are returned for Christchurch.—Mr. Fleming and Sir W. Heathcote are re-elected for Hampshire.—P. St. John Mildmay, esq. and Sir E. H. East, are re-elected for Winchester.—Grosvenor and Wilbraham are returned for the borough of Stockbridge.—John Carter, esq. and F. Baring, esq. are returned for Portsmouth.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

It was an era in our history when the arrangements for publishing a magazine were completed; and in this stage of its career, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of recommending it, by revealing the secret motives of its conception. It originated, no doubt, first of all, in the desire which all conscious beings betray, of signalizing themselves in some important undertaking: and though we claim not the merit of singularity, we have at least the plea of ingenuousness to recommend our address to the public. It appeared to us that such a work was really called for—not on account of the limited sale, or from any objection to the character of modern periodicals—but on the part of those whose literary entertainment travelled a hundred miles before it reached their abode—tastes which were often satiated by the provisions of scribbling purveyors, whose interest was confined to the friendship of their publisher, and whose reward frequently depended on the prostitution of their principles and talents. Many men there are who feel no other interest in such works, than in proportion as they beguile the weary moment, and recall the mind from the oppression of *ennui*: they are then discarded, and whoever thinks of treasuring them for the elegant embrace of a gilt-lettered calf-skin, or of recurring to their pages in a future moment. Nor would it grieve a London publisher, or his hirelings, to know their work of long establishment condemned to perpetual obscurity from the moment of its perusal: their *receipts* embody the whole substance of their satisfaction, and thus ‘the world goes round.’ We are far from wishing to under-rate the splendid pretensions of ‘*the improved new series*,’ which have sometimes astonished even our critical sagacity, by the beauty and variety displayed in their execution. We are free to confess our partiality for a few of these: and provided they interfere not with our own interests, especially in the *West* of England, they have our sincere approbation. Nay, as our monthly offering is, exposed for half the price of some of these surpassing novelties, we need not anticipate any evil result from their accidental collision with our humbler Review. Attempts have been repeated, we know, without success, to establish a local periodical, and leaving their merits to be decided by those who may, suffice it for us to remark, that it seemed possible to detect and remove the causes of such galling mortifications. Success does not exclusively depend on an efficient management: for let the merits of a work be what they may, there is much to be encountered from the conceit of individual opinion, which is often founded in error. Thus, in comparing the prospectus of a new book with the book itself, there is always something redundant in the imagination of the former: and how can the first number of a *series* realize the pretensions of its projector? Men in general do not reason thus acutely, but reject with disdain whatever does not suit their teeming fancy, ’till a maturer judgment has succeeded in banishing caprice. Omissions are seldom imputed to the impossibility of supplying the demands of science in every department, especially within the compass of a few sheets of letter-press: even those whose information should direct their judgment, are accustomed to ascribe to inability the necessary restrictions of a periodical. With all these considerations, we ventured to engage in the lists of literary speculation, and having the advantage of some little foresight and experience in ‘the ways of the world,’ determined to encounter the opposition of enemies, invested with the armour of uprightness, and wielding the sword of truth.

That, we repeat, was an important era in our career of life, and with whatever pleasure we may refer back to its interesting enterprize in a far distant period, it will not be more than anticipated by our early congratulations. Our friends have deserved our confidence, and they are as numerous as our warmest imagination surmised. We can cheerfully appeal to them, on the ground of the three preceding numbers, whether we have not redeemed the pledge of rescuing our work from the stigma of containing "dull untutored compositions;" and then let them look to the contents of the present number, and report our progressive improvement. It has been suggested, and the hint will be sufficient for our correspondents, that it is hardly possible for a Journal, in its infancy, to realize even the expectations of its proprietors: and we can say with truth, that none among our readers watch with more jealous care than ourselves, its redeeming claims on public patronage. The anxiety we felt when standing almost alone, to support so laborious an enterprize, has been relieved by the obliging co-operation of able coadjutors, whose reward will be found in the improvement which their abilities are instrumental in promoting. The truth will immediately suggest itself to their minds, that if our miscellany be not exactly the substance of their ideal, it remains for them, by their own exertions, to improve on the materials already afforded, and to secure it an eminence beyond the reach of malevolence or envy. We make no other conditions with our correspondents than such as are absolutely necessary to be preserved for the sake of our own character and respectability; that is, we require discussion to be free from abusive personalities—satire tempered with discretion and judgment—and, above all, we require that all communications intended for the pages of *The Inspector*, be conducive to the welfare of society, in its moral and intellectual cultivation. It would grieve us to 'deserve a tear from the pale cheek of Pity, or a blush from Religion—it would rejoice us to meet the approbation of the wise and good, and the contempt of infidelity and licentiousness.

The grateful task, then, must no longer be deferred, of expressing our obligations to those gentlemen who have honoured us with such favourable notices in the local press in these counties, and in two or three instances in the metropolis: although a work must stand or fall by its own intrinsic merits, yet the encomiums of judicious criticism are encouraging to its ostensible conductors. We have been favoured, too, with numerous flattering testimonials from several characters of literary eminence, whose liberality has not been confined to mere recommendation. Some of our private correspondents we have never seen; in a few instances their names are familiar to us: we hope the time will come when we shall be able to express our thanks *personally*.

But in the midst of all these encouragements, candour obliges us to declare, that we have been disappointed in our expectations from various quarters, where the *promise* was remarkably fair. If our appeal were founded on any principle of selfishness or gain, we could expect no less than to be cajoled by common caprice: but we have endeavoured to detach ourselves from the Review, and our subscribers must recollect, that their subscriptions are devoted to *its* support—it will be long before the sacrifices we have made be compensated by an adequate return. We quoted in our introduction a remark of Johnson, that "some are too indolent to read any thing, 'till its reputation is established; others too envious to promote that fame which gives them pain by its increase." Against these disadvantages, we, in common with others, have had to contend: but we are not aware that any new weapon of hostility

has been employed against us. If the interest already excited should grow in proportion to its existence and extent, the expences incurred in the publication of the first volume of *The Inspector*, will be cheerfully devoted; and we may then confidently look forward to its permanent establishment. There are none among our correspondents and subscribers who do not possess considerable influence: now as we are totally unconnected with the chicanery of publishing, and involve no interests of our own, we can, with the less reluctance, respectfully solicit their further assistance; and we shall resume our labours with cheerfulness and alacrity.

July 3, 1826.

RESUSCITATION.

For several years past I have been particularly fond of devoting as much time to reading, as could well be spared from the ordinary occupations of life, or the duties of a profession which affords but little leisure: and the practice has been productive of many advantages, at the same time that it has proved the source of many pleasures.

Independent of the satisfaction afforded to the mind by the acquisition of knowledge, which is frequently experienced when we mingle with society, and enjoy the charms of conversation; there is a gratification resulting from the investigation of literary productions, which in the still abodes of solitude, or in the silent and solemn hour of midnight, can diffuse a charm, impart a cheering influence, and enliven or console the mind, which otherwise is too generally disposed to become melancholy upon such occasions.

In reading the works of our poets, we become by degrees possessed of their sentiments; and when we subsequently reflect upon them, or bring them before us by the aid of memory, their harmonious arrangement of words and ideas are communicated with the greater degree of force to the imagination, and display the pleasing pictures to our view arrayed in their most vivid colours. Upon this principle, I have not unfrequently beguiled those hours that would have otherwise proved wearisome, in recalling to recollection some favourite passages, from

“— the mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and informed my youth.”—

Upon such occasions, my memory has been fertile in affording a supply of the most delightful variety from the productions of Shakspeare, Milton, Young, Thompson, and others of the past, as well as the present race of authors: for during many of my solitary walks, or when surrounded by Nature's deepest gloom, have I adopted the elegant language of the author of the *Night Thoughts*, in apostrophizing the tuneful bird of evening, and exclaimed,

“I strive with wakeful melody to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like thee,
And call the stars to listen: every star
Is deaf to mine, enamoured with thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are who thine excel,
And charm thro' distant ages. Wrapt in shade,
Pris'ner of darkness! to the silent hours
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs and steal my heart from woe!
I read their raptures, but not catch their fire.”—

But it is not to the works of poets, or theologists, or historians, or any of those enchanters of the mind, whose lucubrations are so eagerly sought after, and devoured with avidity as soon as they leave the press, that my attention has been principally directed, although I have perused a great number belonging to either class. For a considerable portion of those hours, which are by many spent in idleness, in unrefreshing sleep, or in the pursuit of pleasures, that at the best, frequently prove unsatisfactory when viewed with a retrospective eye; have been passed in the perusal of the scientific works of a multitude of authors, and varying in size and extent from the bulky folio, or voluminous encyclopædia, to the periodical journal or modest pamphlet.

In order to render so extensive a field of observation productive of fruit worthy of reservation, for the exigency of a future period, I have, on several occasions, within the last five or six years, endeavoured to form a collection of extracts, selected from the works of modern authors, upon scientific subjects; and at other times, have aimed at writing brief analysis of the publications as they respectively came before my notice. To some of these latter, I may occasionally refer, by way of rendering them serviceable to others, especially when connected with such subjects as do not ordinarily come before the notice of the general reader.

If the proposal be agreeable, I may be induced to occupy an occasional leisure hour in preparing a paper for the pages of the *Inspector*: and upon the present occasion, have to offer you, an imperfect analysis of an interesting work published about six years ago, and which I believe had but rather a limited circulation.

J. FERGUSON.

"A Dissertation on the Disorder of Death; or, that state of the frame under the signs of death, called suspended animation; to which, remedies have been sometimes successfully applied, as in other disorders. In which it is recommended that the same remedies of the resuscitative process should be applied in cases of natural death, as they are to cases of violent death, drowning, &c. under the same hope of sometimes succeeding in the attempt."

—By the Rev. Walter Whiter, Rector of Hardingham, Norfolk, and late Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge.—1 vol. 8vo. pp. 480.

In this work, the objects of which are amply detailed in the title-page, presenting a singular character to the scientific reader, many novel and interesting ideas are brought forward, respecting the powers of recovery, wherewith the human frame is endowed, even when the vital spark has to all appearance for ever quitted its earthly habitation. The actuating principle which has led the reverend author to the composition of this volume, is undoubtedly noble, being the result of a desire to render benefit to his fellow creatures, when the generality of mankind would consider them as being past that state, in which they may possibly receive assistance from the energies of human art, even when directed by the profoundest skill; and when nothing short of a divine command, can recal the soul to re-animate its frail companion, and diffuse a smile of gladness to those friends who were lamenting their bereavement. It must be acknowledged, that numerous cases have occurred, where animation has been suspended, and the vital powers have been restored; and there are also a few cases recorded with an apparent degree of authenticity, where bodies have exhibited proofs of re-animation

after their consignment to the grave! But from hence, to form opinions like those advanced in the work before us, that the *resuscitation process* may be advantageously employed in cases of *natural death*, as it is in cases of *violent death, drowning, &c.*, would be generally considered as being influenced by vague and theoretical ideas, and as deserving of the world's dread laugh, for fanciful speculations in too great a degree unsupported by facts, and in many respects contradictory to the experience of all ages.

After an introduction, wherein the intentions of the author are fully detailed, an examination is made respecting the alarms about premature interment, which are stated to be but too well founded, and that the "warm genial earth, is endowed with every property most propitious to the process of *resuscitation*"—wherefore it is recommended, that instead of committing the body to the grave in doubtful cases, or even of waiting until the signs of putrefaction become evident, we should employ remedies for the recovery of the person; and among such remedies the *earth-bath* is particularly pointed out, as being likely to prove of superior efficacy. The *signs of death*, as incipient putrefaction, &c. are declared to be in many instances fallacious; hence, in some diseases, where there is a predisposition to putridity, and the exhaustion is very great, as in the plague and pestilential disorders, the body may yet retain sufficient energy to be acted upon, "within the genial precincts of the balsamic grave, and revival take place amidst an accumulation of horrors." "No one, (observes the author,) has yet, I imagine, formed any due conception of the precious properties, and the valuable purposes, to which this new auxiliary (the earth bath,) might be applied in the cause of man, against the most formidable and revolting of his maladies." We cannot, however, but see even on the first view of the question, what an impenetrable barrier the earth-bath might prove, in stopping the progress of pestilence, and what a store of blessed balms it contains, potent to sweeten, repel, repair, invigorate, or even to re-animate the foul and feeble frame, sinking or exhausted under the ravages of contagion. Here, some instances are brought forward in support of this proposition, of the properties of *fresh mould* for the cure of disorders, and in the recovery of exhaustion, as deduced from several authors; and the conclusion drawn from these records is, that innumerable cases have occurred of revival after interment, and that the victims and their fate have been for ever buried in oblivion, "amidst the unrecorded stories of human woe, too horrible for the human ear."

The subject next introduced, is a consideration of the "resemblance between the sleep of death, and the death of sleep." "The similarity of death and sleep, is so striking and obvious, that the metaphor of the sleep of death, has been engrafted probably into the language of every people, who have made any progress in the communication of their ideas, by the efforts of speech." From hence, the author is led to observe, that, "in the sleep of young and healthy animals, and in some morbid states of the frame, the death of sleep sometimes assumes almost the great characteristic of the sleep of death,—the absence of apparent motion and sensation. And again, in many appearances of the sleep of death, the features assume so gentle a form, and are so indicative of the powers of life, that they seem almost to invite the spectator to awake the sleeper from his state of tranquility; and we wonder that an appearance so resembling life should not terminate in the ordinary functions of apparent motion and sensation." To this, succeeds a description from the poets, of the lovely countenance assumed by the young and beautiful

after death, as if by sleeping, which is contrasted with the appearance after death by a violent cause; and here, Shakspeare is particularly brought forward, and quotations from several parts of his productions are given in illustration of either side of the question. In the drama of *Pericles*, by that inimitable author, whose correctness of delineation is so universally acknowledged, there is an interesting description of the recovery of a body from apparent death, and the following passage is considered by the author so applicable to his purpose, that he has adopted it as a motto to his volume—

“Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o’erpressed spirits.”

That affection, which has been termed a “lightening before death,” is examined and considered as an effort of the vital powers for recovery, and which ought to be followed by an endeavour to rouse the almost exhausted system. It is subsequently observed, that in some disorders, a suspension of the vital powers may prove as a crisis, “and when connected with the hopes of recovery from this state, by the applications of art, suspended animation may sometimes even operate as a remedy of the preceding malady; and in such a case, death must be not merely considered as a curable disorder, but even as a cure by restoring to a person the functions of life, freed from the evils with which he was before afflicted.” Hence, it is supposed, and the idea possesses not only singularity, but a considerable degree of ingenuity, that such a state may prove of service in “affections of the brain and nerves, certain fevers, canine madness, insanity, epilepsy, and idiotism.”

The state of suspended animation, as viewed by the ancients, is brought forward, and a case related from *Heraclides*, in which a woman was recovered by *Empedocles*, who was supposed to be dead, and had remained in that state for thirty days. This case is subsequently adverted to, as a weighty reason for not relinquishing the idea, that the body possesses within itself a principle of vitality, and that the applications of art may occasionally prove of service, when death has to all appearance irremediably taken place. Other cases of a somewhat similar nature, but of more recent occurrence, are mentioned, especially that of *Mrs. Godfrey*, sister to the celebrated *Duke of Marlborough*, who continued to all appearance dead for the exact space of a week, and recovered. This leads to a consideration of the torpidity of some animals, and their recovery from that state, by way of reasoning analogically as to the powers of vitality, and tendency to revival existing within the human body. The power, which some persons have possessed, of rendering themselves to every appearance dead, and reviving afterwards, is strikingly exemplified in the well known story of *Colonel Townsend*, related by *Dr. Cheyne*; and this is brought forward by the author, as well as others partaking of a similar singularity, as capable of affording abundant materials for discussion in treatises relative to suspended animation. The story of the German lady, who was conscious of, and witness to the preparations making for her own funeral, during the time she continued in a state of torpidity, or apparent death, is also brought forward, and dwelt upon with considerable force of reasoning, as affording a most striking proof of the uncertainty of the usual signs of death in some cases.

There are several instances recorded, where persons have continued for a few hours (or in some cases for a few days,) in a state apparently resembling death, without there being any coldness of the body, or the least tendency to

decay; and where, upon recovery, they have spoken of having experienced a temporary separation of the soul from the body, of having seen and conversed with the spirits of their former companions, whose bodies were mouldering in their graves, and of having witnessed the state in which the immaterial and immortal part of man exists after being separated from its material and perishable companion. The author before us, as might have been reasonably expected, has entered into a discussion of this interesting subject, and accordingly treats upon the trances, which certain extatics or enthusiasts have at different times enjoyed; wherein they have asserted that their souls have wandered from their bodies, and have had a foretaste of that state of beatitude to be the portion of the blessed hereafter. He also alludes to that state of the imagination wherein many have fancied they saw, or even conversed with supernatural beings as apparitions, angels or demons, without undergoing any change from their ordinary state of existence. Respecting these latter cases, we may be allowed to observe, that they may in general be referred to too high a degree of nervous irritability: so that what is a mere spectral illusion from the excited state of the system, is considered as real, or presented in an actual state of existence to the visual organs.

From these subjects, the author proceeds to the consideration of the "treatment of the dying and the dead," and in the first place, strongly reprobates "the baneful, the foolish, and the wicked practices" adopted by some nurses, and other attendants on the sick and dying, and on the dead,—as being calculated to hasten the extinction of vitality in the one instance, and to prevent the possibility of recovery in the other. The professors of the medical art, come in for a share of censure, as being guilty of "deserting their patients, at the very moment when the highest efforts of their art are most required." The possibility of recovery, when the patient has been not only given over by his medical and other attendants, but considered as really dead, is again brought forward, and gives rise to the following observations—

"If the resuscitation process should be ever generally cultivated in cases of natural death, as it is in the accident of drowning, and if the art should prove equally successful on both these occasions: that is, if this art should sometimes effect a recovery in different kinds of the *disorder of death*, just as other remedies sometimes succeed in other diseases, we may venture to affirm that important consequences will arise, of which we have formed at present no adequate idea. A new state of mind will be produced at a fearful moment, pregnant with the issues of *life and death*. The *dying*, who shall be assured that remedies which have been frequently successful, will be applied for their recovery after death, will always have some hope, even in the most desperate states of their disorder, and they will depart under the consolation, that the period of death may be only another stage: and perhaps in some cases, even a salutary stage in the course of their malady. A new era will arise; even at the confines of the grave, and the sinking frame will no longer be condemned to struggle with the mental depression, which the fears of death commonly create: and which always aggravates when it does exist, sometimes even to a fatal end, the malignity of the malady. By the cultivation of the resuscitation art, thus systematically applied, a new source of comfort will be unfolded, about which such anxious and earnest aspirations have been formed—the last good of our earthly condition: the blessing of *euthanasia*!"

"The *euthanasia*, to which the present argument directs our attention, is connected with our temporal state, and with those endearing associations which

belong to our mortal existence. Man will still cling to that anxious being, which he has so fondly cherished through life; and he will still cast "a longing and a lingering look" on those objects loving and beloved, which have been so precious to his existence. Under the assurance that the resources of art will be applied for his recovery, even when the breath of life shall appear to have departed, an evil of the most agonizing kind will be removed at our last moments—an evil which no fortitude of mind can sustain, even in its strongest state, and which must certainly, in many cases, accelerate the catastrophe in the eventual tragedy of the life of man."

To comment upon the foregoing extract, may be unnecessary further than to observe, that it affords a fair specimen of the energetic language in which the work is written: and that it is worthy of attention, for the happy manner in which it adverts to a period of the greatest interest to every class of society; more especially to those, amongst whom, friendship and real excellency has heightened the bliss of mutual enjoyment,—namely, the parting hour. It is at these sacred moments (as the writer of these remarks has on many occasions witnessed,) that the accuracy of the picture drawn by Gray, in his beautiful "Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard," can be correctly ascertained—

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n in the tomb, the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in in our ashes live their wonted fires."

We are in the next place presented with a comparative view of cases of natural and violent death, as relative to the resuscitative process, from which it is the intention of the author to exhibit, "that various cases of natural death afford, probably, examples of suspended animation better adapted than those of violent death, to the powers of art, and that here perhaps will be finally displayed the most brilliant exhibitions of recovery under the signs of death." It is observed, that humane societies have only turned their attention to cases of violent death, whilst cases of death from natural causes, or from disorder, have been wholly overlooked; yet many of such a description, would afford fair opportunity for a trial being made for recovery, yet are suffered to remain without any effort for revival: and this is esteemed an example of the highest state of perversion of the human mind. The difficulties attending recovery from violent death, as from drowning, are contrasted with the favourable circumstances under which the body is remaining for trial in many cases of natural death, especially when they are the result of "nervous and hysterical disorders, apoplexies, epilepsies, stupors, fainting fits, trances, &c." From this subject, our attention is directed to a reconsideration of the power of recovery which has been known to be imparted, when other means have been denied, "within the precincts of the balmy earth," and to the application of the resuscitative process in cases of death or suspended animation in acute disorders, fevers, &c. It being had recourse to, as soon as vitality seems extinct, whence it is considered as probable of being rendered of essential service, especially where prejudice does not operate to its exclusion. In cases of suspended animation, at the parturient hour, with the view of preserving the

apparently lifeless infant, it is considered as our most bounden duty to apply the resuscitative process "with the same diligence, zeal, and perseverance, which we apply in cases of drowning."

The means applied for resuscitation by humane societies, in cases of suspended animation from drowning, &c. are lastly brought forward, in order to leave "nothing untouched upon the subject, and of shewing how few the devices are, which have been adopted for the advancement of this art." The observations which are made upon this part of the subject, afford no new ideas from whence any practical advantage may be derived, or any recommendations of improved methods of recovery, further than what has been before related by various able authors, with the exception of the suggestion that the *earth-bath* may be rendered of service: and that the brilliant effects succeeding *galvanic experiments*, may be productive of good, by leading to the application of that active agent for the recovery of the human frame in cases of apparent death. The work concludes by the relation of the well-known anecdote of that illustrious individual, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who strenuously assisted in the recovery of a drowned peasant, and found his exertions rewarded by the happiest success.

The above may be considered as an outline of a work of an extraordinary character, a work which is not devoid of interest, and which will amply repay the trouble of an attentive perusal. If the ideas of the reverend author appear in many respects visionary, and incapable of bearing the test of experiment with regard to the eventual benefit to be derived therefrom, still we must allow him due credit for the purity of his motives as resulting from a desire to render himself serviceable to his fellow creatures. Provided its publication may lead to a further investigation of a most interesting subject, and be conducive to the recovery of any of those hapless beings, who, in all probability, may be only apparently dead, from the effects of disorder; and who would otherwise be consigned to their last mansion, to their abode in the dust from whence they were created;—the profound meditations it contains will prove of essential service to the cause of humanity; and the theoretical opinions which are advanced, for they are unfortunately unsupported by the strong evidence of experiments, and the conclusive assurance of facts, may be ultimately productive of practical illustrations of the greatest importance.

"THE PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY!"

What a theme for every prosy and mysterious personage, when words and phrases can pass without examination, and when the very complication of the subject places it far beyond the power of *general investigation*. Even of those who study it most attentively, and under the most favourable circumstances, how few come to any satisfactory conclusion. Like all other enquiries, it offers new and greater difficulties at every step: and at last repays with but a negative kind of conclusion; merely enabling us to see the difficulties of our situation, and the almost hopeless condition to which we are reduced. Every reflecting man must see that Government itself is but a system of expedients, adopted to meet the fluctuating and often unexpected circumstances with which it finds itself surrounded: though often from the consequences of those expedients, other evils may grow even greater than those it was trying to avoid.

These give rise to new devices, and the new devices are followed by new dilemmas; and thus society, whilst it becomes more artificial and complicated, becomes every day more and more easy to speculate upon, but at the same time less and less likely to be fairly understood by any of those who direct their attention to its situation.

Since the appearance of the work of Malthus, the general impression left upon the minds of those who have given it a fair consideration, is the melancholy one that the picture is only too true. That the only check to population is the want of support, is now so obvious, that few will be found to deny it, even amongst men of mere party. The accidental checks arising from "war, plague, and pestilence," in the present state of the world, are as nothing—merely single rain-drops in the great ocean of causation! The mortality produced by famine in one or other of its forms, is the great cause of the earth not being over-peopled. It operates also in regulating the actual production, as well as in restoring the equilibrium, when any accidental causes and temporary expedients, adopted by the executive of a country, have produced a greater number of people than that country can support.

In such a time as this—for we are now precisely so situated—what expedient can be adopted to procrastinate our doom? Other countries are not overstocked with people, and have bread to spare—the cultivation of the land itself will employ the whole of their physical powers, and they can, by their agricultural improvements, grow more bread than they can themselves consume. Barter, in one of its many forms, is the natural consequence of the relative situations of such a country and our own. *Nature* has supplied us with no curious or useful productions ready formed to the hand to give in exchange. Our only stock, then, is *labour*: and labour has therefore been employed in the production of the beautiful and useful, to give in exchange for our bread. Even the raw material is not the produce of our own country—iron and coarse wool excepted: for the material wherewith to work we are indebted to other lands. Is it likely, or can Robin Roughmantel for one moment suppose, that under these circumstances, we could be at the expence of fetching, manufacturing, and sending the manufactured articles back to the country where we drew the raw material, had we not greater skill and greater facilities than those countries have with which we trade? It is not to our greater physical powers we owe this, for these are rather below than above theirs; neither perhaps is it owing to our greater skill, so much as to our peculiar direction of that skill which is common to our species, but which other countries, not being urged by the same necessities, have not called into action in the same degree. It is, in short, to the facilities afforded us by machinery that we owe our existence as a nation, and that three-fourths of us owe our existence as men! Let us destroy our machines—nay, let us cease to improve them—our fate becomes certain, immediate, and inevitable!

Did we stand alone as "a nation of shopkeepers," we may, perhaps, regulate by legislative measures the manufacturing powers of the country to suit the demand which other countries may make for them—at least, we might do so for a time: but we do not stand alone and unopposed in those markets. France is as necessitous as we are, and has adopted the same expedients for supplying her wants. She has adopted the same methods of facilitating her productive powers, and does it, too, under a much less pressing load of taxes than falls upon the skill of the English manufacturer. What is the consequence? Is it not clear that with *less* skill and *less* perfect machinery she can

monopolize the market of the world by the cheapness of her articles. Our only resource, then, is to aim at the production of a *better article*, and at a *cheaper rate still*; and these objects can be effected by machinery only. It is now admitted, by every man who knows any thing of the manufactures of this country, that those which are produced by machinery are not only the *cheapest*, but the *best*: and yet such writers as Robin Roughmantel urge us to throw away these advantages—and for what, forsooth? Let him tell us, if he can.

I shall make no apology for introducing a long extract from a letter addressed by the younger Mr. Baines to the operatives of Yorkshire and Lancashire. It will illustrate the position which I have maintained in the preceding remarks: and though I am far from arriving at the same conclusions respecting the state of the country which he does, I perfectly agree with him respecting the necessity of employing machinery to the greatest possible extent. Robin Roughmantel will learn what I can readily believe him ~~till now~~ totally ignorant of, that there is a country which has every advantage over us but mechanical dexterity *upon a large scale*, and that country exerting every nerve to equal or surpass us even in this respect. “Already,” said the celebrated engineer, Rennie, to a friend of mine, “they can make knick-knacks to please a savage better than we can—but they cannot make a mill or construct a steam-engine yet.” The French, without much invention, are yet excellent imitators: let us then keep the ground we have, and look better to our own interests, than to give them the advantages which we have so dearly earned.

“England and France you know, are the greatest manufacturing countries in the world. They supply with their goods nearly all the other nations of Europe, Asia, and America. They are therefore *rivals* in commerce, and it is the constant effort of each to surpass the other. In the great majority of the articles of commerce England has the superiority, and the consequence is that she sells an immense quantity of her goods to foreigners, who send her in return either money or other articles of which she has need. But in some important branches of industry the French beat us, and in others they are treading close upon our heels. It is necessary for us to prevent them from passing us in the race of ingenuity and industry,—necessary not only for our wealth, but for our *power and safety*; because our national security depends upon the superiority of our navy, and we cannot maintain the superiority of our navy without having an extensive commerce to train up sailors to supply it. Now England and France being rivals in commerce, it is very important for us to know what the French are about; on the same principle that it is necessary for the general of an army to know the movements of the opponent, and for a gamester to discover the plans of his antagonist. Observe, then, my situation. I am in the midst of the enemy’s camp: I am looking over the adversary’s cards; and I am therefore in a condition to tell you matters of great interest to yourselves. At this moment I am in the town of Rouen, in the north of France,—a town nearly as large as Manchester, and the centre of the *cotton manufacture* in France, as Manchester is in England. I have lately been at Lyons; the largest manufacturing city in this country after Paris, and the seat of the most extensive *silk manufacture* in the world. I have also visited Nismes, a town in the south of France, nearly as large as Leeds, where the majority of the population is engaged in the silk trade. I have likewise been to Louviers and Elbeuf, at the first of which places they make the finest *woollen cloth* in France, and at the second they make great quantities of woollens of the

lower qualities. Lastly, I have spent some weeks in Paris, where I have not only visited the principal manufactories, but have inspected an important establishment called the *Conservatory of Arts and Trades*, established by the government, and open to the public, where models of every kind of machine employed in manufactures or agriculture are kept to assist the French in their inventions. I have attended the meetings of their public institutions for promoting the advancement of the arts and manufactures, have heard the opinions of their most learned and practical men on this subject, and have observed what the government is doing for the same great end. Having seen all this, I can assure you that these Frenchmen are not rivals to be despised, but are full of ingenuity and perseverance. I can also assure you, that we need not fear their beating us, if we keep possession of our advantages. But it is *absolutely necessary that we keep these advantages*. With these advantages, in spite of all our taxes, we can meet any antagonist in the open field of commerce. In the name of my country, I would say boldly—Let us have *fair play*, and Old England will triumph!

“But now attend to a few particulars, which you will find interesting enough to repay your attention. Last year there were exported from Great-Britain goods, according to the official estimates, of the value of £56,335,514: 11s. 2d. sterling. Of this enormous amount, £29,496,576 was in cotton goods alone; £5,925,574 in woollen goods; and £2,709,766 in linen goods. The French are straining every nerve to beat or to equal us in all these branches of industry; and, if they succeed, then away goes our commerce, and away goes our power along with it.—Let us look, then, at the means which the French are using to succeed in their competition. Let us enquire what it is that the government, and all their scientific as well as all their practical men, are looking to, in order to obtain this desired object. I am obliged to tell you, that *all their efforts are directed towards MACHINERY*. They attribute nearly all our superiority over them to our *improved MACHINERY*. They ascribe all their own recent advances in manufactures, to their success in introducing MACHINERY. The object first, last, and midst with them, to which they are directing all eyes, hands, and heads, is MACHINERY.—One of the most eminent men in France, for the zeal and talent with which he labours to promote the arts and manufactures of his country the Baron Chas. Dupin, has travelled a great deal in England for the express purpose of examining our machines, our manufactories, our dock-yards, and our workshops: and he has published an account of what he observed there, for the purpose of stimulating his countrymen to rival us in this means of producing wealth. The government has rewarded his exertions by making him a Baron, and has given him a salary to lecture every week on mechanics, at the *Conservatory of Arts and Trades*, to all who choose to attend. I have heard him twice, and I find that he is making the manufacturers and artisans acquainted, not merely with the principles of science, but with our best machines, and is urging them to emulate us. Another eminent man is a M. Clement Desormes, who has also travelled in England for the same purpose, has been likewise rewarded by the government: and is employed at the same institution in teaching gratuitously the application of chemistry to the useful arts. I heard him lecture on a subject which I thought at first would be of little interest: but it turned out one of the most interesting lectures I ever heard: he brought forward a plan for the establishment of a public washing-machine, to be worked by steam, in imitation of that at Midsham, near London. He first

shewed that the washing of linen was actually as the bleaching of linen or cotton goods just manufactured: and then he entered into an account of the admirable machinery for this purpose, which he had seen in Lancashire, and gave such a flaming description of our steam-engines and machines of all kinds, as made the Frenchmen stare with admiration. He told them that calico was bleached near Manchester, principally in consequence of our improved machinery, in the short space of *three days*, which would require *five weeks* to bleach in France. He gave the names and the residences of the bleachers, but I dare not mention them, lest some misguided men should hear of them, and go and destroy those machines which the cleverest foreigners believe to be our greatest means of national prosperity. I must add to these facts, what is most clear and undoubtedly true, that the manufacture of cotton has made a very great progress in France, especially here, at Rouen, since the end of the war, chiefly in consequence of the adoption of our machines. Their silk, their woollen, and all their other manufactures, are rapidly increasing, in a great measure from the same cause. Nay, they have got a company of Englishmen from Staffordshire, to establish iron-works for making steam-engines and other machines, at Charenton, near Paris; in this establishment, of which the heads are Messrs. Manby and Wilson, there are no less than three hundred Englishmen employed, whom I have seen myself; and the proprietors are doing a great deal of business, and getting rich by supplying our rivals with the means of competing with us.

“Now, my friends, consider these facts with the attention they deserve. You must clearly perceive that it is necessary for us to keep the advantage of our machinery, not only to preserve our present superiority, but to prevent ourselves being absolutely beaten out of the field by other nations. A machine has been invented and made known: it is no longer a question whether it is a general advantage to have such a machine or not, but it is necessary to our commerce to employ it, for if we *do not*, other nations *will*, and thus we shall inevitably be left behind them. The advantage of machinery is, that it enables us to make goods both quicker and better, and consequently to sell them cheaper than we could without it. A German or American merchant will always buy his goods where he can get them cheapest and best. If, therefore, we destroy those means which enable us to make them the cheapest and best we must renounce our trade and manufactures, and where would the labourers be then? Their masters must be ruined and they must starve.—“But we are starving already,” say some of you. Alas! my friends, it is too true that your distress is extreme. But it is a very great mistake to attribute your distress to machinery, and a fatal error to think the destruction of that machinery would be a remedy. The fact is just the contrary: machinery has been the grand cause of the unheard-of extension of the manufactures and commerce of this country, during the last half century. Not only has the wealth of the country been increased, but the demand for labour has increased also. I do not hesitate to assert, that machinery, instead of doing harm to the country, has rendered it the greatest benefit; and this may be proved to the perfect satisfaction of any man, learned or unlearned, who will listen to reason.”

There is, in the paper of Robin Roughmantel, such a want of plan, and even of definite propositions, that his real views can only be guessed at. He blames the manufacturer for congregating a vast number of people together in his shops: but let us ask, is it not better to do this, (were it even attended with

all the baneful consequences he mentions) than to let them starve for want of food in the country? We see in Ireland the effect of a population increased beyond the wants of the country, and its power to supply the cravings of the wolf hunger: and is it not to our manufactures, to the very practice which a host of ignorant speculators would fain have us relinquish, that we owe a condition so superior to theirs? As to his dilated exclamations—which, by the bye, show him better acquainted with the language of his bible than the spirit of charity in which it is written, and with the real situation of the country for which he proposes his hackneyed panacea—as to his exclamations, I say they are altogether misrepresentations, and founded in ignorance, to say the least. That the object of the manufacturer was not to get money, who could for a moment suppose—or who, besides Robin, could for a moment wish them to do otherwise? It is to the accumulation of wealth, and the consequent enterprise, that the capability of conducting such establishments as our manufactories are owing: it is to this that the poor have employment in any form whatever. The time has past, long ages since, past away, when this country could be at the same time independent and merely agricultural. The moment we cease to be the first manufacturing and commercial country in the world, we sink into a miserable province of a rival state—into objects of wretchedness to which this miserable world has hitherto produced no parallel.

Yet let us not think that even this superiority can be left us long. We have the market at present, but that market is already surcharged with produce. We already see that we are in existing branches of the arts too numerous: but must we give up the contest, and because we have evils to contend with, not keep our corresponding advantages? It is better to manufacture too fast, and sell as we can, and live as we can too, than to give up our only staff into the hands of a weaker rival. Like unto two furious and famishing tigers contending for the carcase of the last beast that was left in the forest, are the two great powers that contend for the manufacturing market of the world! Let him who is yet the strongest still fight on; the *chances*, at least, are much in our favour, and for a *while* the final catastrophe of our country may be averted. But after all, come it must. If we at present glut the market, it is not likely that with our increasing population, and increasing powers of production—which so far exceed the increase of demand—that even should we starve France out of the field of competition, we could find a market for our own uncompleted labours! Probably, were the whole force of this country efficiently directed, we could, unassisted, manufacture for another world, whose population was as dense as our own. The prospect is melancholy, and must inevitably be realised. The resources of our country *are* touched—their vitality is sapped: but let us enjoy life while we can, and protract the approach of our fate to the latest possible period. This can alone be done by machinery.

One paragraph more, and I have done. Robin Roughmantel seems to be as ignorant of human nature as he is of the situation of his country. The bondage of the mechanic, or of the country labourer, is not greater now than it always has been—in many points of view, it is much diminished. In like manner, the moral and intellectual character is also risen in the scale several degrees. However, he is much mistaken in supposing that our servants are less trusty and less virtuous because the slips of land by the way-side are enclosed and better cultivated. The virtues of the mass of the community are less under the influence of circumstances like these than many seem to think; but I find I have already gone to a greater length than I intended: and shall, therefore,

defer my remarks on the detail of Robin Roushamantel for a future occasion. Indeed, I must apologize for a want of system, and of the artifices of effective composition in this; it being drawn up under circumstances very unfavourable, and amidst a multiplicity of pressing calls upon my attention. However, I think the principles will be found solid, and the few opinions I have expressed, correct. If so, these will form a sufficient recommendation to *thinking men*.
T. S. D.

Bath, June 14, 1826.

[FOR THE INSPECTOR.]

In perusing the works of the poets of an ancient or modern date, we find frequently allusions to the state of innocence or happiness experienced in the earlier stages of society, or during the infancy or adolescent part of human life: and there are but few whose memory allow them to take a retrospective glance on the days of childhood, or those immediately succeeding; but can find a pleasure in occasionally recalling to recollection, as topics for conversation, some incidents therewith connected. It is from the principle of being actuated by a feeling of delight in the contemplation of the past, that merely revisiting the scenes where we have spent many of the happiest of our youthful hours, will often excite within us sensations of pleasure, or emotions of the liveliest interest, and verify the language of the poet Gray—

“ Ah! happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.”

From the works of other poets, I could select passages illustrative of the pleasure they have experienced in retracing the occurrences of childhood, or describing the scenery familiar to them at the early part of their lives; but will only advert to the late Dr. Leyden's “Scenes of Infancy,” (a poem describing in the happiest manner the local scenery, with many of the traditional legends of that delightful part of Scotland, Teviot Dale) and Mr. Carrington's more recent but admirable production, entitled “Dartmoor,” in which he truly asserts, that

“ To Man, in every clime,
The sweetest, dearest, noblest spot below,
Is that which gives him birth; and long it wears
A charm unbroken, and its honoured name,
Hallowed by memory, is fondly breathed
With his last lingering sigh.”

I have been in some measure induced to take up this subject by the appearance of an article in the first number of *The Inspector*, entitled “School Reminiscences,” the perusal whereof contributed to the amusement of what would otherwise have proved a wearisome hour. It recalled to recollection a few interesting particulars connected with my youthful days, and to one event,

I will presently allude; premising, however, that upon looking back to that period of my existence which formed the intermediate link between childhood and manhood, I am taking a glance at a portion of my life which was attended with many anxieties and cares, over which the benignant sun of hope sometimes shed his brightest beams, and diffused around me a degree of serenity and splendour; and at other times, the clouds of disappointment hovered, and appeared ready with their chilling gloom, to blast every bud of promise, and depress every rising energy of my soul. It was when I had nearly completed my eighteenth year, that I had been passing an evening in company with some young ladies, whose lively and versatile conversation afforded me much gratification, that our discourse turned upon *early rising*, and my judgment was appealed to, regarding its general utility as a custom, or the benefit it was capable of affording, in the production of a good effect upon the constitution. I advanced what arguments I could employ, in behalf of the practice, declaring my opposition to a contrary mode of conduct; and said that I did not hesitate to affirm, that those who indulged too much in sleep, acted prejudicially to their own interest; that I had proved the correctness of my theory by experiment, and could adduce facts in its support, which could not be controverted. So far all had passed agreeably, when I was informed that some were present who were accustomed to indulge in the very practice I had been condemning, and that my observations would be considered as aimed at them, by way of censure. "In fact," said my informant, "to avoid giving offence, you must write something on this occasion, such as may justify your opinions upon the subject which just now engaged our attention, and let it be a poetical production, for that may settle the point in a decided manner. To this I assented, and the following morning composed the annexed stanzas, and handed them in the evening to the lady who had addressed me, by whom they were communicated to the others, and (as I subsequently learnt,) procured me the approbation of the whole. The circumstance having been recently mentioned to me, by one or two by whom it was recollected, accompanied with a request for copies, and as I feel reluctant in refusing compliance with the wishes of the fair sex, when prudently made, so have I handed over the piece for its appearance in *The Inspector*, (provided it be approved,) and shall do myself the pleasure of recommending their attention to the said work for the required information.

J. FERGUSON.

ON EARLY RISING.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SOME YOUNG LADIES.

As humour leads, with fancy gay,
Full oft to form some sportive lay
I seize the ready pen;
But if the coy reluctant muse,
Her soul-enlivening aid refuse,
I lay it down again.
The ink and paper set aside,
Reserved against some other time;
To be with more success applied,
In tracing each succeeding rhyme,
And forming with success and ease
The verse, that I may others please.

And on this gay delightful morning,
 Whilst Nature sheds around her sweets,
 Each verdant mead and grove adorning:
 That every sense with rapture greets;
 Some fair-ones claim my present leisure,
 They bid the muse assume her reign:
 They tell me in some tuneful measure,
 To form for them the willing strain,
 And give the subject,—Some in bed
 Their morning hours will pass away
 In sleep indulging much too long:
 For this a something must be said,
 To prove at once without delay
 If they are acting right or wrong.

Sure, when we see the blooming Spring
 Spread such enchanting scenes around;
 And hear the birds their concerts sing,
 That wand'ring on the waving wing,
 Bear wide the pleasing sound:—
 The morning must diffuse its charms,
 And with resistless power invite
 Those blest with health, to quit the arms
 Of drowsy sleep, that rules by night:
 To walk across the verdant field,—
 To view the num'rous beauties there;
 That then their choicest fragrance yield,
 That then perfume the air.

And when the summer heats prevail,
 When languid Nature seems to fail;
 And gladly seeks some lone retreat
 Close sheltered from the noontide heat:
 How pleasant as the morning sun
 Begins his daily course to run;
 Ere yet he sheds his burning ray
 That glows with all the force of day;
 To wend along the river's side,
 In yon refreshing mead:
 To watch its murmuring waters glide
 Or view its banks with flowers arrayed.

When Autumn spreads abroad her store,
 And comes rejoicing on the plain;
 Counting her numerous treasures o'er,
 To fill with yellow loads the wain,
 And cheer the heart of every swain.
 O! 'tis delightful then to rove,
 At morning's early hour along
 By waving corn-field, or through grove;
 And hear the joyous reapers song!

AT HOME: NOT AT HOME.

And when stern Winter, o'er the land,
 Rules with an unrelenting hand;
 And binds the stream with icy chains,
 Or throws her mantle o'er the plains,
 Her mantle of the purest white!
 Say, will not Winter e'en invite,
 Soon as the morning opes the day,
 Ere yet the sun with gentle ray
 Shines on the glittering ice-clad spray;
 To leave the couch of sleep, and warm
 The well-strung limbs by bolder toil;
 By exercise, which proves a foil
 To indolence, and yields a renovating charm?

Hence, I prefer their life as best,
 Who early leave the downy bed;
 When nature has sufficient rest,
 When sleep's narcotic fumes are fled:
 And hence the poet says 'tis wise,
 And healthy, too, betimes to rise!

AT HOME: NOT AT HOME.

[From the *Literary Gazette*.]

What magic is in these three words—positively—negatively. Ye who think that to-morrow will pay the promises of to-day, listen to the adventures which belong to these talismanic expressions.

The age which had succeeded the bubble-age was in its full bloom of bankruptcies and suspensions, when Timotheus Scribehake, esquire, who had lived most principally during a long period by writing for the periodical press, worked as usual in his calling, with double industry, to meet the pressure of the times; and sincerely hoped that no callers would call to interrupt him in his occupation. By the morrow he had contracted to furnish for a Review that called itself first-rate, a paper on cash payments and the currency, which to finish required his utmost exertions. He would have said "not at home," but he had heard that denial of self was worse than self-denial; the former being an act of bankruptcy, the latter an act of Christian virtue. So, despatching an early breakfast, Timotheus took the last day by the forelock, and was pen in hand betimes. Luckless wight! hardly had his good grey quill imbibed its first sip of ink, when in walked Mr. A. Jourdouy, the most worthy of innocent creatures. Mr. A. Jourdouy's conversation is of a very agreeable kind, though not particularly instructive. He tells you nearly all the news which have appeared in the newspapers of the preceding day, or even two days, if he is in a remarkably communicative key; and does it in so endearing a manner, that it is quite impossible not to be grateful for his indulgence. On the present occasion he was overflowing with kindness, and distilled the intelligence of half a week into the listening ear and tortured heart of Timotheus, who, at the end of two hours, saw his visitor depart with a sort of feeling as if the weight of a mountain were taken off his back, like Edwin of the Green, or Sir Topaz, in

the fairy tale. Alas! his joy was brief: before he was well re-seated, Doctor Chitty dropped in. Timotheus looked aghast,—for though the doctor dealt in remedies, well he knew that there was no remedy for the doctor. He therefore summoned all his patience to hear over again all the little items which he had so often heard before, but which it was his friend's pleasure to detail every time he did him the favour of a call. It happened that the doctor's budget was uncommonly full. One of his horses had cast a shoe, at six or seven minutes past four o'clock—the road had been newly Macadamised—the coachman did not observe the accident—a pebble of the size of a walnut, or at least a cobnut, had penetrated the hoof—the treatment of the wound—the expected lameness—the provision for travelling about in the interim—the costs of both cure and substitute—digressions on the patient he was going to at the time, and his disorder—on Macadamisation and paving—on farriers and horse shoe nails—on coachmen and the characters of servants (the shameful practices which prevailed in the latter respect in London, with a few anecdotes of persons who had been cheated); this topic alone, including its near and remote branches, occupied one good hour, and nearly another was consumed in equally important business, before the doctor (who might have walked the round of his patients without finding the journey too long or the day too short), did what he often induced others to do—took his departure. Timotheus had been reduced to a state of stupor, from which he was gradually recovering, when Mrs. Bluhose was announced. Ye gods! she came to consult her dear adviser on the publication of a work she had just completed; she knew how valuable, or rather invaluable his time was; she would not detain him; but she must just read one short passage or two. Timotheus folded his arms with the philosophy of an ancient stoic; only one melancholy sigh forced its way from his breast, and this he tried to pass off for a cough, as if settling into attention; and the lady proceeded to develop her plan, characters, objects, incidents, &c. as it had enchanted her auditor. Timotheus heard a noise in the stair—was it the sound of voices? yes: Mr. Bore, in coming up, had met Mrs. Bluhose going down, and they were exchanging a greeting. The latter had almost turned back to shew Mr. B. her MS., but contented herself for the present with reading a page or two on the steps, and promising a more prolonged specimen at an early opportunity. "What an infernal bore that woman is," said Bore entering the chamber, where he bored his unhappy acquaintance for another space of two hours. Bore himself had no conversation; but he hoped he did not interrupt business, while by every now and then popping a question, or mentioning where the wind and how the weather was, had been, and probably would be, he more effectually murdered thought than if he had chattered all the while like a wilderness of monkeys. But it is a long bore which has no termination, and at last he walked away to bore somewhere else; Timotheus wishing him in the tunnel under the Thames. Now, said he, it is four o'clock, too late for further idlers, and I shall do my best still to finish my labours. That day was he doomed to labour none—it had been marked by Destiny with a white stone for a day of leisure, relaxation, and recreation. Squibb, the poet; Andrew, a cousin from Devonshire; Rumpfuskin, the actor; Smith, a Brighton acquaintance: and half a dozen others appeared singly or in company, and some of them so near dinner-time, that they must of course be asked to take pot luck. Timotheus, in despair, gave up the day as lost; he dined, he wine'd, and he resolved to take especial care never again to lose his time so egregiously.

Next morning, he was at his desk by day-light, and the maid was strictly

enjoined to say, he was *not at home*. To his utter dismay, he soon saw her usher a mere common visiter into the apartment, and Timotheus could not conceal his rage and vexation. The visiter begged pardon—hoped he did not intrude—was not aware Mr. S. was so much engaged, or would not have disturbed him—would not, indeed, but Mary had shewn him up without hesitation, and —— “Mary be cursed,” cried the fairly worn-out and distracted writer. “I do not blame you, sir, and am sorry to be so impatient: but that stupid ass never attends to any order I give her.” “Stupid ass!” exclaimed Mary—“marry come up. I did attend to your order, sir: the Bishop of London has not called to-day.” The stranger stared, nor could conceive what the Bishop of London had to do with his introduction: it seems that Timotheus, to make his instructions the more forcible and positive, had told Mary, that even if the Bishop of London came, she was not to admit him; and honest Mary had fancied that she was to admit every body else!

Now, better informed, she obeyed him to a letter. She watched the door like a she-dragon, and sinned, after the manner of Peter, frequently and stoutly. Timotheus, rejoicing, went on briskly with his literary labours: but there is no real happiness in this world. Among the other callers, was Mr. Crib, the attorney, with a bill, which was given for a loan he had generously pressed upon Timotheus, and for which he merely took this as a voucher, never to be used until convenient to the borrower. “Master is *not at home*.” “Surely he is,” “He is not.” “Why I saw him just now at the window.” “Master is *not at home*,” &c. &c. &c. A notary, in the evening, had the same answer; and, in the course of the week, Mr. Timotheus Scribehake had a commission of bankruptcy issued against him, by his quondam friend Mr. Crib!

WHICH IS THE BEST HISTORIAN?

I am very well aware that he who would say any thing new on a subject so trite and common, must possess extraordinary resources in himself, or he will fail in displaying the charm of originality. I am not so ambitious. My intention is less to gratify the mind by curious speculation, than to win the attention of those who have never yet attached that importance to a study which its advantages demand.

The endeavour to perpetuate the memory of great and laudable actions, seems to have intruded itself even beyond the ray of science and literature. The unlettered tribes of Africa are fond of registering the deeds of a countryman distinguished in their way; and by characteristic symbols on trees, stones, or mounds of earth, they indicate the popularity of some deserving chief, or the place of some remarkable action. How amiable is this propensity, so strongly united to the soul, and of what incalculable benefit to society! To desire the applause, to thirst after the encomiums of friends and associates, is not an inexcusable vanity. Men, destitute of this principle, who despise the good opinion of the world, whose hearts never thrill with rapture, because they never deserve the suffrages of their fellow creatures, one should imagine are prepared for the most desperate and abandoned undertakings—alike careless whether they are remembered as the blessing, or curse of their species.

The soul of man naturally revolts at the idea of its own inactivity: and its separation from the body is contemplated with less anxiety and terror, when

the reflection of being remembered by a grateful posterity, alleviates its distress. The great and powerful, indeed, seem to have relied on the grandeur and potency of their structures, as emblems of themselves. Hence the stupendous works of Semiramis, and the awful sublimity of the pyramids, which have survived the very names of their founders. At last, the march of science, and the progress of letters, established a more substantial monument, now the ornament of almost every country and language.

Immortality is not now confined to the lofty tyrant whose thousand slaves procured him what his worth denied: no—like a restrained torrent, it broke through its feeble barrier, and in gentle streams, and soothing a clamations, it diffused its enlivening influence in a more equitable administration. She now expands her wings, and her smiles are the indiscriminate inheritance of deserving worth. Happy are those whose sentiments are expressed by a great poet—

“ Nor fame I slight—nor for her favours call—
 She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all:
 But, if the purchase cost so dear a price,
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall’n ruins of another’s fame:
 Indignant, let me scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise—
 Unblemished let me live, or die unknown,
 Oh! grant an honest fame, or grant me none.”

History is not only one of the most ancient, but one of the most useful of sciences: it is not only an excitement to virtuous and laudable actions, it is also a beacon to deter us from those rocks and quicksands in life, to which we are so much exposed. It is possible for the mind, by inattention, or led by an injudicious historian, to be mistaken in its calculation of right or wrong in the policy of nations, or in the development of individual character. We should sit down to the study, divested of all prejudice and partiality: the subject should be fairly investigated, and the mind itself unprepared by any resentment or pique against any party, whose actions it is about to scan. Opinions are to be formed after a fair comparison of accounts related by different persons. Unfortunately, (and what is a palpable defect in the economy of our families,) parents are anxious prematurely to form prejudices in the minds of their children, in favour of their own sentiments. This is done in common conversation, by giving invidious names, and allowing opprobrious distinctions. What would you think of that man’s impartiality, who of the first Charles should say, ‘he died for the church:’ of the second, ‘he was a glorious defender of the faith:’ of William, ‘a presbyterian schismatic:’ of Anne, ‘a saint:’ and so on. Prepared by these distinctions from a respect to parental authority, a principle good in itself, they despise all discussion, and their future reading only makes them absurd and ridiculous. What we imbibe in our tender years, we are generally too tenacious of, to part with it without difficulty: it is like a prior kind of reasoning, that having once gained a deep root, is seldom or ever eradicated.

There is a spirit and manner, an air of freedom, which distinguishes the historians of a free country, from those of absolute monarchies. Compare Hume with Mezeray in this respect, whose heroes are painted like Orondates or Pharamond, or some other exaggerated descriptions in legend and romance. We seldom see united in the same person, the mildness of Whitelock, and the

inquisitive turn of Rapin. Lord Clarendon wrote with more ease and fluency than Carte, without his correctness. The question has often been proposed, What system of history is fit to be put into the hands of our youth? Undoubtedly, the fairest chance of improvement would result from reading and comparing them all—but, as this is in many cases impracticable, let them have Rapin, because, though a foreigner, and with many faults, yet are his principles better suited to the constitution of a Briton, than are to be found in most other general histories. Now, if this be too voluminous, Hume has added to the literature of our country, by a work, which, better than any I know of, answers to the character the writer assumes, and seems really the work of an impartial hand. Without any particular attachment to party or interest, the language is nervous, sound, and yet flowing; and the reflections beautiful and honest; and, what is the more remarkable, unless people will renounce reason itself, it seems the first work of the kind which offers no violence either to prejudice or partiality. But if you remember at what time, and under what administration the historian wrote, your judgment will be infallibly directed.

I am very well aware of the many objections that have been assiduously raised against Hume, on account of his disaffection towards Christianity: but I am not aware that in his review of the politics of a great nation, he has employed exaggerated phrases, much less, has he condescended to obscure his meaning by the arts of sophistry. It was natural to suppose, indeed, that where the judgment was weak, the prejudice would be strong: but you are frequently presented with instances, where imbecility or meanness in the ecclesiastical department, would have called forth censure from less moderation than his. The fact was, however, not only were his views of human nature liberal and sagacious, but the general tone of his feelings was on the same principle. I am not, however, undertaking the defence of a man whose genius has been recognised, and applauded in every learned and polite society in Europe; but allowing the objectors to his history, the merit of sincerity, I only aim to expose the real character of their prejudice. If an historian be a man of general information, and extensive research in that branch of literature which has elicited his talents, I know not by what privilege I dare arraign his religious or, political creed. The man may deserve the credit of all who have no reason to doubt his veracity, without agreeing in sentiment or opinion with those whose scrutiny he challenges. The danger is of being won by the charm of his eloquence into an admiration of the brilliancy of his wit, without stopping to enquire into the legitimacy of its tendency: for however entitled to a character of rectitude, a man must be honest to himself as well as to his neighbours; and knowing the circumstances of the case, we have reason to expect in the writings of an infidel historian, some allusion to his principles, if not occasional attempts at justification. Hume is as free as an historian can be of all arts of dissimulation, and the pleasure you derive from the unrivalled elegance of his narrative, is never abated by the chicanery of authorship. The very minuteness of his detail is never tedious: and the exuberance of his thoughts no where threatens you with satiety. The object of this paper is not to dilate, I will therefore conclude my recommendation of Hume, by a cursory glance at the qualities of his work. It exhibits a great degree of patient research: its information is derived from the most unquestionable and authentic resources: its features present you with characters prominently sketched, or impartially investigated: its records are faithfully

transcribed; its principal scenes, without the aid of artificial colouring, are painted in all their vivid realities: and all this in a style of language which has stood the test of long experience, and is universally admired and adopted for its purity and elegance. You seem to converse with remote ancestry, and to be in the very scene of action the historian is describing: you rejoice and exult, and then alternately glow with passion, or melt in pity—you are filled with indignation, or horror—and in proportion as you identify yourself with the interest of the story, you become impatient to trace the hand of providence in the catastrophe of affairs, and though in solitude and silence, you experience the joys and sorrows, the tumults and vicissitudes of human life.

Z.

ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY TAKEN INTO THE PLANET VENUS,

BY BADAMINNSHAH:

Translated for the first time from the Sanscrit into English,

BY X., ONE OF HIS NEPHEWS.

When a man wishes to have his name in print, and yet cannot get any thing from his head, what is he to do? The only plan is to publish a selection, or the beauties of some popular writer, or to translate. I choose the last as being the most convenient. Besides, the numerous MSS. of Badaminnshah, a great, great grand-uncle of mine, who lived only ten thousand years ago, are an inducement to me, considering that none of them have ever been published or printed. I have chosen, for my first essay, the account of a journey that my uncle took into the planet Venus, to satisfy the curiosity of his beloved Zelia. I have thought the account of such a journey might tickle the curiosity of at least a few; I confess that to me, it is one of the most astonishing feats of magic I ever heard of. My title-page, then, will run thus: "*An account of a journey into the planet Venus, by Badaminnshah, translated for the first time from the Sanscrit into English, by X., one of the celebrated author's nephews.*" If I have any thing to say about my translation, I will put it at the end, and for a very good reason, which is, that a translator's preface is almost always disregarded, and as that cannot be pleasant to one's feelings, I do not know a better way to avoid it than by putting one's *preface* at the *end* of the book. Before I proceed, I do not think it *improper, incongruous, indecorous, amiss, or malapropos*, just as you think best, to say a few words about my uncle's personal qualities. All my relations agree, (for I know nothing about him but by family tradition,) that he was wonderfully learned; he could make you see the stars at mid-day, and what is more, make the sun shine in the middle of the night, with all imaginable ease; travel into stars, &c. As to his figure and features, I am sorry I can say but very little, so jarring and discordant are the descriptions I have heard of him: my father, who is about six feet high, has black whiskers and mustaches, and always told me he resembled my uncle in this respect; but my uncle now living, who is little more than three feet and a half high, with red whiskers and mustaches, denied the fact, and would have it that the learned Badaminnshah's mustaches and hair were exactly like his own; and thereon they have had many a quarrel. I must not forget that my uncle's science did not hinder him from

being affable and cheerful; from serving men, even where he expected ingratitude in return for his services. This may appear incredible; however, I read in a memorandum, "given bread to a rogue and family, who will accuse me of making presents to the people with the view of becoming popular." He said of Friendship, "it is a flower which loses its fragrance as soon as touched by an interested hand;" and that "Love doubles our existence, something called love scatters and wastes it." But I fear I should tire my reader, were I to add any more similar reflections; so I proceed to my translation.

THE JOURNEY.

Often when in the evening, I was wandering with thee, in thy *grove of roses*, lovely Zelia, thou whose breath is sweeter than the perfume of the young rose on the wing of the morning zephyr, whose lips, whose eyes, have often made me forget that I was nothing but an inhabitant of the earth; often have I seen thee gaze at that fairest of the stars; a sigh would force its passage through those lips which shame the fairest rose. Thou didst fancy that the inhabitants of that fair globe knew more, and were happier. I summoned all my energies, and ——— I have been, I have seen ——— thou wilt read. May this description of my journey bring me a smile of approbation, and I ask nothing more.

I cannot let thee know by what means I began my journey, nor how I accomplished it. If I cared that every body besides thee, who will perchance see this account, should implicitly believe all its contents, I would have mustered at least a few witnesses, who would have sworn they saw me depart, and return. But, as I wish merely to be believed by one, yes, one alone, I let others enjoy freely the judgments they may pass on this short narration. Yet, when I think that men mostly believe in things just in proportion as they are unintelligible, why should I fear they will doubt me?

Although Venus is at some distance from the earth, and one would think it would take too much time for the same man to go there and back, during life, even in going at a rate that the best dromedary has no idea of: yet I have performed my journey in apparently a very short time: for when I left Zelia, she was fair and lovely, and when I returned, she was lovely and fair.

I cannot, life of my heart, give thee a true description of all the brilliant, wonderful, and enrapturing scenes I saw; therefore, thou wilt give free scope to thy divine imagination, and complete the pictures I only aim to sketch.

Borne on the wings of love and of * ——— I soon found by the increasing magnitude of the planet I was bound to, that I was fast approaching the end of my journey. Her brilliant golden colour was by degrees replaced by a silvery hue, which kept fading away, until at last I saw nothing but a huge circular cloud, surrounded by a broad ring of light. I kept gazing on, the mists receding as the light increased: then I distinctly described mountains, and luminous points—my heart beat with hope—a lake reflected the rays of the sun! a city! O my Zelia, that thou hadst been there! I was enraptured—at the end of a short ecstasy I found myself on the bank of the lake: over my head, trees waved softly their branches, and birds were making such a delightful concert, that the perfumes of the one, and the harmonious

* The translator begs to tell his reader, benign or unbenign, male or female, beautiful or ugly, dandies young or old of either genus, in fact, to all the world, (I hope the rest will attribute it to my modesty, if I omit them in my enumeration,) that several passages of my uncle's manuscript have no corresponding English.

pipes of the other, seemed as if willing to prolong my ecstasy. I rose, looked round—how lovely! how majestic! how beautiful! how sublime!* The lake had a triangular form, and was surrounded by such lofty mountains that their summit defied the power of my eyes; a gentle breeze ruffled the liquid with which it was filled; on my right, the immense orb of the sun was sinking below the horizon; its splendour was such that the eye of no common mortal could behold it. I distinctly saw torrents of light darting in every direction from its surface, conveying to distant worlds motion and life. I had a thought—the name of Zelia escaped my lips instinctively—thus perhaps the inhabitants of different spheres have some intercourse with one another. “Pursue thy course, fair beam,” exclaimed I: “at thy approach the love-tuned pipes of the hosts of her groves will resound with happiness, and my Zelia will dream of me.” On my left rose numberless palaces: they had the appearance of a great number of crescents, similar to that of the moon a few days after her beginning to rise from the darkness of the earth: although they were all different, and forming each a master-piece of architecture, yet, when I glanced at them all together, it seemed that their beauty increased in proportion as I saw a greater number of them. These crescents rose one above another, as an amphitheatre, and those on the summit of the hill appeared to lose themselves in its surrounding azure. Before these palaces were porticoes formed by columns several hundred cubits high; the justness of their proportions, the elegance and beauty of their ornaments, cannot be compared to any thing on earth: they reflected the rays of the departing sun, so as to produce all the possible variations of colour, with a splendour and brilliancy that the most perfect gems hardly equal. I was in a state of enchantment. For some time I could only admire; but at last I was able to look at the detail, and I continued to discover new beauties. The beauty of the scene was greatly increased by a variety of fine trees, as extraordinary for their height, the beauty and fragrance of their foliage and flowers, as was the place they were intended to adorn for its magnificence.

“This,” exclaimed I, “is the abode of a happy race! O grant, grant—” and suddenly I saw coming towards me a being whose shape and brilliant appearance diminished on his approach. I was accosted by a venerable old man, whose look inspired me with confidence. A boat was at hand, and he invited me to enter it. I hesitated, but I do not know how it happened, before I had made up my mind, the boat was already far from the shore, and I was in it! As I was landing, I tried to seize the hand of my companion, but I could feel nothing.—I addressed him thus: “O spirit, who so far hast heard my request, deign I entreat thee not to abandon me, and assume, if it is in thy power, a shape corresponding to the weakness of my nature, that I may communicate with thee.” Presently my guide seized my arm, and with a smiling countenance, he said, ‘I know thy desires and will satisfy them: before thee stands Kalliopolis—I am one of its inhabitants, it may be in thy power to see more of them.’ I interrupted him, or was about to interrupt him, when he said, ‘The object of thy journey is known. Thou art obeying love and curiosity, which prompt thee to seek here other sources of truth and happiness than those thy planet affords thee. I cannot promise thee much—why dost thou complain that egotism, base, treacherous, downcast-eyed, tyrannical egotism is ever reigning?—Because thou art ambitious, because thou desirest fondly to

* This is the English word corresponding to that of my MS., but I confess I understand neither

enjoy the esteem and praise of those very beings thou despisest. Dost thou not see that the human race, that race which has so great an opinion of itself, resembles in a great measure some of those animals who live by destroying one another? True, a man does not swallow his weaker neighbour as a pike does a pike; but the difference consists only in the manner of swallowing. This, indeed, chiefly applies to those who long after power or celebrity; for as to the rest, they are either the wisest of the whole, or plants which grow, bloom, and wither—very few bear any fruit. Then be wiser than many: life is a stream which begins where?—and loses itself in eternity. Eternity! what is eternity? thou canst not comprehend—. Life is a stream whose banks are covered with a few flowers: from some with their perfume thou inhaledst life and happiness; from others, misery and death. To choose is an important point: yet it is difficult to choose well; for they grow indiscriminately, and the poisonous cup is often more alluring than the salutary one. Make thy happiness consist in that of a few—for thou canst not be happy alone; make thyself so insignificant that the tyrant may never call on thee to bear testimony that *heaven* approves his tyranny; avoid getting in contact with disputing priests; open thy eyes and see; but first see for thyself and for very few more.*

It occurred to me that the spirit, who before had guessed all my thoughts, was imparting to me his own, without uttering the least sound or making use of any sign; I was full of astonishment—he said ‘Art thou astonished when thy Zelia charms thy ear with the melodious sounds of her harp?’* “No:” ‘Then believe it, with more dexterity can I play on all thy feelings and thinking powers, than her thou lovest, on the strings of her harp; I can touch thy nerves so as to cause any combination of sensations I please; I can make them retrace all their preceding motions, so as to have a clear sight of all thy past and present thoughts.’ I could hardly believe my own sensations, I touched my eyes, and was about to stop my ears. My guide said, ‘Mortal, I like thy doubts—were it not for them, thou wouldst have been only one of those plants I mentioned before.’ Suddenly, the sweetest harmony struck my ear: it was at first hardly more than the breathings of mellifluous and gently entrancing sounds; then as it increased it passed through all the possible *modes*, but with such a perfect harmony that I fancied I heard the so much celebrated and never-heard music of the spheres. Now it broke into such torrents that I could no longer resist it: my life, my soul seemed to be attracted by an irresistible power; at last I sunk enraptured. What surprise was mine when on recovering my senses I found myself in a kind of temple of immense dimensions. It was quite transparent; but that which particularly attracted my attention, was, that in whatever direction I looked, I saw the image of the sun, surrounded by dark spots; and through each of these numerous suns, I read the number ONE. I was about to express the desire of having this explained, when the spirit having passed his hand over my eyes, I saw that the spots I had noticed before, were the emblems of the various orders of priests of all the religions on the earth, besides a great many others I was unacquainted with. They were divided into various groups; and each group formed several orders. I never before witnessed or even thought of a scene so ludicrous, and at the same time so horrible. Those of different orders in each group began to make

* Some learned antiquarians will tell me, that I must have translated wrong, because there were no harps ten thousand years ago, unless indeed they were preadamite harps.

mouths and faces at one another; then followed a most confused noise; they were speaking all at once: I listened with great attention, and I heard them reproach one another with ignorance, hypocrisy, heresy, atheism.

'Here,' said my guide, 'you see some who have not yet been in existence; mark that set who make so much noise about a numerical problem, they will, for four or five thousand years, do a great deal of mischief on your globe.' From invectives, they came to use their fists and teeth, when lo! they began to swallow one another; so that at last there remained only one of each group. I enquired who they were: 'Here on the left you see Bramah, Vistnou, and Chiven; these three are the origin of the dispute about the numbers you noticed before. This one is called Mithra, then follow Xaca and Amida, Fohi, Mahamounie, Budha, Toth, &c. &c.' Another quarrel arose between these, and the last was devoured by the one who preceded him, and the devouring scene continued thus backwards until there remained only one. His body had grown to such a monstrous size, that he could not move: he kept panting for a few moments, and then burst, and vanished into smoke.

The temple was then without a single image, the number *one* excepted, which I saw re-producing itself every where. I was about to put a question, but my mind was immediately satisfied. I turned to my guide: "I conjure thee answer me this; to thee my thoughts are known as soon as formed; thou canst play on my nerves, so as to give me any sensations it pleases thee: explain to me how I become conscious of sensations, or how my thinking power gets in relation with my nerves, so as to become conscious of the impressions they receive?" I felt my spark of life almost abandoning me, at the terrible shock I received. I was for some time in a state which was neither life nor death; and when I came again to myself, we were in a delightful garden. I will not give either a description of the garden, nor of the charms of the numerous and beautiful damsels whom I saw there. My Zelia is not much of an egotist, but the earth has no fair approaching in beauty the fair inhabitant of Kalliopolis. And since when there are no terms of comparison, it is impossible to give any idea of an object, I will go on relating what took place between me and my guide, whom I call a spirit, because I have no better word to name him. For, properly speaking, he was no spirit, since I could see him and touch him; but, at the same time, he could make himself untangible, and then he was a spirit, as we understand it. I was, as I said, with him in a delightful garden, and in that garden there were myriads of most lovely female spirits, who, I was apprised subsequently, were of the same nature as my guide, and were thus visible to me through a particular favour.* They appeared so completely happy, that I did not know which to admire the most, their felicity, or charms. My companion told me, 'You wonder at seeing so many beings in a state of happiness; however, they have only one advantage over the inhabitants of the earth, they know how far they *can* know. Men are chiefly unhappy through their ignorance of that bound; did they know it, they would easily find their place, in what you call society; and every being who is in the place allotted to him by nature, is happy.' "You have spoken of society

* It occurs to me, that it is chiefly since the moderns have made any progress in exact sciences, *i.e.* in mathematics, physics, or chemistry, that our intercourse with spirits has entirely ceased. I really do not know on this account, whether we ought to be so proud of our discoveries; for no doubt things were then performed which the most learned of the present day could not even think of. Oh! the times of yore, for spirits, apparitions, and miracles! Man is very deservedly punished for his pretended knowledge, by being left alone with it.

as if it had quite a different meaning here——what may your government be?" I perceived a smile on the countenance of the spirit. "Government! what government is required according to thee, where the words *mine* and *thine* are unknown? Your kings and your priests are the results of your egotism; if men were reasonable enough to love themselves in their fellow men, if their conscience were always at peace, what need could they have of a man whose business ought to be to protect the weak against the strong; to establish equality where inequality becomes too great: what need of a man to reconcile them with heaven, or rather with themselves, if they were conscious that they had always done good?" "Then if egotism be, as I easily see, the necessary cause of governments, it follows that those ideas of a perfect equality are dreams which men cannot see ever realized upon their globe; for every man is more or less an egotist: again, if men are egotists, and necessarily so by their nature, it follows that they must be in a state of great imperfection when compared with those who have nothing to wish for." "Nothing to wish for?" replied the spirit, "no created being can be without desires: their desires are the true source of their happiness." "If all men were to be what they ought to be, what would become of honour and glory, two beings who appear to have so much power upon the weak brains of my fellow creatures?" "Follow me." After a short walk, we entered a vast arena, in the midst of which was standing a very high column; it was surrounded by a staircase, in the form of an inverted spiral, which led to a spacious platform. The arena was crowded with persons of every description; they were all endeavouring to reach the foot of the column, and no trouble was spared by any of them to keep their neighbour back. The staircase was equally crowded, and the same eagerness to get foremost was manifested in it, as in approaching it. That eagerness proved fatal to a great many, who, getting in contact with some over-muscular opponent, now and then sent them headlong down; and whenever that happened, roars of laughter pervaded the assembly. There were many very remarkable for their dress: some wore a short coat; one had it blue, another red; this green, that yellow, and each of them had a sword or some weapon. "These are heroes," said the spirit, "a long time would be required to make thee acquainted even with those whose names thou dost already know; but as their object is the same, their acquaintance is of no matter now." The next I noticed were well known to me: they were those same priests who, in the temple had inspired me with contempt, mirth, horror, and admiration. The next were politicians, and a few philosophers.

From the eminence upon which I stood I descried upon the platform a wheel which was in continual motion; and at the circumference of which were fixed transparent globes, containing crowns, tiaras, mitres, staffs, &c. The wheel was horizontally situated, and upon its centre stood a being of a feminine appearance; she was very beautiful; her look and smile were particularly attractive; she held an iron sceptre in one hand, and a small vial in the other, and was in the attitude of presenting both. "Now," said the spirit, "thy question shall soon be answered, be attentive." "Tell me what is that bottle; as to the sceptre, I suppose it confers the supreme power on him who possesses it?" "What does the despot need next to power—to a heart wearied with pleasure and tormented by remorse, what draught would be most desirable?" "A draught which could obliterate the remembrance of the past." "Well, that vial contains the precious draught. Woe to the human race if both were to be possessed by one alone." Now a great many having arrived upon the summit of

the column, they all approached the wheel which then turned with a greater velocity than before. Several having seized those transparent balls which contained the objects they so eagerly longed for, were cruelly disappointed when after having carried them for a few moments in triumph, they saw them burst and vanish just like soap balls! One who had seized a huge golden crown, on his trying to place it upon his head, let it fall upon his feet, which were both crushed. In vain he called for support, he fell and was trod upon by those who scrambled for his crown. I could not help laughing at their disappointment: some indeed whom I had seen approaching with a very grave countenance, and downcast eyes to seize a small black hat and a black apron; others a large wig, accompanied or not accompanied with a gown black, purple, red, yellow, or blue; on seeing the bubble burst, abandoned themselves to the transports of a most violent passion, or to a sullen despair which greatly contrasted with their attire, and previous appearance. A few only bore their disappointments calmly and silently. As to the warriors, whose toils did not obtain a better reward, some of them in their rage, flew against the divinity they had until then worshipped, and were sent whirling down with such a *momentum* that the eye could not follow them. The philosophers, at their arrival, smiled at one another, and disposed themselves to go back. This behaviour was not imitated by a few poets, who kept snatching from one another a few bits of laurel. A few tried to seize the sceptre and vial, which were so graciously offered by the lady I mentioned before: and who, it seemed to me, acted there the part we attribute here below, to fortune or destiny; but, as it was necessary for them to get up where she stood, the fate of those who tried at it was alike: they were all annihilated. There were a few who found themselves in the arena, without any motives of vanity; they reached the top of the column in spite of themselves. The spirit having made me notice their demeanour and appearance, so different from any thing belonging to the others, added 'Mark well these, whatever may happen to the others, they are in safety.'

If the scene I have just described, was calculated to excite compassion in a heart disposed to sympathise with the weakness of human nature, that which immediately followed was such as to fill the hardest with terror: the philosophers were the first who tried to retrace their steps, and they were followed by the many who had been disappointed before them. But the multitude who kept assembling prevented all possibility of a descent. Our philosophers foresaw the consequence of their foolish thirst after fame, and immediately precipitated themselves. However, the platform was at last quite crowded; and as those who kept arriving directed themselves all towards its centre, it followed, that the others were the more and more pressed from it to the circumference. I shuddered at the inevitable danger of so many! I gazed on as motionless as a statue: all my feeling powers recoiled upon themselves, and in the mean time a complete shower of men began all round the summit of the column; and cries of despair struck me so forcibly, that I threw myself into the arms of my guide. The horror of that last scene had so overpowered me, that for a few moments I became unconscious of any sensation; and when I recovered my senses, I found myself separated from any material body, my own excepted. The spirit was before me: he was no longer an old man, he appeared a vigorous youth; the gravity of his countenance was tempered by a gentle smile which just appeared on his lips. I addressed him, "A few moments ago thou didst tell me that all created beings had desires. Have the

bounds, which the inhabitants of thy planet know not to be overcome, been always respected?" "No: some, but very few, have been weak." "Have they been punished for that weakness?" "They punish themselves: many have visited thy globe. I have visited it myself, otherwise thou couldst not have had intercourse with any one here." "Two more questions I have to address to thee: after having obtained a sufficient degree of knowledge to know how far we can know, what ought we most desire the possession of? And the second is, whether thou art better acquainted with the nature of the primitive cause of all things, than the inhabitants of the earth?" The spirit withdrew gently, waving one of his hands, the other was placed upon his lips; I felt a soft sleep seizing on all my senses: and when I woke, dearest Zelia, my heart was beating against thine.

POPULAR ELOQUENCE.

No. IV.

REV. EDWARD IRVING, MINISTER OF THE CALEDONIAN CHURCH, LONDON.

We doubt whether the success of this eminent preacher, has justified the celebrity of his debüt. The tide of popularity on which he floated, could not remain without an ebb. We are afraid that he presumed too much on the public favour, and has since endured the bitter pangs and consequence of disappointment. Well for him if he really be as careless of wealth and as fond of poverty as he professes to be.

The excessive prosperity which attended his first efforts, was enough to turn a brain less enthusiastic than his own; the very excess of his enthusiasm, preserved him from the giddiness natural to sudden elevation. The audacious character of his mind, and the complete proportion of his frame, seemed equally to set him immeasurably above applause and censure. He equally defied smiles and frowns: It was his pride to contemn and brave the men of power and of intellect—lords, prime ministers, and literary magnets, who listened delightedly to his lofty vaunting, and shrunk back astonished on their seats from his valiant bearing; but this only lasted for a time. The gospel is to be preached to the poor, to the opulent and powerful, the wise and the learned, it was foretold that it would be a vain thing, and so to them the preacher ultimately found it to be. The novelty was, that Mr. I.'s gospel should be *professedly* preached to them—it attracted for a season—but the gloss wore off, and his church was deserted by the rich and great. This was ill for him and his hopes, for unfortunately his is not the gospel nor the preaching for the poor; and accordingly very few, if any, poor people are seen in his aisles.

His congregation is however still numerous and respectable, but we doubt whether a great many pay rent for their seats. Induced by his reputation to get more knowledge of his goings on, they attend occasionally; he has qualities that attract but do not attach.

"His is the spell o'er hearts,
Which only acting lends:
The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty blends."

He is a performer in the pulpit, the rostrum is his stage, the church his theatre, and there he frets his hour, nay, his three hours at a time; such is his manner, a manner, at which some sober men are offended, who think that truth requires not such helps. In all probability these same sober people are in error: the idea which we have of St. Paul's eloquence is replete with action.

Meantime his subjects are frequently abstruse, and his style affected and obsolete. It is evident that his present congregation understand him not, and cannot properly appreciate him; this he perceives and feels, and it is his custom to browbeat them from his pulpit, for their incapacity and ignorance.

His boldness forsakes him not with his prosperity, formerly he attacked the rulers of the nation and the heads of the government, now the theme of his denunciation is the people of the land, and the lowest orders of society. Power, he asserts, has not its source in the people, but is of divine origin; public opinion has usurped an authority that does not properly belong to it, he himself once drank of this vial, which was poured into the air; its effects are universal, it presumes to dictate in matters of government. It has entered into the church, but among the dissenters it has obtained a fearful domination over the ministry. He knows not what wicked fear it is which prevents him from exposing this hornet's nest of iniquity. But for himself he will assert the majesty of the priesthood; he will only be answerable to his conscience and to his God. "You," addressing his congregation, he lately exclaimed, "are not capable of judging us, our cause is in the hand of the Almighty, and before him only will we plead!" This exclamation was delivered with a dilated attitude, and in a voice of thunder. It was brave work to see one man thus despise the opinion of many hundreds. Every man's breast thrilled as he spake; each recoiled on his seat; and while the preacher paused to recover his composure, the return of the generally suspended respiration was audible in a consentaneous and prolonged murmur, that seemed like suppressed applause. He spake so loud, that one fancied he was addressing a multitude of people on an extended plain, spread out like a mighty continent—himself a gigantic gladiator upon an eminence whence he looked down with supreme contempt, upon each and all, and uttering in the pride of his heart and the confidence of superior stature and strength, an universal challenge to an innumerable company.

Mr. Irving is not an extemporaneous preacher. He reads his sermon—this makes his action more remarkable. Action and attitude, coincident with the unaffected animation natural to the quick succession of ideas, and the rapid flow of expression, are expected and greeted as sincere developments of feeling, and embodiments of thought. Accompanying the delivery of a lecture, which is written, they look like acting—and constitute a dramatic reading. His action is sometimes peculiarly impetuous, frequently graceful; his choicest attitudes have much dignity. The largest portion, particularly the introductory portion, of his discourses, however, is read without much action or particular emphasis. He reserves himself for the more splendid passages—and in these he proves a fine declaimer. He takes great pains to modulate his voice, which is rich and pleasing. Whenever he attempts to extemporize, he is unsatisfactory—he stammers, and seldom gets the right word after many endeavours. We have frequently heard him spoil some fine sentences by these adventurous interpolations. At after times, he makes a desperate effort to enunciate the idea he desires to interpolate, before he forgets the words he would clothe it in—and the effect has been electric, because his success was unexpected, both by ourselves and him. We partake the difficulty, and share the triumph. Extemporaneous speakers who stammer in the impatient rush and hurry of thoughts, are generally effective from this very cause. Besides, we are inclined to give them credit for more sincerity, when we see, as it were, the secret throes of their intellectual parturition. Of this, Mr. Fox was a remarkable instance.

ORIGINAL VERSES, BY A SAILOR;

OR, AN ANECDOTE OF NELSON.

SAYS Nelson's father—once says he!
 I wants a beer-skin do ye see;
 So Nelson once, he sees a beer,
 Says he: "I vant's to kill that ere;"
 Takes up his gun—runs down the side,
 So kill'd the beer—so gets his hide;
 When he comed back, they did him tax,
 Becase as how he didn't ax
 Whether he mought go—or no;
 And so,
 He told 'em what it was, ye know,
 As made him come first for to go,

ORIGINAL LETTERS, BY DEMOCRITUS, JUNIOR.

No. II.

"Neque enim quod ante oculos situm est, suffecerit intueri."—*Borh.*

Meditation!—in the very echo of the word as it peals on the ear, what soft associations arise, arrayed in all the comeliness of ideal beauty, flitting before the raptured imagination, delicately visible to the ruminating mind, as evening clouds to the natural eye, shadowing the distant horizon with their foamy bosoms!

I cannot conceive it possible that any being pollutes existence and does not meditate. The most dissipated, the wildest slaves of passion, have their meditative hour. *Puto ergo sum*, remarked a modern theorist in philosophy, and though the correctness of the expression, *non puto, ergo non sum*, is disputable, we may still maintain that those whose minds are constituted of thinking materials, are always in fact longer lived than others who rarely devote an instant to reflection. Thoughtless carelessness, seems to steal time by diminishing its value, while reflection dissipates monotony as it warily lengthens the fugitive moments of each departing day.

It is very possible that many think who never think they do; and on the contrary, that sometimes others who do not think, cheat themselves into a belief of their thoughtful character. The latter case is not in the least paradoxical or uncommon. Weak people who admire the praises showered on "the man of reflection," conceitedly and compulsively struggle to share the praise of reflection, and fancy themselves its warmest devotees. When I said above, that meditation was confined to no special character, I meant the word to be limited in its signification, though I wished to proclaim the universality of its dominion. There is an awful difference between the meditations of the wise and the foolish, between the convulsed emotions and boundless ramifications of hurried thought, and regular, disciplined ratiocination. The ideas of him who may be said vitally to reflect, will be assembled however fruitfully, yet with some regard to proportion and order. They will be strung together in a sympathetic connection; each following its preceding one as if the secession of one idea occasioned the arrival of another. To apply a metaphor: the idea of the reflecting wise are similar to the links of an unbroken chain, where however numerous the different links, every single one has its apposite.

The affectation of excellence is the ruling order of the day; and characters who make the world and its re-echoed flatteries the subject of their most ambitious hopes, consider it more consonant with the feelings of inactivity to adopt the external show in preference to internal merit. It is amazing to trace the current of sly vanity, and observe how far and how mazily it winds its course. With respect to the professions of being sentimental and reflecting, this is remarkably observable. Women, the toys and decorated dolls of some, and the humiliated associates of others, within these few years are converted from their giddy effeminacy natural to their sex, to the fervour of sentiment and reflection. In this adoption of a foreign nature there is at least one virtue—humility: they confess, that in *themselves* there is nothing to influence admiration, and therefore they resort to forced assumptions to propagate their claims to applause. Let me not be mistaken: I would not

confound distinctions for the benefit of satirical censure. There are occasionally in existence a *few* women who *really* are reflecting ones: but these are outnumbered by the affected prudes whose reflection is a misnomer for sullenness or formal insensibility. It is not for me to decide which is the more preferable as a companion; the female stoic, who wantons with taciturnity, or the woman who can be engagingly loquacious without being monotonous, lively and yet free from the indiscriminate sallies of *badinage*. Mr. Democritus, jun. avows himself an admirer of those lovely, overweening charms in the female character, which assimilate themselves to the ancient simplicity of the patriarchal times, without retaining aught of their boorishness. I am, however, no disciple of Rousseau, and when stating my unpretended admiration for simplicity in all its native tenderness, I consider that its existence is, like most things, comparative; and, that it is not confined to any particular limits. Some of my rural associates have engendered very mysterious ideas of excellence in the female character. Tom Brown, the son of a neighbouring farmer, thinks his wife very valuable and *amiable*, because she pricks her loaves neatly and expeditiously with a fork; while 'Squire Hollingsworth boasts that his wife, like the smirking Rebecca of olden times, does not think it a debasing condescension to be seen with a bucket in her hand. My reverend friend, Mr. Alworthy, differs somewhat from me, and conceives that the most exquisite refinement in feeling and reflection, to be reconcilable with all the lovely accoutrements of women. Still we both agree, that affectation has a loathsomeness connected with it: and like all pretensions, (having for their basis, selfish motives, and supercilious audacity,) is a nauseous, though *now* almost universal, attribute that has fastened itself to the human character, there to revel on the heart's best sympathies. I vote that *all* affected women be discarded from the Bath Assembly-Rooms;* at all events, affectation is unworthy of any epithet but 'disgusting,' and when discovered, we may be certain that it is not deserted by its usual concomitants, inanity, selfishness, and deceit.

To refer to the subject mentioned in the commencement of this letter, I must briefly remark on that admired perfection, losing one's self in thought; or, as the common phrase says, being "lost in thought." In the "Confessions of a Young Author," a pleasant paper in the first number of the Inspector, losing one's self in thought is mentioned in a short note, as being "the silly excuse of every blunderer now-a-days." When I lighted on this sentence, its truth gained my immediate assent. In the times of my juvenile gaities, I remember passing an hour or so in the company of two maiden sisters of different opinions and habits. The younger (Caroline by name) was Nature's simple child, and though she was not beautiful enough to attract the wooing gaze, her disappointment had not soured the milk of human kindness. The elder, whose name (Zelinda) resembled the affectation of her sentiments and deportment, was the creature of perverseness and repulsive affectation. At the tea-table, Caroline charmed by the hilarity of her conversation and evidently studied no concealment, nor vaunted any singular attachment to particular whims and unwomanly attributes. By some, she would be chronicled as careless: there was sprightliness together with the fitful gleams of voluble wit, which demonstrated more *nonchalance* than morose beings could neglect to animadvert on. The graces which accompanied the music of her words, the

* A greater punishment would be an *obscene* sent in the Octagon Chapel.—ED.

innocent sparkling of her speaking eye (little dimmed by the wear of eight lustums,) and that witchery of a fascinating address, which no language can communicate, rendered her an elegant contrast to her bile-cheeked, affected, and frowning sister. The one seemed as if she degraded her protuberant lips by warming them with a sip of tea, the other put the cup to her mouth and laughed *with her eye* over the brim. Zelinda appeared to me quite lost in thought, and rarely unlocked her lips, except it were to qualify my assertions, and amplify her own. She was detestable enough to calumniate her own sex with a virulency never admitted within a generous bosom. When she ceased her poignant observations, she was again locked up in herself, banqueting, I presume, on the delectabilities and superlative charms of "self." You mentioned, some time since, that Newton might be acquitted for his absence; but I question if ever that great man, when the noted apple which suggested the laws of gravitation, tumbled from the tree, was so far gone as to fancy himself in the garden of Eden instead of his own. What will you say, when you hear of a woman, while sitting at the tea-table, putting her fingers into the fervid and steamy tea-pot, forgetful of the sugar-basin? So buried in her imaginings as gradually to slide her tea-cup from her mouth to her ear? * Much more I remember of this maiden anomaly; but I trust most of your readers will already select their favourite from this virgin duo.

We are not only the creatures of habit, but the victims of fitful passion, uneven sensibilities, and mysterious emotions. It is often beyond our physical capabilities to withdraw our attention from objects which we languishingly meditate on: however fertile they may be in their own essence, we continue to ruminate on their qualities and attractions, spell-bound, as it were, to the tyrannic influence of thought. This adoration to one particular train of reflection is exquisitely adapted to toy away the morbid humours which will sometimes torture the most amiable.

Opportunity and locality have their connected charms over our meditations. We should be more likely to devote an hour to patriotic pensiveness, when traversing the hallowed plains of Morathon by moonlight, than by gazing on the fantastic effeminacies of an opera dancer. Gray, the poet of smooth fancies, wrote his "Elegy" in a country churchyard, as the curfew tolled "the knell of parting day." I have not forgotten that there are minds so constituted as to be able to meditate *at all times and seasons*. For my part, were I to choose an hour best calculated for unprejudiced feeling, and calm reflection, I would select that one, when the weary head reposes itself on the downy pillow. I wonder that no poet has sacrificed an ode to the "pillow;" there is a wide scope for all the moral beauties of poesy, in the celebration of so serviceable and delightful a nocturnal companion. Alas! alas! when at the salutary hour of eleven, I deposit my tired limbs on my bed, adjust my night-cap, smooth my counterpane, regulate the bed-curtains, and dispose my pillow—just as I turn myself on my right side, what pleasing sensations steal on me, coloured with the shady tints of melancholy! How often do I soliloquize thus: "Merciful God! another day has ebbed away from my appointed number, and the same soft pillow again relieves me! I thank thee that no studied crimes have blotted my soul this day, although I tremble from the consciousness of my unreckoned vanities and errors. Would that no wretched

* Why not!—Moore says, "drink to me with thine eyes." The ears constitute a more convenient receptacle for tea-drinking machines than bright eyes.—ED.

son of guilt may writhe to night in the agonies of conviction at sleepless midnight! Would that all might sleep in peace!" But, I must conclude, wishing you every possible happiness.

July 13th, 1826.

P.S. I am desired to mention, that 'Squire Hollingsworth was highly gratified by a perusal of the "Comedy of Love" in your last. He says you must be "a down-right good fellow." Do not be surprised, therefore, to receive a basket of ripe fruit, as a present of gratitude from him.

LONDON NEWS.

My dear —

July 16th, 1826.

Well, *il n'y que le premier pas qui coute*, so here goes—though indeed I wish I had not promised to comply with your unconscionable request. I need not tell you that London is somewhat larger than our great city of Bath: in truth, it is too large, and at the rate of its increase within these few years, bids fair to require the wholesome check of some architectural Malthus, to the staying the free propagation of bricks and mortar. Streets spring up here as fast as an alum-basket crystalize; and with so little apparent assistance that one would be inclined to say, in Jeremy Bentham's phraseology, that they were autogenous. I have my misgivings as to the wholesomeness or ultimate advantage to the country of this *Daniel Lambertizing* of the metropolis. The great size of Rome was one of the causes of the decline of her mighty empire, to be particularly borne in mind, in the event (not farther off, it is said, than the next session of parliament) of our being like Rome, chiefly dependent for our supply of corn on foreign granaries. There are, however, two qualifying circumstances in the present street-breeding mania: the salubrity of the atmosphere of Cockaigne is promoted, and the "tides of human existence" (*anglice*, crowds) meet with fewer obstacles to their "graceful flowing;" from the great æry width of the new streets, and from the superior elegance of the new houses. The *utile* and *dulce* are happily blended in both. I am particularly pleased with the intended demolition of Carlton house, and the improvements east and west of Charing Cross, now in their foetal existence. The placing the National Gallery of the Fine Arts, on the site of the King's Mews, is perfect in situation. It will be an elegant link of connection between the Westeneers and the Orientals of the city. Taste for the Fine Arts is perhaps your only leveller of the conventional distinctions of the several grades of society. Of the new palace of Buckingham house, I can only say that it is the very worst spot for such an edifice that ingenuity could hit upon. It is what the sailors call "*scrooged* up in a good for nothing nook;" and to be made at all comfortable (beyond that it can never aspire) it must materially trench upon the conveniences and comforts of all the neighbouring residents. The only excuse is the partiality of his present majesty for the site of his nativity; beyond doubt a most amiable feeling.

Drury lane and Covent garden are both closed for the season. The former is to be let, after shameful conduct of the proprietors to Elliston, to whom they are totally indebted for the present value of the property.* I have been

* Since the date of this letter, it is understood that Mr. Price, the American manager, has concluded an engagement with the proprietors.—ED.

but twice to the opera; and then merely to hear Pasta, who is, if possible, more thrilling and enchanting than ever. I particularly allude to her fine performance in *Madæa*. I cannot bear Velluti's *curlwing*, so never go on his squallo. Vauxhall is in great business this season; and indeed deserves encouragement; you have here every night a good concert, in which Braham, Miss Stephens, Madame Vestris, De Begnis, and several others bear a part; and a very passable ballet, that is, as ballets go with us in England.

I was hugely disappointed with the National Gallery—to be sure, it is only in its infancy; but then, such as they are, I think the pictures overrated. I know I render my taste questionable in saying so, but I will not retract. I was infinitely more pleased with a visit to West's Gallery, Newman Street. But I will devote a letter to the details of these galleries, and say no more about them at present. The collections at Somerset House this year, on the whole, are but so-so. There are, however, one or two splendid exceptions: portraits of Mr. Canning and Mr. Peel, by Sir T. Lawrence. The first is a matchless picture, and I take it to be the president's happiest effort: not perhaps excepting his portrait of Wellington, that was exhibited last year. I could gaze on it "all a summer's day," it is so instinct with life and expression, and is so livingly, all that has oftentimes transported me when witnessing. The portrait is in the alto rilievo style, and represents Mr. Canning just rising to address the House. I forget now whether you have ever heard Mr. Canning speak: if not, you have missed one of the most intellectual traits of modern times, and will be unable to perfectly appreciate the beauties of this picture. When excited, there gathers round the head and face of this highly gifted man, an electric atmosphere of genius, that discharges itself in flashes of wit and torrents of irresistible eloquence; which, to be at all conceived, must be witnessed, and which once heard can never be forgotten. The picture represents him in the first stage of this "embodied storm." The face is unequally flushed; his eye is fiery and unsteady, the *inconstantes ocellar* of inspiration; his nostrils dilated and quivering, in a spasm of *improvisatrice* excitement; his mouth, the fountain of eloquence, alone seems to acknowledge the controul of the will. The colouring in the back ground is most judicious: and instead of filled benches, and minute topical accuracy, is plain and undefined, so that the attention of the spectator is not at all distracted, but is fixed in silent wonderment on the mind-exhaling head and face of the matchless orator. To give a faithful likeness of the leading minister of a great country, and the first orator of the age, by merely transplanting to canvass his intellectual expression, is an achievement of art, which requires not only what Sir Joshua calls the genius of mechanical performance, but also an imagination and a judgment that rarely falls to the lot of the same individual. Fortunately for the artist, the style and contour of Mr. Canning's head and face are so eminently classical and intellectual, that the most common-place likeness must be more or less redolent of intellect. This portrait is more in the style and colouring of Vandyke and Titian than any other I have seen by Sir Thos. Lawrence. It has the bold, well defined outline and fidelity of the former, with the mellowed colouring of the latter; and like the portraits of these great masters, the *end* is attained by the most unostentatious means, and the grace, and even the likeness, consists more in a happy fixation of the general evanescent air of Mr. Canning, than in a minute and very exact similitude of every feature. The picture is what I have stated it to be: not Mr. Canning, at Brompton lodge; but Mr. Secretary Canning in the House of Commons, the

leading minister and the first orator in England. It is too good, as such, to be a very faithful morning likeness.

I know not for whom Sir Thomas has painted it; but I most earnestly hope it will be placed in the National Gallery. It is worthy of it as a work of art; and it is worthy of this great country, to testify its sense of the merits of one to whom it is greatly indebted for its high rank in the scale of nations, and who owes his station to his commanding talents alone; by placing his portrait in its National Gallery of the Fine Arts. I wish you would give the General a hint on this subject, he might urge it to his friend, the *ex-dévant* Sir C. Long, now Lord somebody.

The portrait of Mr. Peel is also first-rate, but of a different kind. As is the subject, so is the picture, less ideal than the other; but it is equally true and characteristic of the individual. Mr. Peel is the most studied speaker in the House of Commons, and makes free use of all the appliances of art, save that the most useful and important—the *art celare artem*. In consequence of this neglect, his vigilant attention to the effect and minute detail of voice, manner, dress, and gesture, is not only vicious, but actually at times disgusting. Hence the absence of the “carelessly diffused” gracefulness of his right honourable colleague’s manner in his addresses to the house, and the mixture of theatric stiffness and foppery in his general deportment, which time and his own good sense alone can remedy. He is by no means a man of brilliant talents; but is the possessor of much more available endowments, to which he is indebted for his exalted station and his deservedly high character, namely, good common sense, integrity of principle, fine tact, and the most unremitting industry. These have rendered him a more efficient head of the magisterial department of the government, than perhaps a man of more shining parts could be expected to be. As might be expected from the circumstances of his birth, and from the rise to rank and power of a man, (not born an aristocrat,) and to whom nature has been by no means prodigal of genius, he is deeply tinctured with personal vanity. Indeed, notwithstanding his good sense, he is not at all times able to suppress the feelings of self satisfaction with which he appears to be constantly filled. To an observing eye, this is not less evident in the structure than in the delivery of his speeches, which are pervaded throughout by a vein of ostentatious egotism. His sentences are pompous, inflated at the same time; rugged and unfinished; quite different from the flowing, harmonious periods of Mr. Canning,

“————— whose tongue
Drops manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dark
Maturest counsels.”

Mr. Peel is most effective when natural, that is, when he attempts no flights beyond the regions of common sense, and regardless of style and self, depends upon the usefulness of his case alone for its adoption—as in his, upon the whole, late excellent speech on the reformation of our criminal code. All this is most strikingly and faithfully portrayed in this picture. The attitude is stiff and studied, yet verging on the elegant and the graceful. A cherished whitish hand, the fingers adorned with rings and studiously separated, is displayed with feminine ostentation. The head and hair are mean and mechanical; the face handsomish, but unaristocratic, with an expression of urbane earnestness and self-conceit, blended with the shrewdness of good natural parts, wrought, if I may say so, with the most elaborate care, by the most

elaborate machinery. Though the portrait of Mr. Canning is much more in the alto-relief statue style, yet, when you look at it, you think of nothing but the intelligence that constantly exhales from his fine head and countenance. On the other hand, each finger and toe of Mr. Peel is so much an essential part of a studied whole, is so much of a middle term, of a syllogism of the third figure, that the spectator knows not on which feature or member, in particular, to fix his attention, and at length mentally exclaims, *patuit in corpore vultus*. I have said so much on these two pictures, that I have not time to say a word about the rest, which, however are, as I before observed, but so-so.

I am delighted to find that the cause of liberty and civilization, and I may add, of christendom, the Greek cause, is at length kindling a warm sympathy in England. You must, ere this, have read Lord Cochrane's prologue to his heart-stirring play. I look upon it as the prelude of glad tidings to the "clime of the unforgotten brave," and an earnest of the efficient interference of Englishmen in a cause recommended to them by so many claims of gratitude, policy, admiration, and sympathy. I read with pleasure a short article to this effect, and appealing to Mr. Canning for the aid of his name and office, in a late number of the "News of Literature," a respectable weekly periodical.

By the way, I hope the late jannizary row against his sublimity, Sultan Mahmoud, may be of collateral assistance to the Greeks. I have a great deal to say about the actual state of Greece and Turkey, and on the numerous misrepresentations of both, current in this country, but will postpone it to another opportunity. Suffice it for the present, that we possess less certain information about both, than ought rationally to have been expected by this time.

I have read nothing new since I left Bath, but Maitland's Narrative of the Reception of Bonaparte on board the Bellerophon. It does not, in my mind, satisfactorily exculpate him from the charge of taking in Bonaparte, as to his being sure of an asylum in England; not that I think that Maitland intended to decoy him; but that, in his anxiety to be the instrument of Bonaparte's being made a prisoner of England, he exceeded the limits prescribed by his instructions. He had a nice card to play, therefore should not be criticised harshly. Napoleon's fascinating powers of conversation, his knowledge of mankind, and his control over his feelings are strikingly displayed in this Narrative.—Adieu.

N. N.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE BY MOONLIGHT.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

O, tis a glorious thing for patriot's lay
To sing the tearful deeds of vengeful war
When round the blazing hearth assembled sit
In joyous mood, the warm expectant throng
Of hoary listeners. For young Freedom's sons
Ecstatic moment when the Warrior smiles
In his domestic peace! His tender wife
With baby dandled on her pliant knee,
And eyes full-lit with love's adoring beams,
Looks as she did when in the bower she sighed
Her heart away: clamb'ring for one soft kiss

Another cherub leers, and wins the boon.
 The genial glow of gratitude o'ercomes,
 And on the father's woolly cheeks are seen
 The briny glitterers which speak his thanks—
 Tears, such as soldiers shed to grace their tales
 When Memory unstrings each harsher nerve,
 And flames them to relate of tented fields,
 Of scouted foes, of ramparts scaled and triumphs won.

Though sweet the retrospect of perils past
 On which rich Glory pours her mantling rays,
 'Tis awful still to walk the field of war
 While on its clotted grass the moonbeams sleep,
 And Nature slumbers in her midnight shroud—
 When guns have ceased to roar and arms to gleam,
 And the hushed legions moulder where they fought.

Now is deep Stillness spread o'er all the plain
 Whose withered stalks the smoke of war hath fumed:
 The breezy air wafts like a dying sigh
 Its faint cool influence o'er the stilly fields,
 The noon-tide heats have melted all away:
 No more the thunder-clouds obscurely move
 Their dark and rainy bosoms 'long the skies,
 Gemmed now with all their nightly fulgent train.
 The silver moon, like fair attired queen,
 Enthrones her beauty on the piled clouds
 Diffusing round the halo of her beams:
 How gracefully she swims her blue career
 Unequalled!—save by high majestic ships
 That split the surface of the streamy deep
 With breast-like sail and tall uplifted mast—
 It is a mystic hour: so wrought with awe,
 The heart *must* feel but cannot tell its thoughts—
 Its adoration mounts the starry vault!

'Twas *here* the matin beams of *this* day's sun
 Shot from their ruby shrine, to wanton on
 The grassy blades with teeming verdure juiced;
 How changed now! his weak and setting ray
 Hath shone on blood-stained limbs and moveless forms,
 Mocked the faint mutter of a quiv'ring lip,
 Danced on a chilly brow, and sunken eye!

The bursting roar of cannon and of gun,
 The victor's shout and wail of gasping men,
 The mutter of the trembling and the brave,
 The battle din have ceased—No more the sword
 And glitt'ring spear, and polished lance and helm,
 Th' unfurled banners streaming to the wind,
 The fire-eyed steeds that shook their bristly manes,

And plunged, as cataracts from beetling rocks,
 On plumed foes—are seen. Their horsemen, too,
 Who pressed their thighs upon their steaming backs,
 While whirled the flag, and clashed their dreadful arms,
 Their coursers prancing on the trampled plain,
 And war-peals sounding through the filed ranks
 Like thunder rumbling in the cleaved clouds—
 Have passed away: and this damp bloody plain—
 A human slaughter-house—where man and man
 Have rioted in mutual butchery;
 Where God's own moulded images are strewn
 In maimed wrecks—hacked more than rooted trees
 Uptorne by Afrique's dry and rustling blast,
 And branchless hurled upon her sandy heaths.

On this broad mould where erst the daisies sprung—
 Now torn by hoofs, and scarred by iron heels—
 Powerless and cold, a steed and rider lie!
 The moon-light, through the leafy bending tree
 Close by the brook that laves its knotty roots,
 Darts on his death cold face its jagged beams.
 The horse's big round veins have ceased to wind
 Their fervid stream throughout his languid limbs;
 His firm set joints and muscely thighs are still,
 And his dark mane has lost its sleeky gloss:
 How ghastly to the eye his long red tongue,
 Hanging like pendant from his fallen jaw!
 On his cold side his master's helmless head
 Reposes—Life's beating pulse hath stopped.
 Pale awfulness dwells in his gory cheek,
 And on his brow the thickly-matted locks
 Look terrible. His eyes are yet unclosed,
 And stare the moon with dread and rayless gaze,
 From his black ruffled eye-lash. His cold arms
 Lay passive on his thighs; and one moist hand
 Yet grasps a dagger in its icy clench,
 Whose point has dived into some bleeding heart.

What moan was that so pitiful and deep
 And mingled prattle of some infant tongue!—
 What sight is here to burst the pent-up soul,
 And open Pity's flooding stream of tears!
 — With one knee rested on th' unfeeling ground
 And hand turned up in anguish to the skies
 As if 'twould win the twinkling stars to weep,
 A widow here bends o'er her slaughter'd mate!
 Her wild and matron face is all convulsed,
 Like leaves that tremble on their thready stems
 Fan'd by the breeze, the gentle sigh of even
 Her open dress bears semblance to her grief;

And the night air bathes her white uncovered breast,
 Whereon her babe had lain, and drank its milk;
 Her long hair falls upon her couched back,
 And dangles there:—Despairingly she looks
 On the stiff form of her poor husband slain:
 While speechless he to all her widow's groans!—
 Now in her own she takes his stiffened hand,
 And fondly strives to chafe it into life:
 Again, she casts a phrensed glance around,
 Then sobs and gazes on the quiet heavens—
 And then lets fall a warm and long'ring tear
 To trickle on her breathless soldier's brow;
 The pretty blue eyed babe, dumb orphan he!
 Rubs his little fingers on his father's cheek,
 Smiles yet unconscious of his mother's woe,
 And scatters all the tears she's shedding there!—

July 18th, 1830.

Devonshire Street, Queen Square, London.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISH.

Freely translated from the Writings of a celebrated Hindoo.

The customs of this country are so very different from those of ours, that I often fancy myself in another world. The very order of nature is almost inverted here—day and night are not the same as they are with us—the people, either from ignorance or perverseness, confounding one with the other. Their day generally begins at noon, and ends at midnight, so that they seldom taste the sweets of the morning: nay, I have been informed, that great numbers in this town have never seen the sun rise! Those, indeed, who get their livelihood by their labour, are obliged to conform to Nature's law in this respect; but they do it with great unwillingness, and are reckoned miserable by the better sort, on this account.

There is a very odd mixture of wisdom and folly in this people. It is surprising to see by what curious inventions and ingenious devices they manage to acquire wealth, and what ridiculous methods they take to squander it again. They have two little pieces of ivory, about half an inch thick, exactly square on all sides, and each side marked with black specks of a different number. These they shake in a wooden box, (being vastly pleased with the rattle,) and then throw them out upon a table; and, as far as I can understand, he that has the good fortune to throw the highest number, wins the money from the rest. It is impossible to express what care, anxiety, joy, grief, and rage, appear in their countenances by turns, according as they meet with good or bad success. I am told they will sit up whole nights together, and frequently ruin themselves at this diversion, if it may be called so, when it gives them so much uneasiness, and tortures them with so many violent passions. It is wonderful that men of so much ingenuity and understanding in other things, should take such delight in so trifling and senseless an amusement. We have been much puzzled to account for this inconsistency. Our good brother

Kistnoo is of opinion, that though they shew themselves to be reasonable creatures at certain particular seasons, yet they do not enjoy their reason long at a time, but have, every now and then, short intervals of madness. For my own part, as I have observed mothers to give their children little rattles to please and quiet them, I believe they still retain their inclination for them when they are grown up men.

The person at whose house we lodge, carried us with him about midnight to another of their diversions—he led us into a large room beautifully illuminated with a great variety of lamps: but we had no sooner entered it than fear took possession of our spirits. We saw on every side of us the most ghastly figures that imagination can form: they immediately gathered about us, and we should certainly have taken to our heels, had we not heard them, on a sudden, talking to one another, to our great surprise, with voices like those of men and women. Still it was difficult to believe them rational creatures. What gave us the more courage was, that we saw several of our own countrymen, (as we thought by their dress,) not in the least terrified at these deformed figures, but walking amongst them with great intrepidity. We soon found, however, upon accosting them in our language, that they were not our countrymen, but had only assumed our habit, and would have passed upon the company for us. We were going to lay hands on them, in order to punish them for their villainy, when our landlord stopped us, and told us, (as our interpreter explained,) that they had no ill design in it, but only chose that dress to disguise their real persons, as it was always customary for such as frequented the assembly. I then easily comprehended the reasons for all those monstrous appearances which startled me at first: but I could not imagine what end of pleasure they could propose to themselves for their meeting in this manner, till I observed their behaviour more narrowly, perceived certain amorous toyings that passed between them; and saw one of our pretended cast make a sign to a female to leave the room, I presently knew it to be a place of assignation for lovers, who, I suppose, come at that time of night to—keep one another in countenance, and to avoid the notice of the magistracy.

But, among all their entertainments, none has given me so clear an insight into their manners, as the following one. We were conducted into a spacious house, full of people, who upon seeing us enter, immediately rose from their seats, either to do us honour, or the better to gratify their curiosity by staring at us. Our attention was wholly engrossed by the music of the place, which was exquisitely fine. I should have been well contented, had this been the only gratification of the evening: but I soon found this was not all the people expected, by their looking every now and then at a curtain which was suspended from the ceiling, and reached to a raised floor, about breast high from the ground. I had scarcely made this observation, when the music ceased, the curtain was drawn up, and discovered the house to be much larger than I at first supposed; there was a great room beyond it, very richly furnished: and what was more surprising, the room often vanished during the entertainment, and as often made its appearance again: nay, it would sometimes make room for gardens, meadows, mountains, and even the sea itself. There entered three men who talked together for a little while, and then went out again: presently after came in two women, who, after a little discourse, went out in the same manner. In short several persons came in and went out, whose countenances and actions seemed to express a great variety of passions. The

people often laughed very heartily, and I suppose there was a great deal of *wit* in what was said; but as I could not understand it, I amused myself by observing the behaviour of the company.

One might perceive in all the ladies, notwithstanding their endeavours to conceal their inclinations, that their chief pleasure consisted in being noticed and flattered by the gentlemen; but these latter who seemed most in their favour were, in my opinion, the most unworthy of it. They were the most tawdry, conceited, ridiculous animals I ever beheld: they did every thing in imitation of the women to whom they would recommend themselves; they affected a soft smile, spoke in an effeminate tone of voice, and mimicked their airs. These fellows had a great many peculiarities in their dress; they had, too, a great deal of borrowed hair, on their heads. They are called *dandies*, and in high repute with certain ladies called *coquettes*.

The next place of public entertainment we were carried to, differed but little in appearance from the last: it seemed, indeed, somewhat more spacious. We were told this was esteemed their most elegant amusement, because it was supported by the nobility and gentry; the common people not resorting thither, the expence being above their pocket, and the performance above their taste. We waited much longer for music now than before. As I saw the instruments all ready, I enquired the reason, and was told, that they performed no music 'till the entertainment began, because it entirely consisted of music. At length it began, and in truth seemed more excellent than that we heard before. The curtain was drawn up, and discovered a far more extensive prospect than I had seen at the other house; but, like that it often changed, and we sometimes seemed to be in a royal palace, then in a forest. There came before us two men richly habited, with high plumes of feathers on their heads, exceeding those of the king of the nine nations. Their walk had dignity, and their appearance bespoke a kind of majesty. From hence, I longed to hear their rough manly conversation, worthy their noble mien and figure: but, judge my astonishment when I heard them squeak, in voices like young girls; and my interpreter assured me they had no other! In short, I was told they were a odd species of creatures, who *only resembled* men in their outward form. They are not the natives of this country, but are imported from a foreign country, renowned for the breed of this singing species, and they cost an immense expence. When they spoke they seemed to sing; and when they sang, I know not to what it may be compared. It was surprising, something like the notes of our country birds: but it would have been more pleasing had it been more natural. I observed the audience greatly delighted with their entertainment, and sometimes expressing their approbation by the most rapturous applause. I imagined it was at the meaning of what was sung to them, which I could not understand; but I was afterwards informed, that they no more understood the language than myself.

I conclude my observations on English entertainments, with a general remark that they have a strange love for novelty, and will prefer whatever is foreign, to that which is the produce of their own native soil and nation, even though their own is much more valuable.

The *coffee-houses* here do not properly come under the previous denomination. To these the women are not accustomed; the men only frequent them either to do business, or because they have nothing to do. The humours of these places are infinite, there being as many different humours as there are persons, who generally figure as *politicians* in their way, who come to read

certain public papers, and afterwards talk, cavil, comment, or disapprove, arguing on the subject with great zeal and seeming sagacity. Every coffee-house has a set of these people. They settle the affairs of powerful and mighty kings and nations—they examine the conduct of their chiefs—they say how they ought to be governed at home, and how govern others abroad: their knowledge extends beyond the mighty ocean; but it often happens that while they are settling the policy of kings, and the affairs of nations, they are running to ruin themselves, by neglecting their own.

The government of this people is called *civil*: but our warrior chief is of opinion, that it is partly military, from the vast army it maintains when they are at peace with other nations. The natives of this country are very partial to their own government—they say it is the best in the world—yet they are seldom pleased with their governors. Their legislature is also said to make the best laws, and their magistrates to execute them the worst of any people under the sun. Strange! that a people who know how to think so right, should act so wrong. If these people have some of the best of laws, it is not very wonderful since they have such a variety of them. They have their statute law, their common law, their civil law, and—more laws than I could recount from sunrise to sunset. The natives themselves are ignorant of the existence of the majority of them. Almost one quarter of the people get their livelihood by teaching others what the law is, and they take the name of their vocation from their employment; yet these very men of the law design among themselves respecting what is, and what is not law. But however they design about it, they live by it, and live the better the more they design.

The commerce of this country I find to be very great and extensive, not only with the neighbouring nations, but to the furthestmost parts of the world: it is this which makes them so powerful a people, who have long been accounted masters of the great deep. There are particular persons who carry on this business; for which purpose there is a most magnificent structure erected, in which they meet every day. Here we saw people of almost every nation, who beheld us with seeming admiration; nor could we but admire, when we were told, that these people dealt for more in one day, than the revenues of our nations would amount to in a year!

WEST INDIAN MISSIONS.

(FROM THE MISSIONARY REPORT.)

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Hyde, dated Montserrat, April 5, 1826.

By the last packet you received the distressing intelligence of the loss of our dear Brethren, White, Truscott, Hillier, Oke, and Jones, with Mrs. White and three children, and Mrs. Truscott and one child. Not knowing that any one had written to you, I endeavoured to send you a few lines, but so agitated and afflicted was I, that I scarcely knew what I wrote. As soon, however, as I could become calm, I saw it to be my duty to hasten to Antigua. This duty, under the blessing of God, I performed without delay, and a most painful duty I will assure you it was. This circumstance, however, with that of the dear Brethren and Sisters having spent their last days with us, put me in possession of a variety of painfully interesting particulars connected with this most afflictive event, which no one else can have. Knowing that you will wish to have

all the information you can get, I send you, without loss of time, the following copious extracts from my Journal.

Montserrat, Thursday, Feb. 23.—By the good providence of God, I and Mrs. Hyde again landed here, from the District-Meeting. We left St. Kitt's yesterday, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in company with the Brethren White, Hillier, Truscott, Jones, and Okie; Sisters White, Truscott, and Jones; Brother White's three children, and Brother Truscott's little son, with two servants. Upon the whole, we had as good a passage as we generally have in our District vessels; never envious, and sometimes scarcely tolerable. The Brethren and their families landed, and rested with us about four hours. Brother Okie preached to a good congregation, from "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all, Amen." 2 Cor. xiii. 14. It was a blessed season: one of our intelligent friends said, "that it was one of the best sermons he ever heard." A respectable coloured young woman was deeply affected under it, and is likely to be a seal to his ministry. We then affectionately took our leave of each other, and the Brethren sailed for Antigua.

The District-Meeting was one of considerable importance, and of deep solemnity and profit. The Missionary Meetings were well attended, and the collections were good. The word preached was eagerly received by the people, and the large new chapel was often crowded. The Sacramental occasions were seasons of great refreshing, as were also the Band-Meetings. The death and funeral of our dear Brother Gilgrass much affected us, and served to solemnize a District-Meeting never to be forgotten. He had been upwards of twenty years in the work, and honourably, yea, enviably died in it. He died surrounded by his weeping Brethren, and was the next day carried by eight of us to his grave. His life was one of devotedness to God, and his death was peace.

Friday, 24th.—I was surprised and alarmed to day about eleven o'clock by a messenger running to my house, saying, "The schooner is coming back, sir, the Missionary Schooner." I went off to her as soon as possible. The sea was very high, and it was long before I could get on board. I however hailed her, and received the very acceptable answer "all is well." When I reached her the Brethren informed me, that there was a heavy sea in the channel,—that they had had a bad night, with the wind right a-head; and, that they were drifting down to Nevis, and saw no probability of reaching Antigua whilst the wind and sea continued as they were. Their wives and children had been very ill, and the Captain had given it as his opinion that it would be more prudent to return than proceed. I thanked God that they were safe, and gave them a welcome to every comfort that my house can afford. When on shore they all soon forgot their troubles. We united to thank God for mercifully preserving them, and to pray to Him that their stay among us might be blessed to the people. Throughout the day the weather continued increasingly unfavourable. In the evening Brother Hillier preached a very useful sermon to a good congregation, from, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Luke xii. 32. We all enjoyed it much, and it was quite a word in season.

Saturday, 25th.—The weather still boisterous: the night has been very stormy, and we were all thankful that the Brethren and Sisters were not exposed to it. This morning we had a solemn and delightful Prayer-Meeting in the chapel. We went also to see the Rector, and were kindly received. The day, however, has been one of anxiety to the Brethren; they are very wishful

to reach their stations, but they see, as do all, that it would be imprudent for them now to attempt it, as the weather is worse. We are sorry for them and our dear people in Antigua, but it is a great privilege to our people here and our hopes are great in reference to the coming Sabbath day.

Sunday, 26th.—Brother White in the forenoon preached to us a profitable sermon from 1 John v. 19: "And we know that we are of God." He afterwards with Brother Hillier, administered to Brother Jones, Brother Oke, and myself, and to the Society, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was a solemn season. We next attended to the school, and at three o'clock Brother Truscott preached to a large congregation in a very earnest manner. Brother Hillier preached at Little Town. At night the chapel was crowded to hear Brother Jones, a man much beloved here. He gave us a most excellent sermon from 1 Sam. ii. 30: "Them that honour me I will honour." I know not when I have seen such marked attention under a sermon, and such hopeful indications of good being effected. Brother White, his superintendant, observed to me afterwards, that it was the best sermon he ever heard him preach. O thou most Holy Spirit, by whose inspiration the Holy Scriptures were written, accompany with thy demonstrative energy, for Jesus' sake, the word preached this day, and make it powerful to the salvation of all who have heard it. I omitted to state, that Brother Oke, went a few miles into the country this evening, and preached on Symns's estate to a very large congregation. He appears to have been much blessed in the discharge of his duty to himself and to the people. His text was Psalm xxiii.

Monday, 27th.—The wind and sea still continue unfavourable, and the brethren are very uneasy at their long detention. Brother Oke, at six o'clock this morning, preached a solemn and useful sermon, from 1 Chron. xxix. 15: "For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." To illustrate his text he referred to the situation of his brethren and himself, "We are strangers, said he, and mere sojourners among you. We have been driven here by stress of weather; we shall soon be gone again, and perhaps you will see us no more for ever. So it is with the children of men generally. We are all strangers and sojourners in this world; we are hastening to another; soon we shall leave all on earth and be no more seen here for ever," &c. &c. About noon the brethren met altogether in my study, to consult on what they should do. Our seafaring friends had given as their most decided judgment that the Missionary schooner could not, in consequence of her various defects, beat up to Antigua for a number of days, if at all, so long as the wind and sea continued as they were. We sent for the Captain, and asked him candidly to tell us what he thought of his vessel. "Gentlemen," he replied, "it is an unpleasant thing for me to say any thing against my own vessel, but I do not think she will reach Antigua in less than four days, if this weather continues." To be four days longer from their charge, quite alarmed them, and in the end they determined to go in the Maria, mail-boat, Captain Whitney, which left here this evening at sunset. She is a fine vessel, sails well, and it is to be hoped they will reach home to-morrow. The Mission-house was filled with people when it was known they were going. We sang the 536th hymn; the whole of it I felt to be very grateful to my feelings, but especially the words,

"There we shall meet again
When all our toils are o'er;

And death, and grief, and pain,
 And parting are no more :
 We shall with all our brethren rise,
 And grasp thee in the flaming skies."

We next prayed with each other, and took an affectionate leave. May God, in his abundant mercy, give his angels charge over them.

Wednesday, March 1st.—We have been much surprised to hear that the Brethren have not yet arrived in Antigua. What can be the cause of it we know not, only the weather has continued very unfavourable. What has heightened our astonishment is, that the schooner has arrived there; at this we are almost confounded. May the Lord graciously preserve them.

Friday, 3d.—By another arrival from Antigua we have been much grieved to hear that the Mail-boat has not arrived, or been heard of. The people are beginning to be very uneasy about her, but I cannot fear. The Lord bless them, and make them a blessing wherever they are, and kindly preserve and comfort the poor people in Antigua, who are suffering from their absence.

Tuesday, 7th.—How to record the mysterious, the overwhelming events of this day, I am at a loss to tell. My mind is almost distracted. The Maria is lost! The Brethren White, Hillier, Truscott, Jones, and Oke, the Sisters White and Truscott, with their dear children, (four in number,) their two servants, the Captain, and all but two of the crew, are drowned! Sister Jones alone has escaped to tell us! Great God, what is thy design in this overwhelming affliction? It lays reason prostrate, and strikes even thy people dumb before thee. They were blessed men. They were engaged in thy work. Thou didst recently baptize them anew with the Holy Ghost, and they were hastening forward with renewed strength, to all human appearance, to be a greater blessing than ever to the churches; and yet at a stroke thou hast broken off their purposes, desolated our expectations, left upwards of 3000 people joined in church fellowship, without a single spiritual pastor, and filled all our hearts with unutterable grief. O that we may have grace "to be still, and know that thou art God;" God of love and mercy still! Early this morning a mail-boat appeared in sight. I hastened to the bay, and stood with deep anxiety waiting the return of a boat from her. At length it left her, but came slowly towards the shore. The people wondered at their tardiness, but, alas! the sad cause was soon developed. "Have the Missionaries arrived?" was the eager inquiry. "No," was the distressing answer: "the mail-boat is lost, and all on board have perished but one woman." I turned pale, trembled, and had nearly fainted, when it came to my recollection, "some one will hasten up to the Mission-house and inform Mrs. Hyde, and I fear the consequence in her situation." The thought of this, set me in motion, and I reached home so much the picture of anguish, that my wife immediately saw what was the matter. We wept together—the whole house wept—people flocked in on every hand to mingle their tears with ours. One voice of lamentation spread itself throughout the house. They had spent their last days with us, preached their last sermons to us, poured out their last prayers for us, and by their holiness, zeal, usefulness, and friendship, endeared themselves unto us. Such distress, I believe, was never witnessed here before: and so much affection for the memory of strangers was never manifested. At night we had a prayer-meeting in the chapel; but sighs and tears drowned the voice of prayer for a time, and the place was a perfect Bochim.

ALL THE LIVE-LONG NIGHT RECLINING.

ATTN.—'Arthydy me.'—*The live-long night.*

All the live-long night reclining,
 I think on thee :
 While the silent moon is shining,
 I think on thee :
 Plans of pleasure fondly framing,
 Or, in Love's Elysium dreaming,
 'Till the glorious Morn is gleaming
 I think on thee.

Where the Mountain brooklet ripples,
 I think on thee :
 While the noon-sun'd water dimples,
 I think on thee :
 When the vernal birds are singing
 And ambrosial blossoms springing,
 Fresh their evening fragrance flinging,
 I think on thee.

When my rural harp is swelling,
 I think on thee :
 And of bliss and beauty telling,
 I think on thee :
 When Romance her magic's throwing,
 Strange and sweet adventures showing
 All my soul in gladness glowing,
 I think on thee.

Though with Maids the dance I measure,
 I think on thee :
 At the social board of Pleasure,
 I think on thee.
 Heartsome healths our glasses gleaming
 Beauty, Wit, and Worth acclaiming,
 Though another's praise's naming,
 I think on thee

Reviews.

Babylon and Infidelity foredoomed of God: a Discourse on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse, which relate to these latter times and until the second Advent. By the Rev. Edward Irving, Minister of the Caledonian Church, London, in two volumes. Glasgow: Chalmers and Collins, 1826.

The subject of this discourse is to be found in the seventh chapter of Daniel, which records the vision of Daniel, relating to the four beasts, typical of the four kingdoms of Babylon, Persia, Macedon, and Rome. Rome is described under the emblem of a "beast dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth: it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it; and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it; and it had ten horns. I considered the horns, and, behold, there came up among them another little horn, before whom there were three of the first horns plucked up by the roots; and, behold, in this horn were eyes like the eyes of man, and a mouth speaking great things." By this little horn is intended the *papal power*, which arose at the time that the Roman empire divided into ten kingdoms; and before which fell three of them, Rome, Ravenna, and Lombardy, of which it acquired the possession, and ever after maintained the rule. But the period of the endurance of this power is fixed by the same prophecy for a time and times and the dividing of time."

Interpreters are agreed that the period signified by time, is a year of three hundred and sixty days; by times, two such years; and by the dividing of time, the half of such a year—A time, and times, and the dividing of a time, would therefore stand for one thousand two hundred and sixty days, or years, each prophetic day standing for a year.—This is the period limited in the twelfth chapter of Revelations; during which the woman is sheltered in the wilderness from the attack of the dragon, which period is there called, first, "one thousand two hundred and sixty days," and afterwards, "time, times, and half a time." This then would appear to be the duration of the existence of the papal power.

It is of the utmost importance, in order to ascertain the period when the power of the papacy shall terminate, that the era of its commencement should be fixed. This era is determined in four passages of the prophecies—in two places under two forms, and in three places, a great historical event is mentioned as happening at the commencement and causing its introduction; and in the fourth place, another great historical event is mentioned as happening at its conclusion.

The first passage is the one already quoted from the Vision of Daniel. From the Pandects of Justinian we may give the date not only when power was given to the Bishop of Rome over the churches, but when the very form and character of that power were ascertained and determined.

The first of these edicts bears date, March 533.

The second great event given as the occasion, and serving to decide the commencement of this long captivity of the Latin or Western Church, or rather of the saints within the confines of the ten-parted empire of Rome, is alluded to in the twelfth chapter of the Revelations. In the Apocalypse, seven heads are added to the ten horns, by which Rome was described in Daniel, which seven heads are interpreted to be the seven hills upon which the city of Rome was founded, and also seven kings by which she was governed. "Five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come." The historical event corresponding to the Apocalyptic vision, appears to be the conversion of the Gothic nations to Christianity in the fourth century, chiefly by priests of the Arian heresy. These nations possessing themselves of Italy and Spain and Africa, and the other parts lying around the heart of the empire, began to rage against the true faith, with a fury not inferior to that which the pagans had used before. These nations are understood to be "the waters of the flood," that the "serpent cast out of his mouth after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood." Then the Emperor Justinian, in his distinguished zeal for orthodoxy, took measures against the Arian nations, and brought them to such utter ruin, that Arianism never lifted its head again as a persecuting

power, and not for many centuries even as an opinion. This is what is understood by the earth helping the woman, the limits of the Roman empire being the bounds of the prophetic earth. This prophecy the emperor accomplished by his general, Belisarius, whom he sent over in the beginning of the year 533, and who brought the war to a conclusion in Africa, before the expiration of that year. Thus, the two events—that of Daniel, the giving the saints over to the little horn; and that of John, the earth helping the woman against the poisoned water: are one event presented in two different aspects, the two great features of the same action; the one the ecclesiastical, the other the military; the one affecting the church in the way of a captivity, the other affecting her in the way of a deliverance.

The third passage is the whole of the next chapter (13th), of Revelations, which refers to the wounding of the imperial head in Augustulus;—its restoration in Charlemagne; and its continuance in the Emperor of Germany 'till a recent period. During the time of the suspension of the imperial power, the separate sovereignties were maintained in the ten kingdoms, into which the empire was divided; but upon the seven heads, before described as crowned, blasphemy was written. Rome, that had been the seat of power, became the seat of blasphemy. Then the papal power assumed the outward semblance of the lamb but spake like a dragon. It was apparently Christian, but really satanic. It was invested by the edicts of Justinian, seconded by the imperial arms, that subdued the heretical powers who might have opposed his entering into possession. In twenty years, heretics were ordered to be burned, and the mass obtained. In sixty years, were introduced purgatory, invocation of saints, expiations by masses, lustrations of the blessed Virgin, and the celibacy of the clergy was attempted. In seventy years the bishop of Rome obtained from the Emperor the sole title of universal. In little more than a century the service was performed in Latin. In two centuries the pope opposed, and excommunicated the eastern emperor for prohibiting image worship. Having courted the friendship of the Franks, and being sustained by them: in return for services performed, he solemnly crowned Charlemagne, the emperor of the west, and acknowledged him his sovereign; in which act the head was cured, and the lamb-like creature caused the earth to worship the beast, whose wound was thus healed.

But the papal power proceeded in its appointed work, and ultimately assumed to itself imperial domination, and came into jealousy and strife with its former co-partner in power.—And in three centuries the pope succeeded against Frederic Barbarossa, and “made an image to the beast, which had the wound by a sword and did live, and had power to give life unto the image of the beast.”

Thus, from the æra of five hundred and thirty-three, the papal usurpation went on fulfilling its period in the exact letter of this vision; which period is there described as forty and two months, which is the same twelve hundred days or years before mentioned, and which brings us down to the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, in the beginning of which year the French revolution took a democratic form, in the beheading of the king.

This is the great historical event mentioned as happening at the conclusion of the papal power.

The following is the evidence that the prophetic period concluded with the year 1792—3.

It will be necessary to refer to the eleventh chapter of Revelations, where, by the temple, is to be understood the church, and by the two witnesses the old and the new testaments, out of which have been drawn every testimony of the Waldenses, the Albigenses, the Kathair, the Lollards, the Huguenots, the Protestants; of Valdo, Wickliffe, Jerome, Huss, Luther, and of all in every age who have testified against the papal usurpation. The holy scriptures, though clothed in sackcloth—hidden in a foreign tongue, and their preachers exposed to suffering and sorrow—were to testify 'till the year 1793, when their testimony should be suspended, and “a beast from the bottomless pit” should make war against them, and should overcome them and kill them. During the greater part of the last century, an insidious, yet systematic, opposition to the holy scriptures was carried on by all the wits and men of genius, not only of France but of all Europe, under the fostering care of Frederic, king of Prussia, in whose coteries they were accustomed to calculate, within what space of time the philosophers would be able to exterminate the faith of the Galilean and his fishermen. On the thirty-first of May, 1792, the scriptures were declared to be a fable, and death to be an eternal sleep, and “the void made by the abolition of the Roman catholic religion, was attempted to be filled by what these new fanatics called ‘the Worship of Reason,’ and Atheism re-

ceived the public homage and honours due to the Supreme Being." The scriptures were publicly dragged through the streets, with circumstances of the utmost contempt, thus verifying the prophecy. "And their dead bodies shall lie in the streets of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified," (which three emblems denote a city holy in name, yet the seat of darkness and the sink of iniquity.) "The sabbath was abolished, and the division of the year by weeks—commemorative at once of creation completed, and redemption completed—was abolished for that by decades of ten days each, given by these sacrilegious men, as a part of their grand restoration of things, to be commemorative for a short season of the triumph of the beast from the bottomless pit, both over God the creator, and over Christ the redeemer, and over the two witnesses who had so long borne testimony, and now were overcome for a season. From this era also, in the height of their pride, they began to count their time, reckoning from the first year of the French republic, in order to declare by all possible means to the world and to the church, that one of God's remarkable periods had closed, and another had begun its course with direful omens of destruction. The joy which was testified by the learned and scientific classes, not of France only, but of all catholic Europe, when this great end of their labours for half a century had been signally accomplished, is on public record. They wrote to one another and congratulated each other upon the introduction of a new era, as they judged of the redemption of the human race." But this triumph was only to endure for three prophetic days and a half. "In the end of the year 1796, exactly three years and a half from the perpetration of that deed yet unheard of in Christendom, and not surpassed by the customary fury of the Japanese, against the holy oracles, the spirit of the times had undergone such an amelioration, as to permit the bishops and clergy to hold meetings, and circulate encyclical letters in preparation for a general council, which they contemplated for the reformation of religion." "And in the earlier part of the year 1797, upon the election of a new third to sit in the council of five hundred, that purpose was accomplished, and from that time Christian worship was restored, and it became a fixed and settled principle with all sound minded men, that the knowledge, and belief, and obedience, of the scriptures is the foundation and cement of the best institutions of society,

the hope and expectation of the barbarous nations of the earth. So that the witnesses may be truly said to have ascended up to heaven in a cloud of glory."

To complete the verification of the emblem, at the very time of this perpetration, there happened an earthquake—a popular revolution—by the violence of which a tenth part of the city fell, and there were slain of men seven thousand, and the remnant were affrighted. France, the tenth part, was not only wrenched away from the papal city, but took arms against all the rest. Such was the stream of the fiery indignation with which the ancient of days came to the judgment, as described in the Vision of Daniel.

It is important to remark, that, not only is this closing event of the period of captivity, the opening event of the period of judgment: but that while it is the termination of the papal beast's forty and two months—it is the commencement and first act of the life of another beast. "The beast from the bottomless pit." "He giveth fearful note of his being, and maketh signal discovery of his bloody character. From hell he cometh, and his presence maketh a hell upon the earth. Infidelity is his name, the pride of Lucifer is his temper, and the murderous spirit of Satan is the element of his joy. He also clothes himself with light, like Lucifer, the son of the morning, and like him he is 'last in the train of night, if rather he belong not to the dawn.'"

Thus having determined the commencement and conclusion of the prophetic term of 1260 days, it remains to consider the prophecy as applying to events which have happened since the year 1792—3, and to those which are yet in the womb of futurity. The prophet Daniel goes on to describe the planting down of the thrones of judgment upon which the apostles and saints shall sit to judge the earth; together with the sitting of the Ancient of Days in judgment, and the opening of the books, and the destruction of the papal apostacy. Then he proceeds to describe the coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven to the Ancient of Days; which description our Lord appropriated to himself, in the prophecy of his second coming, which prophecy refers—to the destruction of Jerusalem—to the present time—and to the last judgment.

It would appear, that there shall be no interval of time between the conclusion of the papal period of power and the opening of the period of judgment. The period of judgment therefore commenced

in 1792—3. The duration of this period may be gathered from the 1290 days, and the 1335 days of Daniel, which days commenced at the same time with the 1260 days—the first of which days carries us to the year 1822—3, and the second to the year 1867—8. With which two periods it is foretold that all trouble shall be accomplished and the earth shall be fully blessed.

Four remarkable periods are thus given by Daniel—one of 1260 years the beginning of which had been found in a former vision and the end of it also. Another when the infidel power shall come to his end, and the dispersion of the Jews be accomplished; but when is not given. A third, at the end of 1290 days, but what is not given. A fourth at the end of 1335 days, which every one who waiteth to see shall be completely blessed. The particulars of these four periods will be found developed in the Revelations of Saint John the Divine, the first of which has been already sufficiently noticed.

The pouring out of the vials relates to the second period of the infidel power, into the detail of which we have not space to enter. The first three vials describe the French revolution and the martyrdom of Louis the Sixteenth. The fourth dates from 1802, when the infidel power was constituted in a single person and continues till April, 1814, when his power was taken away. The fifth vial was accomplished in the next great event of the times, the invasion of France by the allied forces and concluded in October 1819. The sixth vial announces the inward troubles of the Turkish empire, first by the revolt of Ali Pacha, then by the rising of the Greeks and the defections of distant provinces. It then addresses itself to the west, where tyranny, superstition, and infidelity shall awhile obtain, and has been already manifested in the revolutions of Naples, of Lombardy, of Portugal, and of Spain, which four revolutions have been successively suppressed from March, 1820, when they began in Spain to September, 1823, when the king was released from Cadiz by the arms of France, annulled all the doings of the Cortes, and forced the constitutionalists to flee for their lives into foreign parts. This completes the second period of Daniel. The vial concludes with the annunciation of the great day of God Almighty, and the battle of Armageddon. Its purpose moreover is declared, in the commencement, to be to prepare the way of the Kings of the east; the meaning of which time will declare. The period of this

vial is fixed, "both in the east and in the west, from March, 1820, to September, 1823: when the first effects of the three warring spirits of error were suppressed, and the seed of revolution buried in the ground, to take root and run along the foundations of society, and rise again in the great revolution, which is to shed horror and dismay over the earth, at the out-pouring of the next vial—the last, the finishing and completing blow of the righteous indignation of God."

The change denoted by the end of Daniel's 1290 days—is this; "That after thirty years of tribulation, the papal kingdoms have emerged as they were in the beginning of it. The old dynasties are all restored, and they are returning to their old obdurate course of government."

We have walked on glowing embers: the ordeal we have yet to prove is far more perilous. For prophecy is not meant to unveil the future, but to be for a witness, from its correspondence with past or passing events, of the truth of the Scriptures, in which it is contained and of which it is the principal internal evidence. Our bold author, however, fearlessly leads us into the Valley of the Shadow of the Future, and undertakes to clear up the prophecies that remain to be fulfilled.

The sixth Vial is interrupted in the middle by the sublime voice of him who revealed all these things to his servant. "Behold, I come as a thief; blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments lest he walk naked and they see his shame."—While the great sacrifice of the indignation of God is preparing to be offered upon the altar, the saints are summoned to be watchful, and keep their garments lest they walk naked and be ashamed in the sight of the wedding guests. For no sooner is Babylon destroyed than the marriage of the Lamb is proclaimed, to which no one enters without a wedding garment. Therefore, in the time of that vial which gathers the nations to the field of Armageddon, to be sacrificed there, the bridegroom warns his bride to make herself ready for the marriage supper of the Lamb. Not to the last concluding years of this generation, but to the present time is this voice of warning and benediction addressed.

The last forty-five years of Daniel remain to be accomplished, which conduct us to the year 1867—8, the event of which period is indicated as follows.

"Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days." Within these forty-five years the seventh vial will be accomplished. Between the six former vials the intervals have been from one to four years, and analogy would lead us to expect some such interval to occur between the 6th and 7th. A longer interval, however, ought not to disappoint us. Two years of this interval have already elapsed. As much remains to be accomplished before the time of blessedness arrives; it may be believed that its commencement will not be long delayed.

But the Book of Daniel gives a time, more near than the forty-five years, "within which it may be positively affirmed that this seventh vial will be accomplished." Two thousand three hundred days are given for the cleansing of the sanctuary, or according to the septuagint, two thousand four hundred, which reading is to be preferred. The vision in which this occurs was given in the year 553, B.C. These two thousand four hundred years conduct us to the year 1847 after Christ. True worship will therefore be restored in Jerusalem at that time; and if it be so restored, the Jews as a people must have been restored before that time; and not only restored, but converted.

For it appears by the numbers in Daniel's last vision, that the accomplishment of the dispersion of the Jews is to mark the conclusion of an unexampled period of trouble, at the time of the end, "when Michael shall stand up, the great prince, which standeth for the children of the Jewish people." The end of troubles, therefore, when the wrath of God is filled up: that is, the end of the seventh vial, when, in the language of the seventh angel, "it is done," must be some time before the year 1847: and some considerable time before it, in order to leave space for the gathering home of the Jewish tribes, and their conversion, and the establishment of the Christian worship in the beloved city.

This last vial of wrath is to bring the judgments upon the papacy to an end, and prepare the way for the second advent of Christ. This event is reputed of such importance in the *word of God*, as to be mentioned every where in all the prophets, and frequently in the Book of Revelations. In the opening of the act of trumpets it is "an earthquake;" then, at the sounding of the seventh trumpet, it is "an earthquake and a great hail;" then, in the open book of church history, it is

"Babylon is fallen, and all her worshippers drink of the cup of the wrath of God, and the wine-press of wrath is trodden without the city;" then it is given particularly at the pouring out of the seventh vial, and afterwards it is taken in detail, and becomes the subject matter of the three following chapters.

Our author interprets the figurative language of the different passages, to intend the following prediction. That a popular revolution, greater than that from which France has just escaped, will break down the establishment of society, and open the way for the seventh vial. The city of the papacy, (still regarded as of ten parts for the sake of continuity of meaning, though one, that is, Britain, has separated itself,) is to fall into three parts: that is, out of the anarchy of the great popular revolution, three great kingdoms shall arise, and swallow up the rest. And from the eleventh and twelfth chapters of the second book of Edras, usually considered as Apocryphal, but the divine inspiration of which Mr. Irving submits to the judgment of the church, he is inclined to believe, that the surviving nations will be Rome, France, and Austria; and that Rome shall outlive the other two; and concludes, that the sovereign in Rome will yet hold the rule over the ten parts of the papal nations: and confirms his conclusion by reference to the next chapter of Revelations.

The effect of the seventh vial, poured into the air, will be universal; and the strong holds of heathen superstition, of Bramah, of Boodh, of Confucius, of Shamanism, of Mahomed, shall fall by terrible convulsions.

Rome, the longest lived of the nations, shall likewise utterly fall. After which all other divisions of kingdoms and landmarks of possession, all fixtures of established constitution and law, with all eminencies of rank, authority, and majesty, shall depart, and a wild sea of popular devastation and destruction shall reign from side to side of the ancient empire. And the vial concludes with threatening an invasion from the north, conducted by policy and ambition, for the ends, not of destruction, but of conquest.

The beast described in the seventeenth chapter of Revelations, is to be distinguished from the old dragon, and the beast which came up from the sea. He has no crowns upon his heads like the dragon, nor crowns upon his horns like the beast of the sea, nor, as in the case of

the latter, has he blasphemy written upon his head, but every where: every part of him being full of blasphemy. He is a new principle of evil ruling over the nations over which the others ruled. These had come to their end. This new incarnation is now preparing to act with violence and strength upon the stage, thirty years after the time, when the beast of the sea became prophetically dead in respect of power and influence. This new beast shall act against the papacy—and it ascends from the bottomless pit, whence ascended the beast which slew the witnesses. It is the spirit of infidelity, which shall obtain the bounds of all the kingdoms unto itself, and shall possess over the strength of those kingdoms that influence which superstition held. But though the principle of infidelity shall then be inspiring the papal power, the reins shall still be in the hands of the woman—but her hands shall be impotent, and she shall be drunken and dotard. This spirit of infidelity was, when it slew the witnesses, and had thirty years of a turbulent time, but now is suppressed, all Europe over: and therefore, now it is not. It was and is not, but is just at hand,

It will come forth—do its work, and go into perdition. No time is given to its second action, its day is brief. Much is the work it has to perform, but it has proved itself a dexterous workman in blood and ruin; and doubtlessly will do its work effectually.

This spirit of infidelity, in the fourth vial, had a personality, by the emblem of the sun, to which power was given to search men with great heat: being personified in that imperial personage who was the instrument of scourging the papal nations one by one. In the fifth vial he had a kingdom and a seat, on which darkness fell, so that the beast from the time when he slew the witnesses, down through the three first vials; until he became "the sun," is to be taken as *abstract*, as a spirit, but thereafter, until the time of his disappearance, after the fifth vial, in *concreto*, as a person. When the beast from the bottomless pit reappears, will he re-appear as an abstract spirit of infidelity, or personified in a man? It is plain; (however he may re-appear in the beginning,) when he performs the deed of destruction upon the woman that he will have taken a *personal* form. For he is then to be the eighth head of the beast, that is, to exercise sovereign rule in Rome, which can only be

true of a person. "And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition."

We are taught by the interpreting angel, that the seven heads with which the beast has three times appeared—first, as the great red dragon—next, as the monstrous beast from the sea—and thirdly as the scarlet-coloured beast from the bottomless pit—have two significations: first, the seven-hilled place, where the seat of its power is: and secondly, a seven-fold sovereignty over it. The seven sovereignties of Rome, are—first, kings: second, consuls: third, consular tribunes: fourth, decemviri: fifth, dictators. After these, for the sixth form of sovereignty, we have emperors, under which head Rome was, when the Apocalypse was written, and which continued unbroken till the time of Augustulus, about the year 487, where it ceased for awhile; and fifty years after became whole again in the person of Charlemagne, who was anointed emperor, and of whom medals still exist, inscribed with words signifying *emperor revised*, in commemoration of that event. From him the succession continued in the emperors of Germany, down to our times: when Napoleon, the personification of infidelity, obliged him to renounce the title of Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, which has not since been renewed, and never again will be. From Julius Cæsar to our times the sixth head, wounded to death, but healed again, has continued. And, in this sense, it is the custom of historians to compose histories of the emperors, beginning with Julius Cæsar, and coming down through Augustulus to the times of which they wrote.

"The seven heads are seven kings—five are fallen, one is, and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a short space." The seventh head has arrived in the late Emperor of the French, who having deposed the Emperor of Germany from the sovereignty of Rome, took that city into the bounds of the French empire, and ruled over it, and in it, as the Emperor of France, making it the second city of his dominions. He is already gone, and Rome is actually at present without a temporal head, the Pope being but an assessor to the imperial head—the spirit of popery being that by whose wicked counsels the ten-horned beast is ruled, with whom he lives, and will sink into ruin with him; the spirit in him, not any part of him.

Rome, since the abdication of Napoleon, has therefore been without a head; but is not long so to continue. For mention is

made of a eighth head, but it is added, to account for the novelty, "it is of the seven." This enigma in the language of prophecy, can only be explained by as great an enigma in the fulfilment. It is remarkable, that though Napoleon took the sovereignty of Rome, in virtue of its being a part of his empire, he did not crown himself king or emperor thereof, but appointed that this title should pertain to his son, whose style was King of Rome. Now if it should be the purpose of the Eternal and Almighty Governor of the universe, to nourish up this youth, and bring him forth in the footsteps of his father, so that in the revolution which is impending, he should start into being as the sovereign of Rome, one of the three parts into which the great city is to be divided, the prophecy would have exact fulfilment. For while he was an eighth head he would also be of the seven, having divided the seventh headship with his father, who took the power, but gave the title to his son; fulfilling, it may be, this enigmatical prophecy, as he has fulfilled so many of those which went before, upon the infidel Anti-Christ of the latter days. This also would satisfy a difficulty which no exact interpreter of the eleventh chapter of Daniel can overcome, viz. that from the 31st to the 40th verse, it should have been fulfilled by Napoleon most exactly; and from the 40th verse to the end, it should remain to be fulfilled by some other, though there be no change in the person, but only a mark in the time, "at the time of the end;" whereas of the former acts, it is always said, that "the end is not yet." The fulfilment or failure of this anticipation, however, will in no wise hinder the fulfilment of the prophecy.

The prophecy is this—that under this infidel beast, personified in the future sovereignty of Rome, the ten horns or kingdoms, which heretofore were counselled by the papacy, shall confederate together out of hatred to her; and, that they may utterly destroy her, and consume her to the end, shall give their kingdom and dominion to the beast who shall direct their indignation against her. This latter incarnation of infidelity, whosoever he is to be, will therefore resume the work of conquest where Napoleon, the former incarnation of the same spirit, left it off, and will carry it with a more decided hand against the Pope, and will gather to himself all influence over the ten-fold kingdom, and will possess himself also of Satan's seven-hilled seat. "And that Rome, (says our author,) shall come to utter ruin, and undisturbed desolation, I do no more doubt, than that Babylon

abideth so to this day, obedient to the word of God; where the Arabian pitcheth not his tent, nor the shepherd watereth his flock, but wild beasts of the desert do lie there; and the houses are full of doleful creatures, and owls dwell there, and satyrs do dance there, and the wild beasts of the islands cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces." "Thus it doth appear, (he proceeds,) that within the space of twenty years, (and no one can say how much within it,) we may look for the utter destruction of the power and being of Babylon the Great, concerning whose foredoomed end we have undertaken to discourse, at the hand of the prince of infidelity who shall reign over her as her last head."

The infidel head about to arise, having possessed himself of the ten kingdoms, is to pass over to Asia and conquer there; but, having been arrested by the King of the North, and Princes of the East, shall fall in the Holy Land in the battle of Armageddon, and be annihilated; which battle of Armageddon is not the general judgment, but the conclusion of the Gentile probation, and the period for the glorious epiphany of the Messiah.

Our author takes us back to the book of Daniel, in which he discovers clear indications of the progress of the infidel power, in the person of Buonaparte, into the detail of which we cannot venture. Suffice it to say, that by the term "holy covenant" our author understands the kingdom of Great Britain, which is described in the Revelations as the sealed tribes of Israel, we being the people who have continued to maintain the cause of religion and righteousness, and have not partaken any of the wrath of the six vials that have gone by, but have been preserved from the thirty years' judgments which have come upon all the rest; undisturbed by inward trouble, unharmed by outward violence, threatened much yet living still in the enjoyment of all our privileges. He contends that particular regard has been had to us as a nation because we have cast off the supremacy of the Pope, and established the supremacy of Christ in our churches; and threatens this kingdom with the vengeance from heaven if we apostatize from the faith and practice of our fathers. But, he charges us with having already declined. He has too high a respect both for the dignity of his subject, and of his office to mingle these interpretations and applications of the holy prophecy with any question of party politics or of ephemeral debate, while he will not be deterred by the arrogance and

usurpation of the political spirit from taking in the full scope of his ministry and intending the great interests of his office. And therefore though it expose him to odium in every form, he has no hesitation in asserting it to be his belief that when the rulers of this nation shall permit to the worshippers of the beast, the same honours, immunities and trusts, which they permit to the worshippers of the true God, that day will be the blackest in the history of our fate, that day our national charter is forfeited in heaven, and we are sealed no longer. That day however will come. *We also shall fall.*

Britain, which was a province of the Roman empire, is to be reckoned as one of the ten horns of the fourth beast which yielded to the blasphemy of the little horn. For as much therefore as Daniel beheld, that, because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake, the beast was slain, and his body destroyed and given to the burning flame, we, for whom no exception is made, have as good reason as the rest of the horns to fear the fiery judgment of God. That we are to partake of the judgment, none will doubt, who are persuaded of the genuineness of the fragment of Esdras, before slightly referred to in this review, but set forth at length in our author's discourse. England and Scotland he interprets to be the two feathers which divided itself from the body of the great eagle, and afterwards united into the Protestant kingdom of Great Britain, the only one within the limits of the ancient Western empire. Its destruction will not come to pass till after the destruction of the east head of Rome; but at length will come to pass through inward strifes and strugglings, which cause it to be denominated "the small kingdom, and full of trouble."

The evils growing in the bowels of the land, which will soon strike us down, if not timely remedied, are infidelity in religion, and insubordination in politics. Our author thinks that there has occurred within these weeks an event which may well strike the nation out of its security, and teach it a lesson of its instability. We shall give our author's reflections upon this subject, as they constitute some of the best passages in the book, and will give an idea of the general style in which these volumes are composed.

"The yawning chasm which hath opened under our feet, in the solid ground of the national prosperity, whereon we fondly dreamed that our mountains were standing sure—this earthquake-shock which com-

mmercial credit has sustained in the most high and palmy state of British grandeur, when all men were offering incense to the idol, and saying, It is most beautiful and blessed for ever—I do regard as God's sign to this land which he loveth, intending to forewarn us how silly and superficial are our views—how short-sighted our calculations—how inadequate the best and wisest governors to steer the vessel of the state for a single day, and though the ship may be most surely sound in all her timbers, the pilot's wakeful, and all hands aboard most stout and steady, the Lord hath, in his storehouse, thwarting winds, and hideous storms, ready at his call, against which neither the excellency of our constitution, nor the wisdom of our governors, nor the patient perseverance of our people, can make a head."

"Though our land hath been separated from the great Antichristian family of nations, and for long hath witnessed against the beast, and his mark, and his name, we are not guiltless of the blood of saints, whose ashes cry from the ground against us; and though that guilty race of kings, whose duplicity and deceit brought the blood of innocents upon the head of the nation, have long since passed away on the frowns of the Almighty's wrath; we have been during the last century, and are now a mammon-worshipping people, idolators of political economy of national wealth and commercial greatness; and the poor are miserably depressed by our mechanical systems whom all our witty inventions have not profited, nor their children, who have become a pigmy race of mechanical slaves, the hopes of mammon's kingdom, and a sacrifice to his altar; instead of being the hopes of the church and an offering to the Father of Spirits." "God shook the column of strength whereon we rested, national wealth upheld by national credit. By our inexhaustible resources we had carried on the struggle of thirty years, and brought it to so glorious a termination. We had borrowed from no nation, and lent to all. We had grown rich and prosperous in the midst of our utmost straits. Ask any nation wherein the strength of Britain lay, and every nation, with one voice, would answer, in her commercial power; and what is the secret of our commercial power? Our credit at home and abroad. That credit, the staff of our right hand, the Lord shook it in a day, it bent; it yielded like a reed shaken of the wind, between neighbour and neighbour, between townsman and townsman, between brother and brother."

"Oh! that man would but learn a lesson of his short sightedness, and nations a lesson, of their instability, by that reverse which has befallen us. We have seen the stateliest fortunes overthrown, the most ancient and honoured names dishonoured, the surest establishments laid prostrate, credit between men and man suspended, the pecuniary bulwarks of the nation subverted, and the nation itself reeling like a drunken man. And why? no outward disaster, nor inward convulsion, nor destruction of the out-lets of commerce, nor stagnation of trade at home, nor apprehension of war, nor short coming of finance; but the very contrary of all these things: peace abroad and prosperity at home, good husbandry of the national resources, and enlightened principles of trade. There never seemed a conjuncture so favourable for every new experiment of international commerce; and new experiments were in full operation. The new world laid open to us, and the restrictions between us and the old world rapidly removing. When behold, in one month, in one week, all is dismay confusion and blank astonishment. And the man that thought himself rich when he arose in the morning, goes to bed at night in poverty; and he who hath wealth in abundance, is fain to shut up his shop through inability to pay. The people run about the streets like frantic men, and crowd around the doors of the most opulent and worthy citizens, as if they were about to take flight and carry off all that had been entrusted to their care. And no man felt safe to trust his most trust-worthy friend. And activity ceased in this great workshop and thoroughfare of Mammon. It was as if an earthquake had stricken our city, such was the consternation; and, without a figure, it hath had the fatal effects of an earthquake, for it hath a little shaken the foundations of every man's credit, while of many it hath swallowed up the all. It hath consumed the hopes of many sons and daughters; and though it hath not destroyed the lives of many, it hath taken away that for which alone, many cared to live, leaving their lives a burthen and a bitterness to them, and making the gay world as the shadow of death unto their souls. And how came it to pass? how fell it out? we rose early in the morning and found it so. We left the city flourishing, we were absent a few days, we came back and found it a city of mourners. Mourning in the hearts of men, visible upon their faces, though their mouths durst not utter one word of their misery. For this is one of the greatest aggravations of the sufferings

which Mammon inflicts, that they dare not utter their agonies, save perhaps to their miserable wife and children, lest they should hasten the day of their ruin, or push away from them some frail twig at which their sinking hand might snatch, which suppression of aggravated misery, more than the misery itself, doth make so many lay violent hands on themselves."

This account, though highly coloured, we all know is only a little exaggerated. The style of the passage is that in which all the book is composed; there is no variation; every page is alike. The style is a composite imitation of that of Jeremy Taylor, of the prose writings of Milton, and of the lyrical and prophetic portions of scripture, so much does the latter prevail, that a person, unacquainted with them, (if such an one may be in this christian land,) would not be aware where the quotations from them occurred but for the convenient information furnished by the inverted commas. It is, however, more thickly set with poetical and rhetorical figures than Taylor's style, and wants, to our ear, the harmonious rhythm of Milton's sentences, which, however long and involved, are remarkable for this quality if properly read. Witness some of the fine passages in the *Areopagitica*, which is generally known, and which has been more than once republished within the last few years.

We have thought it expedient to give this full abstract of a work of such extraordinary pretensions, that the clergy of the national church may be acquainted with its merits, and if they think it worthy, dissent on it more at large than we have space or ability to do. Though full, our abstract is, of course, imperfect; for, notwithstanding the numerous repetitions and abundant declamation, the whole matter of two volumes of eight hundred pages is not easily extracted into less than twelve, yet we think that we have pretty nearly accomplished the task. These eight hundred pages, the author tells us, formed one discourse, delivered before the continental society—yet he complains, forsooth, that a few of the congregation failed to sit it out.

To calculate the times and interpret the meaning, of unfulfilled prophecy, have by the ablest commentators, been considered tasks of much difficulty and delicacy, and to be approached with diffidence. Mr. Irving, however, expresses a confident assurance in the accuracy both of his calculations and interpretations. He is a bold man. Perhaps he will think us equally bold in the observation we are

about to make. It is this: even if both calculation and interpretation should agree with the time and event, such agreement is not conclusive that either was correct. This position we are enabled to prove.

One Robert Fleming, V.D.M., who, it seems, from the dedication of his work, the Rt. Hon. John Lord Cannichael designed to promote to so considerable an office as that of principal of the college of Glasgow: and who was related successively as minister or pastor to the English church at Leyden, and Scot's church in Rotterdam, preached Feb. 9th, 1688, in London, we believe, "an extraordinary discourse" upon the Apocalypse, and which was originally published in 1701. Our copy is a re-print of the year 1793, which is stated in the title to contain "Predictions respecting the Revolutions in France, and the Fate of its Monarch." It does contain such predictions both as to time and event. The coincidence is singular, and we extract the passage: "As to the remaining part of this vial, (the fourth,) I do humbly suppose that it will come to its highest pitch about anno 1717, and that it will run out about the year 1794. The reasons for the first conjecture are two. The first is, because I find that the *papal kingdom* got a considerable accession to its power upon the *Roman Western Empires* being destroyed anno 475, to which the *Havli* succeeded the year following, and the *Ostro-Goths* afterward. Now, if from this remarkable year, we begin the calculation of the 1260 years, they lead us down to A.C. 1735, which in prophetic account is this very year 1717. The second is, because (as I have many years ago observed,) this year leads us down to a new *centenary revolution*: for is it not observable, that *John Huss* and *Jerome of Prague* (to run this up no further) were burned anno 1417? After which, the true religion in *Bohemia* and other places, was more and more obscured and suppressed, until that famous year 1517, when *Luther* arose, and gave the reformation a new resurrection: according to that remarkable prediction of *Jerome of Prague*, *Centum anni revolūtis Deo respondebitis et mihi*: which the *Bohemians* afterwards stamped upon their coin as their motto. From which ear the reformed interest did still increase, (whatever particular stops and troubles it met with,) until the year 1617; about which time the German and Bohemian wars began to break out. And it is but too obvious, what an ebb hath followed

since that time to this, notwithstanding the pouring out of the second, third, and fourth vials. So that there is ground to hope, that about the beginning of another such century, things may again alter for the better: for I cannot but hope that some new mortification of the *chief supporters of Antichrist* will then happen; and perhaps the *French monarchy* may begin to be considerably humbled about that time: that whereas the present French king takes the sun for his emblem, and this for his motto, *Nec plus ultra impar*, he may at length, or rather his successors, and the monarchy itself, (at least before the year 1794,) be forced to acknowledge, that (in respect to neighbouring potentates,) he is even *singulis impar*.

"But as to the expiration of this vial, I do fear it will not be until the year 1794. The reason of which conjecture is this: that I find the Pope got a new foundation of exaltation when *Justinian*, upon his conquest of *Italy*, left it in a great measure to the Pope's management, being willing to eclipse his own authority, to advance that of this haughty prelate. Now this being in the year 552, this, by the addition of the 1260 years, reaches down to the year 1811; which, according to prophetic account, is the year 1794. And then I do suppose the fourth vial will end, and the fifth commence, by a new mortification of the papacy, after this vial has lasted 148 years; which, indeed, is long, in comparison with the former vials; but, if it be considered in relation to the fourth, fifth, and sixth trumpets, it is but short, seeing the fourth lasted 190 years, the fifth 302, and the sixth 393."

Now it is remarkable that the author proceeds upon data altogether different from Mr. Irving's, but arrives at the same conclusion. He calculates the 1260 days from 552, instead of 553, but by allowing 18 years for the difference between the prophetic and Julian years, stops at the year 1794. This period he makes to be under the influence of the fourth vial, which same fourth vial Mr. Irving considers to act between the years 1802 and 1814. Now it is evident that if Robert Fleming had lived till the year 1794, he would have looked upon the events of the time as corroborative of the accuracy of his "conjectures," as he modestly terms them. It is equally evident that if he had adopted Mr. Irving's "demonstrations," the events of the time would have been equally corroborative of this accuracy also. Still they cannot both be correct.

We cannot be suspected of making this statement to invalidate the testimony of prophecy; but we would suggest the necessity of modesty and humility—nay, serious and sacred diffidence in the expounders of its mysteries, especially such parts as relate to future events.

This same writer elsewhere expresses an opinion, that the 1260 years is to be dated from the year 666—666 being the number of the beast (of which number, by-the-by, Mr. Irving makes no account,) or perhaps from the year 758, when Popin gave the Pope the solemn investiture and seated him on his throne, which allowing the eighteen years difference aforesaid, would take us down to the year 2000 as the period of their expiry; and we have yet to look forward to another event instead of the French Revolution, coincident as it is in manifold respects, for the fulfilment of the 1260 days, and to the year 2074 for the commencement of the millenium.

Now as to the millenium, it must be observed that the prophecy of Daniel mentions it not expressly, whatever it may do implicitly; nor the Revelations the time of its occurrence. The term of blessedness mentioned by him may not refer to this state, but to a state of preparation for that more perfect time. And we think that Revelation indicates such a period of preparation, when the Gospel shall have been universally diffused, and shall proceed to effect a gradual amelioration of society. After good principles have been established, they generally require time to operate. The seed must be sown, then comes the harvest. Is there not also some misapprehension as to the duration of the millenium? If in prophecy each day be a year, why is not each year of the millenium to be reckoned for 360 years? This would make the term of its duration of very great extent; yet are, for which, on that very account, the long nonation and probation of the world will have been well endured.

We have no wish, however, to invalidate our author's calculations. Great powers are, no doubt, at work at present all over the world, and we know not how far, in the course of half a century, the levers of education and mechanical invention, may project society beyond its present station.

Many see in these things evil, and some see in them good. Much of both probably will be mingled in their operation. The general progress of individuals and nations is from ignorance to scepticism, and thence to the perfect day of knowledge. The deeds which they have done in the twilight have been worse than those done in the

darkness, and may be again. But every good man has a hope, and every Christian a faith, that the sun, notwithstanding its dubious dawning, will struggle on valiantly to the meridian, and shine abroad in an enduring glory that shall have no second setting. But into the times and the seasons we would wish that all should enquire with deference and awe.

The author appears as if he were anxious to impress us with an opinion that his work had been written under a peculiar afflatus, and as if God had granted to "*his servant*," as he denominates himself, in imitation of the language of the patriarchs, extraordinary impulses and inspirations. During the perusal of the work, we were inclined frequently to suspect, that he had almost persuaded himself he was the forerunner of the Messiah's second coming. We could have wished that the writer had felt and expressed himself more soberly. Such intimations are perilously presumptuous—they make the worldling smile, and the pious sigh. We set some value upon his work; but there is nothing particularly new or extraordinary, either in its matter or arrangement. He has evidently intended to impress his reader with the idea that there is. His chief end and aim has manifestly been to write in a style that should be both striking and startling. In a great measure he has succeeded, and with many, his success will be complete.

In this spirit we suspect was conceived the prediction that Great Britain, although its land be favoured, and its tribes be sealed, shall ultimately partake the destruction of Babylon. Some, who might otherwise be frightened, may console themselves with the fact, that the prophecy is apocryphal.

Of all our author's interpretations we like best his interpretation of the two witnesses. It renders the scripture-text a very pleasing and highly poetical allegory. We have no doubt that this chiefly recommended the interpretation to him. He is a man of considerable imagination, but the uniformity of his diction proves him to possess very few of the lighter and more exquisite graces of the fantastic faculty.

It seemed to us that the author adopted an extraordinary mean at the Hibernian Society of advertising his book, and creating a more than common interest in its success. We hoped that he had a higher object in view. We have since heard that the act alluded to was a mere ebullition of feeling, and resulted from circumstances accidentally occurring at the

meeting, which he could not possibly have anticipated. We are glad to hear it. He is a man of talent, but an enthusiast, by which term we intend nothing derogatory. Perhaps no man, exanimated of enthusiasm, ever attained a high degree

of excellence in any pursuit. We would by no means wish his usefulness abridged. He is of the clergy of a national church: and we were sorry that he should lose an iota of his title to respect and esteem.

COMPARATIVE MERITS OF VIRGIL AND MILTON.

With the Roman, (says Mr. Spectator) I have nothing to do, except just to take notice that Milton and he resemble one another in the following particulars: the continual varying of the pause: the inversion of the phrase: the adapting of the sound to the sense: the mixing of the singular and plural numbers: the artful way of placing words: the changing the common pronunciation: deviating from the common measure: and, what our author calls, the alliteration and allusion of words. I dare say few readers of the great author of "Paradise Lost," ever attend to either of these particulars, and therefore they will be obliged to me for teaching them to read over that divine poem with fresh delight, in order to find other examples parallel to those produced by our letter writer.

To begin with the varying of the pause, which is the soul of all versification in all languages. Verse is music, and music is more or less pleasing, as the notes are more or less varied, that is, raised or sunk, prolonged or shortened.

In order to judge of the varying of English verse, I first endeavoured to find out the common pause, that is, where the voice naturally makes some stop when the verse is read. To this purpose I looked into Mr. Cowley's "Davideis," and there I found the common pause to be upon the last syllable of the second foot:—For example:

I sing the man—who Judah's sceptre bore
In that right hand—which held a crook before;
Who from best poet—best of kings did grow;
The two chief gifts—heaven could on man bestow.
Much dangers first—much toils did he sustain,
While Sam and bell—cross'd his strong fate in vain.

Nor did his crown—less painful work afford.
Here we have seven lines: and all of them, except the third, paused in the same place. Thus I discovered from Cowley in English, what I perceived from Ovid in Latin. I then turned to the "Paradise Lost," and there I found Mil-

ton even surpasses Virgil in this particular. Virgil uses the common pause at the fifth line of the "Georgicks," but Milton does not use it 'till he comes to the sixth line of "Paradise Lost."

Of man's first disobedience—and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree—whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world—and all our woe,
With loss of Eden—'till one greater man
Rescued us—and re-gain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly muse—

It would be needless to produce more examples to this purpose; and I believe I may venture to affirm, that the verse is varied at least with as much skill in the "Paradise Lost," as even in the "Georgick" itself. I am inclinable to think with more, because in this respect the English language surpasses the Latin, by reason of its monosyllables. But before I quit this article, I will observe, that it is to the artful and uncommon varying of the pause, that the harmony is owing in those two celebrated lines of Sir John Denham.

Tho' deep—yet clear—tho' gentle—yet not dull,
Strong—without rage—without o'erflowing, fall;

This is one of those mysteries in verse, which the late Duke of Bucks would not suffer Mr. Dryden to communicate to the public; and of this nature are many lines in Milton, of which the following is one: Him first—him last—him midst—and without end.

I come now to the second particular: the inversion of the phrase. Every page affords instances of this nature.

—Him the almighty pow'r
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky.

Again—Up stood the corny reed
Emball'd in her field.

Again—Him the most high,
Wrapped in a balmy cloud with winged steeds,

Did, as thou saw'st—receive.
And in one of Milton's juvenile poems, we have

Tip the pert fairies—
And—Revels the spruce jocund spring.

The third thing to be considered, is, the adapting the sound to the sense. Who does not hear the warbling of a brook, the rustling of wings, the rough

sound of trumpets and clarions, and the soft one of flutes and recorders, in the following lines?

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmur, warbling, tune his praise.

Again—But chief the spacious hall
Thick swarm'd both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

Again—Then strait commands, that at the war-like sound

Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard.—

Again Nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow.

Again Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixed thought,
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes.

Who does not see porpoises and dolphins tumbling about the ocean, when he reads these lines?

— On smooth the seal
And bended dolphins play: Part huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean.

How variously the rivers run in these verses!

So the wat'ry throng
Wave rolling after wave, where way they sound
If steep, with torrent rapture, if thro' plain,
Soft ebbing.

How is the verse extended where the whale lies at length upon the ocean!

These Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory sleep.

How does the line labour when the elephant is working himself through the stiff clay, whilst the lesser animals sprout up, as it were, in an instant!

Scarce through the mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness.

And Flee'd the flocks and bleating, rose
As plants.

The fourth thing to be enquired into, is, the mixing of singular and plural numbers, in which Milton excels.

Flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.

Again Through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
of death.

Again—Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandl'd the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them.

Again, Sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crown'd
Rocks, dens, and caves.

Again, The glittering guard he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ry odours, cassia, nard, and balm.

We come now to the Collocation Verborum, or artful placing of words, Milton often places the adjective, after the sub-

stantive, which very much raises the style. In a passage just quoted:

Strait he commands, that as the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard. That proud honour claim'd
Azazel, as his right; a cherub tall.

Again, Thy goodness, beyond thought, and pow'r divine
And again,
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall.

But the utmost of his art in this respect consists in his removing the adjective, the substantive, or even the verb, from the line or verse in which the sense is previously contained and the grammatical construction inverted, to the beginning of the next line. This has a wonderful effect, especially when the word is a monosyllable.

Here finished he, and all that he had made
View'd; and behold all was entirely good.

Again,
Over their heads triumphant death his dart
Shook—but refused to strike.

This artful collocation commands the attention, and makes the reader see and feel what is offered to him. That this effect is owing to the collocation will appear by considering any one of the instances produced. For example:

Over their heads triumphant death his dart
Shook—

This passage makes the reader see death with his dart in his hand, shaking it over the heads of the unhappy creatures described in the Lazar house, as plainly as if the whole was painted upon canvas. But let this line be altered thus:

Over their heads death shook his dreadful dart.

How much the fire and spirit of this passage is lost will be easily perceived.

Milton likewise, uses his monosyllables very artfully, in placing them at the conclusion of a line, so as to divide the last foot of the verse, which has a very extraordinary effect.

Silence ye troubled waves, and thou, deep, cease—

Again he divides the last foot by making a monosyllable the beginning of a new sentence, which is very pleasing.

Up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, the humble furze,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit. Last
Rose as in dance the stately trees.

Milton also sometimes, places two monosyllables at the end of the line stopping at the fourth foot, to adapt the measure of the verse to the sense; and then begins the next verse in the same manner which has a wonderful effect.

Now at their shady lodge arrived, both stopt,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God——

This artful manner of writing makes the reader see them stop and turn to worship God, before they went into their bower. If this manner was altered, much of the effect of the painting would be lost.

And now arriving at their shady lodge,
Both stop, both turn'd, and under open sky
Ador'd the God.

This falls very short of the original.

I cannot omit two other instances of Milton's wonderful art in the collocation of words, by which the thoughts are exceedingly heightened.

Under his forming hand a creature grew
Man-like, but diff'rent sex, so lovely fair,

That what seem'd ^{now} fair in all the world, seem'd
Mean, or in her summ'd up.

What a force has that word mean, as it is placed!

I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,
Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good:
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray
United I beheld.

I presume there is no other language in which perfection equal to this is to be found: and I could give many more instances of the same kind out of *Paradise Lost*.

ROUSSEAU'S OPINIONS ON EDUCATION.

We are born weak, we had need of help; we are born destitute of every thing, we stand in need of assistance; we are born stupid, we have need of understanding. All that we are not possessed of at our birth, and which we require when grown up, is bestowed on us by education.

This education we receive from nature, from men, or from circumstances. The constitutional exertion of our organs and faculties is the education of nature: The uses we are taught to make of that exertion, constitute the education given us by men; and in the acquisitions made by our own experience, on the objects that surround us, consists our education from circumstances.

We are formed, therefore, by three kinds of masters. The pupil, in whom the effects of their different lessons are contradictory, is badly educated, and can never be consistent with himself. He in whom they are perfectly consonant, and always tend to the same point, hath only attained the end of a complete education. His life and actions demonstrate this, and that he alone is well brought up.

Of these three different kinds of education, that of nature depends not on ourselves; and but in a certain degree that of circumstances: the third, which belongs to men, is that only we have in our power: and even of this we are masters only in imagination; for who can flatter himself, he will be able entirely to govern the discourse and actions of those who are about a child?

No sooner, then, doth education become an art, or profession, than it is almost impossible it should succeed, as the concurrent circumstances necessary to its success are not to be depended on. All that can be done, with our utmost solicitude, is to approach as near as possible the end we aim at, attributing it to good fortune if it be attained.

If it be asked, what is this end? it may be answered, that of nature, which has been already proved. For, since the concurrence of three kinds of education is necessary to its perfection, it is by that one which is entirely independent of us, we must regulate the two others. But perhaps this word, *Nature*, may appear vague and equivocal; let us therefore endeavour to give it a precise and determinate meaning.

Nature, it has been said, is only habit. But to what purpose is this said? Are there not habits which are contracted only upon compulsion, and which

can never suppress the tendency of nature? Such is for example, the habitual growth of plants, restrained from pursuing their vertical direction. Take off the restraint, and it is true, they preserve the inclination they have been compelled to take; but, you will find the rise of the sap has not on that account changed its primitive direction: if the plant continues to vegetate, its future growth becomes still upwards.

It is the same with the inclinations and dispositions of mankind. While we remain in exactly the same situation in which they were acquired, we may retain even the most unnatural habits; but as soon as circumstances change, the force of habit ceases, and that of nature exerts itself. Education itself is certainly nothing but habit; but are there not persons in whom the impressions they received in education are effaced? Are there not others, again, who retain them? Whence arises this difference? If it be pretended that by nature is only meant habits conformable to nature, the position itself is unmeaning and absurd.

We are born capable of sensibility, and from our birth are variously affected by the different objects that surround us. We no sooner acquire, if I may so express myself, a consciousness of our sensations, than we are disposed to avoid or pursue the objects producing them, in proportion as they are at first sight agreeable or displeasing. We next learn to approve or dislike them, according to the convenient or inconvenient relation that subsists between ourselves and such objects: and lastly, according to the judgment we form of their consistency with those ideas which reason gives us of happiness or perfection. These dispositions extend and confirm themselves in proportion, as we become more susceptible and enlightened! But, subject to the restraint of custom, they are more or less diversified by our opinions. Before they have taken this tincture of habit, they are what I call the dispositions of our nature.

It is to these original dispositions, therefore, we should on every occasion recur. This might also be effected, if our three kinds of education were merely different. But what can be done, when they are directly opposite, and totally contradictory? When, instead of educating a man for himself, he must be educated for others. Their concurrent action is here destroyed: reduced to the dilemma of acting in opposition to nature, or to the institutions of society, we must choose either to form the man or the citizen: for to do both at once is impossible.

Even particular society, when it is confined, and its members well united, alienates itself from the general one of mankind. A true patriot is inhospitable to foreigners: they are mere men and appear to have no relation to him. This inconvenience is inevitable, but it is not great. The most essential point is a man's being beneficent and useful to those among whom he lives. The inhabitants of Sparta, when abroad, were ambitious, covetous, and unjust; but disinterestedness, equity, and concord, reigned within their walls. Be ever mistrustful of those cosmopolities, who deduce from books the far fetched and extensive obligations of universal benevolence, while they neglect to discharge their actual duties towards those who are about them. A philosopher of this stamp affects to have a regard for the Tartars, by way of excuse for his having none for his neighbours. Natural man is every thing with him: he is a numerical unit, an absolute integer, that bears no relation but to himself or his species. Civilized man is only a relative unit, the numerator of a fraction, that depends on its denominator, and whose value consists in its relation to the

integral body of the society. The best political institutions, are those which are best calculated to divest mankind of their natural inclinations, to deprive them of an absolute by giving them a relative existence, and incorporating distinct individuals in one common whole. A citizen of Rome was neither Caius nor Lucius; he was a Roman, nay he even loved his country, exclusive of its relation to himself. Regulus pretended himself a Carthaginian, as being become the property of his masters. In that character he refused to take his seat in the Roman senate, till a Carthaginian commanded him. He was filled with indignation at the remonstrances made to save his life, and returned triumphant to perish in the midst of tortures. This appears to me, indeed, to have but little relation to men with whom we are at present acquainted.

The Lacedæmonian, Pædaretes, who, presenting himself for admission into the council of the three hundred, was rejected, returned home, rejoicing that there were to be found in Sparta three hundred better men than himself. Supposing the demonstrations of his joy sincere, as there is room to believe they were, this man was a true citizen.

A woman of Sparta, having five sons in the army, and being in hourly expectation to hear of a battle, a messenger at length arrived, of whom, she trembling, asked the news. "Your five sons," said he, "are killed." "Vile slave, who asked you of my sons?" "But we have gained the victory," continued he. This was enough: the heroic mother ran to the temple, and gave thanks to the gods. This woman was a true citizen.

Those who would have man, in the bosom of society, retain the primitive sentiments of nature, know not what they want. Ever contradicting himself, and wavering between his duty and inclination, he would neither be the man, nor the citizen; he would be good for nothing either to himself or to others. Like men of the present times, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the citizen, he would be in reality nothing at all.

ON THE DEATH OF MY INFANT.

THE last sad pang is past, and thou no more
 Wilt feel those ills, that chill'd thy op'ning day,
 And nought is left me now, on life's dark shore,
 To gild the path, or cheer my lonely way.
 Not many months have fled, since grief for her
 Who gave thee birth, had rent my heart in twain,
 Whose death deprived thee of a mother's care,
 And me of joys, I ne'er shall meet again;
 But still 'twas some relief to this sad heart,
 To gaze on thee and think of future years,
 When thy fond filial love, would balm impart,
 And transient respite to life's bitter cares.
 But now alas! all consolation o'er
 And all that charm'd me vanished from the scene,
 Forlorn I still must linger to deplore
 The painful memory of what has been.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF CARL MARIA FREYHERR VON WEBER.

The general cultivation of instrumental music throughout Germany is not a little extraordinary. Every class of society—the inhabitants of town and country—the soldiers and the labourers, are all acquainted with music. “It has happened to me,” says Madame de Stael, “to enter small cottages, blackened by the smoke of tobacco, and immediately to hear not only the mistress, but the master, of the house playing voluntaries on the harpsichord, like the Italian improvisatori in verse. Almost every where upon market days they have players on wind instruments, placed in the balcony of the town-house, which overlooks the public square. The scholars walk through the streets singing psalms in chorus. The poor Bohemians as they wander, followed by their wives and children, carry on their backs bad harps made of common wood, from which they draw harmonious music. They play whilst resting at the foot of a tree on the high road, or near the post-houses, and endeavour to awaken the attention of travellers to the concert of their little wandering family. In Austria, the flocks are kept by shepherds, who play charming airs on instruments at once simple and sonorous. The airs agree perfectly well with the soft and pensive impression produced by the aspect of the country.” Whether this general inclination towards music arises, as Mad. de Stael supposes, from nature having endowed the Germans with organs more than ordinarily adapted to the acquirement of a knowledge of music, or whether it may not be accounted for upon the supposition that that art is peculiarly suitable to a thoughtful and contemplative people, is a question we will not stay to investigate: the fact is sufficiently well ascertained, and may be regarded as one source of the superiority of the German composers. Melodies which have delighted the critical and refined, and have been regarded as the finished compositions of celebrated masters, have been traced to their source in the rude song of the German peasant, or the simple air of the shepherd or labourer. A striking instance of this is furnished by the popular Jägerchor, or Hunting Chorus, in *Der Freischütz*—the original of which has been known in Germany for many years, and sung in parts by the peasantry; the air has been, without doubt, much altered and improved by passing through the hands of the great composer, who has rendered it familiar to us; but it seems agreed that he received the first idea of it from an ancient popular melody.

Of all the “mighty masters” who have at various times sprung from this musical stock, none has exercised so unlimited a control over the public mind as Mozart. The full harmony of his glorious compositions has captivated the inhabitants of both hemispheres, and all who have any pretensions to musical taste pay willing homage to his exalted genius.

Upon his premature death in 1792, the throne of the musical world remained for many years unoccupied. Rossini was the first whose pretensions were eminently successful: the desire of novelty added

much to the effect produced by his music, which, whatever may be its faults, is truly captivating, and the sceptre was transferred from Germany to Italy. The Italians had borne the superiority of the ultra-montane master with great jealousy, and the Germans in their turn were not less dissatisfied that the operas of Rossini should throw a shade over the labours of Mozart. Amongst those who have come forward to support the musical reputation of their country, the subject of the present memoir is the only one who has at all succeeded in competition with the Italian master. Whether that success will be lasting, remains for posterity to determine: if, as we imagine, his works are distinguished by originality and genius, their decision may be confidently anticipated.

The biography of a scholar, it has been often remarked, is merely a record of his productions. Heroes and statesmen act in the face of the world—their lives are eras in the history of their respective countries; and we trace them as we do the passage of meteors, by their blaze; the scholar, on the contrary, seeks retirement and privacy—he shrinks from the public gaze, and it is by his thought, rather than his action, that he sways the minds of those around him. Such was the life of Weber—a few meagre incidents, gleaned from a German publication, comprise nearly all we have been able to gather of his history—it is to his compositions alone that “foreign nations and distant ages” will be indebted for a knowledge of his name.

He was born 16th of December, 1786, at Eutin, a small town in Holstein, and was at an early age distinguished for an attachment to the fine arts, particularly painting and music. His father, who was a man of property, encouraged these predilections by the assistance of a liberal education, and at the age of ten years placed his son under the tuition of Heuschkel, a professor of music at Hildburghausen. It is to this master that Weber is said to have been indebted for the energy, distinctness, and execution which distinguished his performance upon the piano-forte. During the following years he was instructed at Salzburg by Michael Haydn, the brother of the celebrated genius of that name; and afterwards at Munich by Valesi in singing, and by Kalcher in the theory of music and the art of composition.

In 1798 he published his first work, consisting of six fugues, in four parts, all of them distinguished for purity and correctness, and much praised in the *Musikalische Zeitung*, or *Musical Gazette*, a German periodical. Whilst at Munich he is said to have pursued his studies with indefatigable perseverance, giving himself up to operatic music—that branch of the art which he preferred. Under the tuition of Kalcher he wrote an opera called “*Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins*,” (The power of Love and Wine) a Mass, and several other pieces, all which were however destroyed without being submitted to the public.

In the year 1799, Seaneffelder first practised the art of lithography at Munich. The youthful and ardent Weber, whose love of painting, and the studies connected with it, had only given way to the stronger passion for music, imagined that by the construction of some new machinery he could render the invention more worthy of attention. Before the introduction of the art by Seaneffelder, Weber had turned his attention to the subject; but music had of late so entirely engrossed

his thought, that the study had been laid aside. The success of Sennfelder roused him to new exertions, and after many unsuccessful attempts, he at length completed the model of a machine, by means of which he hoped to throw the invention of Sennfelder into the shade. Weber's father, whose kind disposition never permitted him to oppose his son's inclination, immediately removed to Freiburg in Saxony, where the materials necessary for orthographical work were to be had in abundance; and the thoughtful and imaginative Weber, in the thirteenth year of his age, constructed his new machinery, and commenced the world as an engraver upon stone. Music was forgotten—composition was studied no longer—he entered with ardour upon his new occupation, and the world was on the point of obtaining perhaps a bad engraver in exchange for an admirable musician. But lithography was a pursuit too tedious, too mechanical, to detain his fine spirit long; the zeal with which he at first applied to it soon abated, his former occupations were found more congenial to his taste, and a few months beheld lithography deserted, and the study of composition resumed with a vigour which soon compensated for the time he had lost. The first fruits of his renewed study was an opera, called “*Des Waldmädchen*,” (the Girl of the Wood) which was produced in November, 1800, and received with great applause at Vienna, Prague, and Petersburg.

About this time an article in the *Musikalische Zeitung*, excited in the young composer the idea of writing in an entirely new style, and of reviving the use of the ancient musical instruments which were then nearly forgotten. With this view he composed in 1801, at Salzburg, the opera of “*Peter Schmolz und seine Nachbarn*” (Peter Schmolz and his Neighbours). This opera failed upon representation. The style was new and extraordinary, and did not please upon a first performance; but the overture was afterwards revised and published, and is considered a very striking composition. Michael Haydn, in a letter, wherein he makes mention of this opera, says, “As far as I may pretend to judge, I most truly and candidly say, that this opera not only possesses great power and effect, but is composed according to the strict rules of counterpoint. To spirit and liveliness the composer has added a high degree of delicacy, and the music is moreover perfectly suited to the words.” A testimony so encouraging from such a man, was almost sufficient to counter-balance the want of success.

Defeated, but not discouraged, Weber still persevered in the study of his favourite art with undiminished ardour. In the year 1802, he made a professional tour to Leipzig, Hamburg, and Holstein; and during that time his principal occupation was to collect all publications on the theory of music. The study of these works, whilst it increased his knowledge of the art, did not satisfy his enquiries—he was not one who assented to propositions without investigation—he doubted the correctness of the principles upon which most of his predecessors had acted, and recommenced the study of harmony from its very elements, with a view of constructing an entirely new system, in which only such rules of the old masters as were confirmed by his own reflections should be retained. The work entitled, “*Vogler 12 Chorale*,” by Sebastian Bach, analyzed by C. M. Von Weber, which was published in 1802,

may be considered the fruit of those researches, and is equally interesting and instructive.

In 1803 we find him for the first time entirely left to himself in the great musical world of Vienna, in the midst of Haydn, the Abbé Vogler, Stadler, &c. He was at this time sixteen years of age; but instead of being drawn away from his art by the innumerable temptations which the amusements of this gay city offer to a young man, he placed himself under the Abbé Vogler, and spent his time in earnest and unabated application. The abbé, charmed with a youth whose whole soul seemed engaged in the study of the art which they both professed, received him with the greatest kindness, and assisted his labours by freely communicating the result of his reflection and experience. Under Vogler's advice he reluctantly forbore exerting his talent in the composition of extensive works, and for two years devoted himself entirely to study. During this time he analyzed the compositions of all the great masters, and completed his musical education. The only works which he published during his residence at Vienna, were a set of variations, and Vogler's opera of "Samori," arranged for the piano-forte.

In 1805, whilst at Vienna, although then only eighteen years of age, he received an invitation to proceed to Breslau in the character of Maestro di Capella, which he accepted, and remained there about a year. During that time he formed an entirely new orchestra and corps of singers, which furnished him with a favourable opportunity of improving himself in the knowledge of effect. The only work of consequence which he composed during his Silesian visit, was an opera written by Rhode, and called "Kübezahle," i. e. Number Nip, of which the ill-famed mountain sprite furnished the subject.

The Prussian war which broke out in 1806, obliged him to quit Breslau, and he accordingly entered into the service of Eugene, Duke of Wirtemberg, with whom he removed to Carlsruhe. There he remained for four years, during which time he wrote two symphonies, several concertos, and various pieces for wind instruments. He also composed his opera of "Silvana," a recast of "Des Waldmädchen," a cantata, "Der erste Ton" (The first Sound), some overtures for a grand orchestra, and a great many solo pieces for the piano-forte.

In 1810 he set out on another professional tour. He remained some time at Frankfort, Munich, and Berlin, at all which places his operas were performed with much success, and his concerts well attended. In the course of this tour he visited the Abbé Vogler, and with the assistance of his knowledge and experience, composed the opera of Abon Hassan, which was produced at Darmstadt, in 1810, with great success.

From 1813 to 1816 he was director of the opera of Prague. His labours in that capacity are represented to have been unceasing—he found confusion and mismanagement, he left order and regularity. Whilst there, he composed an opera called *Preciosa*, or the Gipsy Girl, and his great cantata, "Kampf und Sieg," (Battle and Victory) in honor of the battle of Waterloo. This composition has lately been performed in London, and, in the judgment of musicians, is of itself sufficient to establish Weber's fame as a composer. When the object

of his visit to Prague was accomplished, he again travelled through Germany without any permanent employment, although many profitable offers were made to him. At length he received an invitation from the King of Saxony to form a German opera at Dresden. The advancement of the national opera had been his chief study and delight, such an invitation therefore harmonized too well with his own feelings to be neglected. His whole attention and activity were immediately devoted to the task he had accepted—his example and encouragement animated others to imitate his indefatigable exertion, and the most complete success rewarded their endeavours. He held the appointment of director of the German opera at Dresden until his death.

In 1821 he obtained the permission of his sovereign to produce the celebrated *Der Freischütz* at Berlin, where it was accordingly performed for the first time on the 21st of June in that year. The reception it met with was the most enthusiastic that can be imagined. Since the production of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, no German opera has obtained such universal applause. Vienna, Dresden, Munich, and Stutgard, soon ratified the decision of the Berlin audience, and Weber was at once elevated above all his German contemporaries. The proud eminence which he had so ardently sought, and for which he had so laboriously, so indefatigably, studied, was at last obtained—the musical reputation of his country was vindicated, and his genius achieved the distinction it so richly merited.

His next opera was "*Euryanthe*," which was produced at Vienna on the 25th of October, 1823. The success it met with on its first representation was certainly not commensurate with the reputation he had obtained. The public expectation had been raised to an extravagant height by the celebrity of "*Der Freischütz*," and more was expected than mortal could achieve. Another cause of its bad success was the confusion and intricacy of the plot, which was written by Madame de Chazy. The opera has since been performed at Dresden, and most of the other theatres in Germany, with very great success. As a musical composition, it is admitted to have extraordinary merit, and is particularly distinguished by some very scientific recitatives.

The great success of "*Der Freischütz*" on the continent, induced the proprietors of the English Opera House to produce it upon their stage during the summer of 1824, when it was received with a success which must be fresh in the recollection of every one. It was performed night after night during the greater part of the season, and upon the opening of the winter theatres was produced at both of them. The unrivalled popularity of the music has continued to the present time; its melodies are yet sung in our streets—they have been manufactured into quadrille tunes, and published in every possible shape into which the ingenuity of our music makers could distort them. It has also been produced at Paris with similar success.

The proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, anxious to secure a musician of such unquestionable ability, invited him to visit England, and compose an opera for the English stage. The offer was accepted; and early in the present year, although then labouring under a severe pulmonary affection, he arrived in London to fulfil his engagement. His

first public appearance was on the 9th of March, when he met with a reception which did honour as well to the "mighty master," as to the people who had been delighted by the efforts of his genius. The modest and unassuming Weber shrunk from the enthusiastic plaudits with which he was received, and endeavoured to transfer to the performers the unanimous and overwhelming approbation which the audience intended for himself.

On the 12th of April, the new opera which he had written expressly for performance in this country, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, Weber himself presiding in the Orchestra. The plot is founded upon an old French romance, the incidents of which furnished Wieland, the German poet, with the foundation of his poem "Oberon," which is also the title given to the new opera. The town had been long acquainted with the subject of the opera by report, and had been rendered still more familiar with it by the mean-spirited production of an operative drama of the same name, and founded upon the same story, at the rival theatre of Drury Lane. The forestalling spirit in which this paltry act of jealousy had its origin, was in some degree successful—the public felt no interest in the story, and the success of the opera depended in consequence almost entirely upon the music. The drama, which was written by Mr. Planché, was as interesting as a story so slight could well be made, but was considered on the whole rather too trifling—too nearly approaching to the fairy tale entertainments usually produced at Easter and Whitsuntide; overflowing audiences, however, pronounced the opera to be worthy of success, and their decision is consonant to that of the most eminent musicians. As a composition, it is distinguished by a great display of science, and knowledge of the art; but is not perhaps so much calculated for the ears of the unrefined as *Der Freischütz*, as it does not contain so many of those simple melodies which usually succeed in rendering music popular.

As proofs of the great ability displayed in this opera, we would refer to the opening chorus of fairies; the air by Sir Huon in the grand scena in the first act; the scena by Reiza, and an admirable quartetto in the second act; a song by Fatima in the second, and another in the third act; and a song by Sir Huon also in the third act. The chorus of fairies are all strikingly fanciful and characteristic, and the overture has a sprightliness well suited to the opera it precedes.

This opera closed Weber's labours, with the exception of a song from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, commencing, "From Chindara's warbling fount I come;" to which he composed the music for Miss Stephens. This song was sung by her at a concert of Weber's, on the 26th of May; the melody only had been committed to paper, and the composer, who presided at the piano-forte, supplied the accompaniments from recollection. Weber did not appear in public after this concert; with the exception of a few minutes on Miss Paton's benefit, which took place a day or two afterwards.

The disorder under which he laboured upon his arrival in England, continued to increase, aided perhaps by the variations of our climate, and the excitement of composition; both of which, without doubt, operated very perniciously upon a frame already debilitated. He became anxious to return to his native country, in which he had left

his wife and two children; and though his friends were apprehensive that a removal was impossible, Wednesday, the 7th of June, was fixed for the attempt. The prospect of a return home seemed to animate him, and his continued cheerfulness banished the thought of any immediate danger; but Providence had destined that a foreign country should be honored with the custody of his remains. On Friday, the 3rd of June, the symptoms of his disorder assumed somewhat of an alarming appearance—he was obliged to keep his room, but still immediate dissolution was not apprehended. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at eleven o'clock, in good spirits, and at seven the next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle.

The death of this illustrious man caused a great sensation in the public mind. But a few days had elapsed since they who were now called upon to follow to his grave, had beheld him the animated leader of his own admirable compositions—but a few days since, that genius which, as far as this world is concerned, now sleeps for ever, had been as it were embodied amongst us, and was considered as the fruitful source from whence pleasures unimagined were to spring. But, alas! his course partook of the unsubstantial brightness of the rainbow—we had scarcely noted his brilliancy, 'ere he passed away.

On the 21st of June the remains of M. Von Weber were interred, with all the accustomed solemnity of the Roman Catholic Church, in the Chapel at Moorfields. The solemn Requiem of Mozart was introduced into the service, and performed by the most celebrated English instrumental and vocal musicians, in a very grand and impressive manner. The following inscription was on the plate of the coffin:

" CAROLUS MARIA FREYHERR VON WEBER
NUPER
PRÆFECTUS MUSICORUM SACELLI REGII
APUD REGEM SAXONUM.
NATUS OPTIDO EUTIN, INTER SAXONES
DIE 16 DECEMBERIS, 1786.
MORTUUS LOND. NI.
DIE 5 JUNII, 1826,
ANNO QUADRAGESIMO
ÆTATIS SUE."

In person, Weber was of the middle height—extremely thin, and of dark complexion. His countenance was strikingly intelligent—his face, long and pale—his forehead, remarkably high—his features were prominent, and his eyes dark and full. His look was one of calm, placid thought, added to in some degree by spectacles, which he usually wore on account of his shortness of sight. It is related of Haydn, that he never composed but when in full dress, with a favourite diamond ring upon his finger, and the finest paper upon which to write down his compositions. How different was the conduct of Weber! He relied not upon the inspiration of a court dress, or a diamond bauble—Nature endowed him with his genius, and never forsook her disciple when he stood in need of assistance. Thought, deep thought, is stamped upon all his compositions, and richly did his productions

repay him for the labour bestowed upon them. The pale scholar, worn with toil,

— "whose lamp at midnight hour
Is seen in some high lonely tower,"

may in Weber's compositions contemplate the reward of patient study, well directed and chastened by the exercise of a severe judgment. The ridiculous profusion of ornament which passes for improvement with some people, both in and out of the musical world, was ill suited to his correct taste. "I am sorry," said he to a singer, who was bestowing a great deal of embellishment upon one of his simple melodies, "I am sorry you give yourself so much trouble." "Oh! it is no trouble," replied the polite lady, delighted with what she imagined a compliment. "Indeed," replied Weber, "you trouble yourself very unnecessarily in singing so many notes that are not set down in the score." The manners of this great man were such as his character would indicate—quiet, simple, unobtruding. He did not, he could not, condescend to those little artifices whereby the less distinguished endeavour to make themselves known. This fact, conjoined to the state of his health, may account for his visit to this country not having been so profitable as was anticipated. The impudence of the empyric, and the vanity of the weak-minded—those who amuse by folly or grimace, and those who merely retail the productions of others—frequently secure a richer recompense than is paid to solid and enduring talent. "I see," said the subject of these memoirs, upon entering the splendid drawing-room of a well-known London music-seller, "I see it is much better to sell music, than to write it*." His performance on the piano-forte, and his direction of an orchestra, were distinguished by great spirit and earnestness; and besides his professional acquirements, he was intimately acquainted with general knowledge and polite literature.

In addition to the works we have already noticed, Weber composed a great number of pieces for various instruments, viz. sonatas, concertos, concertinos, and pot-pourries, for the piano-forte, the clarinet, the hautboy, bassoon, and violoncello. He also published some vocal compositions, in four parts, with accompaniments for the piano-forte: these deserve particular notice, and principally the one entitled "*Leyer und Schwerdt*" (The Lyre and the Sword). He was also the author of many articles in the *Leipzig Musikalische Zeitung*, and the *Abed Zeitung*, or *Evening Gazette*, published at Dresden. We are also informed, that he has left a work in manuscript, upon which he has been employed several years. It is entitled, "*Kunstler Leben*," (Lives of Artists) and contains a narrative of the principal events of his own life, with observations on great musical works, and on the most eminent ancient and modern composers. It is to be hoped this most interesting work will not be withheld from the public.

The productions of musical genius are more permanent—more calculated for extended and lasting celebrity—than any other. The poet's "wondrous thoughts, and fancies infinite," may be rendered unintelligible by lapse of time, or change of language; they may be

* We are indebted for this and some subsequent anecdotes to the *Literary Gazette*, June 17, 1806.

misunderstood by containing allusions to circumstances which have altered, to manners and customs which are forgotten, to events which were of temporary interest. Even if all these leave the labours of the poet untouched, his celebrity is for the most part confined to those who speak the language in which he wrote: the fire of imagination is quenched by translation—the current of thought is interrupted when it is to be accommodated to another language, and a foreign idiom. It is not so with the musician. He addresses himself to all countries, and to all times: his written language is unchangeable—it is intelligible throughout the world, and all hearts respond to the chord which he strikes. The delights of poetry can be thoroughly felt by the refined only; but music has charms for the rudest and the most ignorant—it has power to awe even the most profane into seriousness, and can add fervour to the devotion of the saint. Does the music of Weber answer to this description? Will it stand the judgment of posterity, and be allotted a place amongst that

“Gold of the dead which time does still dispense,
But not devour!”

To determine this interesting enquiry, let an appeal be made to *Der Freischütz*. It may be said that this opera is but one of his works, and his best. We are not sure that it is his best; but if it is so, it is the very work to which we should refer, in forming an estimate of his merit. Milton is not judged by his *Paradise Regained*, nor Shakspeare by *Titus Andronicus*. The English public have become so well acquainted with this “*Romantische Opera*,” (as it is well styled in the German) that it would be superfluous to give a detailed account of it. It is full of the most extraordinary harmonies, and, beyond all, is an original and beautiful effort of genius. It is a rich store-house, filled with passages of incontestible merit, and proves the composer to have been possessed of a mind imbued with the sublimest poetry. The overture is an appropriate introduction—characteristic of the subsequent story, and abounding with beauties which cannot be adequately described—to be felt, they must be heard: music, like an extensive view, does not admit of an adequate verbal description. The same may be said of all Weber’s overtures: they are all characteristic, all descriptive. The incantation scene is indeed the wild and wonderful in music. The unprecedented chorus of spirits with which it commences—the knowledge of effect displayed throughout—the skill in blending the various instruments—the original and very singular harmonies, with which the whole scene is replete—all together form a musical exhibition essentially original and indescribable. But the great beauty, the surpassing excellence, of Weber’s music, consists in the extraordinary manner in which he conveys to the ear the actions, the emotions, described in the words to which the notes are set. To produce authorities in support of this assertion, would be to quote every air in all his operas; but we cannot refrain from noticing the very singular manner in which it is effected in the introductory chorus of “*Der Freischütz*,” throughout the scena in which the well-known air of “*Thro’ the forests*” is introduced; and in the inimitable scena ed aria for the heroine in the second act. “*Oberon*” abounds with passages of a like nature. What,

for instance, can equal the description in the air, "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see!" more especially that part of it which is set to the passage beginning, "Mourn, ye maidens of Palestine." Can music do more than has been already achieved in these passages? they have never been equalled—they cannot be excelled. The quality to which we are now alluding, has frequently displayed itself on other occasions. When about to compose music for the song in *Lalla Rookh*, of which we have before made mention, his anxiety to do justice to the poet, by entering fully into the spirit of his words, was so great, that he would not engage in the composition until he had read the whole poem. We need scarcely say, that the perusal gratified him extremely; he declared himself impressed with the highest admiration of Mr. Moore's talents, and was extremely desirous of being introduced to him. Upon another occasion, when Miss Paton was complaining with reference to one of the airs in *Oberon*, "I do not know how it is, I never can do this as it should be;" "The reason is," replied Weber, "because you do not know the words." A still grander example of his feeling and judgment in this respect, occurred when performing a hymn to the Deity. Some of the voices were in a high key. "Hush! hush!" exclaimed the genuine master; "hush! if you were in the presence of God, would you speak loud?" Such trifling anecdotes are eminently characteristic, and portray Weber as an amiable and excellent man—of correct feeling and matured judgment—wedded to the study of an art, by the exercise of which he has rendered himself celebrated, and added greatly to the stock of public pleasure.

The present article has extended already beyond the limits we had assigned to it, but we know not how to close it without inserting some beautifully pathetic lines, dedicated by Mr. Planché to the memory of this great man. They are valuable, not only considered as a poem, but also biographically as throwing light upon Weber's manners and character. It is the testimony of one who knew him well, and cannot be considered less valuable, because it is couched in elegant language, and written with the feeling of a poet.

Weep!—for the word is spoken :
 Mourn !—for the knell hath knoll'd :
 The master chord is broken,
 And the master hand is cold !
 Romance hath lost her minstrel ;
 No more his magic strain
 Shall throw a sweeter spell around
 The legends of *Almaine* !

His fame had flown before him,
 To many a foreign land ;
 His lays were sung by ev'ry tongue,
 And harp'd by ev'ry hand.
 He came to cull fresh laurels,
 But Fame was in their breath ;
 And turn'd his march of triumph
 Into a dirge of death !

O, all who knew him, lov'd him !
 For with his mighty mind,
 He bore himself so meekly—
 His heart it was so kind !

His wildly warbling melodies---
 The storms that round them roll---
 Are types of the simplicity
 And grandeur of his soul.

Though years of ceaseless suffering
 Had worn him to a shade,
 So patient was his spirit,
 No wayward plaint he made.
 E'en Death himself seem'd loath to scare
 His victim, pure and mild,
 And stole upon him gently,
 As slumber o'er a child!

Weep!--for the word is spoken:
 Mourn!--for the knell is knoll'd:
 The master chord is broken,
 The master hand is cold!

GEMS OF POETRY.

No. I.

— ἄκρον ἄκρον

Κλυταῖς ἰπείων ροαῖσιν ἱξίηται ζυγόν. PINDAR.

I HAVE often thought that a selection of the little Gems of Poetry which linger on the memory, is more likely to win the general reader to the haunts of the muses, and open his heart to their loveliness and power, than the more extensive productions of genius, however perfect, or long critical disquisitions, however learned or acute. On this account, I venture to send you a few specimens for the "Inspector;" and should you agree with me in thinking them likely to prove acceptable to your readers, they will not be the last you will receive from me. I shall confine my notices in the first instance to a few of our living poets, and shall commence with the following fragments from Wordsworth, which contain "images and precious thoughts," that when once met with, are not easily forgotten. D. L. R.

THE BURSTING FORTH OF A MOUNTAIN SPRING.

"And a few steps may bring us to the spot,
 Where, haply crown'd with flowerets and green herbs,
 The mountain infant to the sun comes forth,
 Like human life from darkness."

THE GRAVE OF A MOTHER AND HER INFANT.

"As, on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
 Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March,
 Screen'd by its parent; so that little mound
 Lies guarded by its neighbour; the small heap
 Speaks for itself;—an infant there doth rest,
 The sheltering hillock is the mother's grave!"

GENERAL AND INTENSE SYMPATHY.

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;
 To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

SONNET COMPOSED ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

"Earth has not any thing to shew more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ;—
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !”

THE PROGRESS OF A DARK AND TROUBLED MIND.

“ The intellectual bower, through words and things,
 Went sounding on a dim and perilous way.”

DESCRIPTION OF A SWAN.

“ Behold the mantling spirit of reserve,
 Fashions his neck into a goodly curve ;
 An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings,
 Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs,
 To which on some unruffled morning clings
 A flaky weight of winter's purest snows !”

AN ALLUSION TO CHATTERTON AND BURNS.

“ I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perished in its pride !
 Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
 Behind his plough upon the mountain's side !”

HOPES, — YOUTH, — AND AGE.

“ Hopes, what are they ? beads of morning,
 Strung on slender blades of grass ;
 O'er a spider's web adorning,
 In a straight and treacherous pass !
 What is youth ? a dancing billow,
 Winds behind, and rocks before.
 Age ? a drooping, tottering willow,
 On a flat and lazy shore !”

THOUGHTS, — LIFE, — AND DEATH.

“ Hast thou seen with train incessant,
 Bubbles gliding under ice,
 Bodied forth, and evanescent,
 No one knows by what device ?
 Such are thoughts !—A wind-swept meadow,
 Mimicking a troubled sea ?
 Such is life ;—and Death a shadow,
 From the rock eternity !”

A MAN IN A CROWD LISTENING TO CHEERFUL MUSIC.

“ That tall man, a giant in bulk, and in height,
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;
 Can he keep himself still, if he would ? oh, not he !
 The music stirs in him, like wind through a tree.”

EVENING.

“ It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
 The holy time is quiet as a nun,
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea.
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth, with his eternal motion, make
 A sound like thunder---everlastingly !

FROM A POEM ENTITLED HART-LEAP WELL.

"The knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor,
With the slow motion of a summer cloud*."

THE BURST OF LONG-SUPPRESSED EMOTION.

"Oh! Silence, thou wert mother of a shout!"

THE SOMETIMES WHOLESOME EFFECTS OF SORROW.

—"You have been wretched, yet
The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root."

A HAPPY MEETING.

"The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more."

EXCESSIVE SORROW BANISHED BY MEDITATION.

"My friend, enough to sorrow you have given:
The purposes of wisdom ask no more:
Be wise and cheerful; and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye.
Shet sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is there.
I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist, and silent rain drops, sprinkled o'er,
As once I passed, did to my heart convey
So sweet an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful,
Amid the uneasy thoughts that filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair,
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shows of being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was."

ISLANDS COMPARED TO CLOUDS.

"The youth of green Savannas spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie,
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds."

A SCENE OF MISERY.

—"When I entered with the hope
Of usual greeting, Margaret looked at me
A little while, then turned her head away
Speechless, and sitting down upon a chair,
Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,
Or how to speak to her. Poor Wretch! at last
She rose from off her seat, and then—oh! sir,

* This is a picturesque and beautiful image; but Wordsworth has made use of it perhaps too frequently. Two similar passages occur to my memory; and if I am not mistaken, I have met with others in the same writer.

D. L. R.

"Motionless as a cloud the old man stood."

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills."

† One who had died of a broken heart.

I cannot tell how she pronounced my name,—
 With fervent love, and with a face of grief
 Unutterably helpless. — Evermore
 Her eyelids drooped, her eyes were downward cast;
 And when she at her table gave me food,
 She did not look at me. Her voice was low,
 Her body was subdued. In every act
 Pertaining to her house affairs, appeared
 The careless stillness of a thinking mind
 Self-occupied; to which all outward things
 Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
 But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
 No heaving of the heart. While by the fire
 We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
 I knew not why, and hardly whence they came.

Her infant babe

Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,
 And sighed among its playthings."

A DESCRIPTION OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH.

"The mountain ash,
 Decked with autumnal berries that outshine
 Spring's richest blossoms, yield a splendid show,
 Amid the leafy woods; and ye have seen,
 By a brook side, or solitary turn,
 How she her station doth adorn,—the pool
 Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
 Are brightened round her. In his native vale
 Such and so glorious did this youth appear;
 A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
 By his ingenious beauty, by the gleam
 Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
 By all the graces with which Nature's hand
 Had bounteously arrayed him!"

THE IMPRESSIONS LEFT ON THE MIND BY SONG AND MUSIC.

"And when the stream,
 Which overflowed the soul, was passed away,
 A consciousness remained that it had left
 Deposited upon the silent shore
 Of memory, images and precious thoughts
 That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

THE GENTLE REPROVINGS OF AFFECTION.

"Beautiful regards
 Were turned on me—the face of her I loved;
 The wife and mother, pitifully fixing
 Tender reproaches, insupportable!"

AN EXQUISITE RURAL PICTURE.

"Then having reached a bridge, that over-arched
 The hasty rivulet, where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 A two-fold image; on a grassy bank
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
 Another and the same! Most beautiful,
 On the green turn, with his imperial front
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
 The breathing creature stood! as beautiful,
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.
 Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
 And each seemed centre of his own fair world;
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,
 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!"

DESCRIPTION OF A YOUTH.

———" He
 Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and still
 As the mute swan that floats adown the stream,
 Or on the water of the unruffled lake
 Anchored her placid beauty. Not a leaf
 That flutters on the bough more light than he ;
 And not a flower that droops in the green shade
 More winningly reserved."

THE RETROSPECTIONS OF A MEDITATIVE AND IMAGINATIVE MIND.

" Hence in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither ;
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Surely no one can read the above extracts without being deeply struck with their extreme beauty, or without an impatient desire to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the works of a poet, of whose lofty and magnificent genius the mass of readers have yet formed no adequate conception. I could go on, filling page after page, with extracts of the most exquisite description, from the same writer ; but I fear the limits of your magazine would not admit of further selections. For your next number, I shall most probably offer you a few specimens of the brilliant fancy of the author of *Lalla Rookh*.

August, 1826,

MY FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE METROPOLIS.

———" Ut veni —— ; singultim panca locutus,
 (*Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari.*)"

The tranquillity of the moment will seriously affect the actions and sentiments which mark it. This laconic remark I intend as a preface for what follows. In one of those serene moods, when no noisome temper ruffles the cogitation, and the heart is gently compelled to give spontaneous utterance to its predominant thoughts, am I seated at my desk, to present a transcript of the feelings which arose in my bosom on making my *debut* in this huge modern Babylon ; and to draw a sort of outline of the characteristics which distinguish it from the provincial towns.

It would little interest the perusers of these lines, to be informed of the reason of my arrival in London : this I will tell them, I came neither to beg nor starve—neither sanguine nor drooping—sufficiently independent to be *myself* at all times, and quite humble enough to be counselled by those who can do so from experience. A man's first appearance in London, is properly allowed to constitute a solemn epoch in *his* existence. He fancies London will be to him an important scene of action—that there, if he has talents, they will have an arena for exhibition—if he prosper, there will be a multitude of plauditors ; and as London is a very large place, he will have a wide field for exertion ! From childhood, we hear something about London, and its wonders. Our grandmother has described to us, while we were jilted on her aged knees, its beautiful shops and wild beasts ; and our mothers have cheated

us with the delicious promise, that "one of these days, if we were good boys, we might perhaps go with her to London." But however childhood may have been amused with the scenes fondness sketched for its momentary amusement, we learn to be more sincere in our deductions, when ripening manhood begins to quell the levity of unheeding youth. I could almost moralize here, and observe the different enjoyments of anticipation and real participation: how brilliant and smiling the one, how *comparatively* dim and frowning the other!

The thought of quitting Bath, (where I was then residing) did not, until I had deposited myself on the coach that was to roll me from it, disturb me with much gloominess. It was then, as I turned my head round, and gazed on the tall and dusty tower of the abbey church for the last time, that a slight sigh of regret swelled from my soul:—it might, I thought, be the last time I should ever behold the venerable pile; and then the recollection of the *few* friends I was about to quit, and the *few* happy hours I had passed there, received the silent boon of gratitude. Leaving out this, what was Bath to me?—what *has* it been to me, and to *one* I most value? I owed it no thanks for liberal treatment, and felt that I left it as unobligated as when I entered it. *Some*, I am aware, will call this the language of ill-nature; but I have too little affection for the place to allow it to discompose my tranquillity. Doubtless, Bath has its amiabilities and virtues, as well as other towns; but it has not been my happy fate to share any kindness from it worth my remembrance. I have, therefore, the right of speaking my sentiments; not that I imagine the corporation will go into mourning, or that the papers will assume their black stripes for my departure. We all feel some consolation in the freedom of verbal retaliation; so do I. Perhaps I was deservedly unfortunate in my connexions there; at any rate, excusing half a dozen with whom I associated, they were such as none but the uncontrollable destinies of life brought me in contact with. From others, I experienced deceit and illiberality. I have many reasons to dislike Bath; not as regards myself only, but for the unkind and frigid selfishness evinced to those whom, next to the Deity, I idolize.—but no more of this! they were mocked at in their misfortunes by grovelling upstarts; and, heaven be praised for the deliverance, they are now blessed with more noble-minded and superior associates, mingling with the happier possessors of cultivated understandings, and refined hearts.

It was on a beautiful evening in July, that I bid farewell to the city of hot waters, for the metropolis. The coolness of sweet eventide had allayed the fervour of a summer sun, whose waning splendor was gorgeously surrounded by those deep-tinted, blue, umbrageous clouds, which generally mantle round Phœbus, as he majestically sinks in the east. The suburbs of Bath are certainly picturesque, and as we passed Lambridge (a spot romantically interesting to me), the outside passengers were greeted with a lofty display of verdant fields and wood-crowned hills; and the faint rays of the sun, as they danced on the sparkling blades of moving grass, gave the face of Nature herself the appearance of hilarity. It is customary with many to laud the charms of the fire-side in the chilliness of brumal months. "Only think," they repeat, with a social shrug of their pliant shoulder-

blades, "how delightful it is when the rain is splattering against your windows, and the humid darkness of a winter-night is spread over the earth, to be seated by a fire, cracking jokes and walnuts." I envy not these adorers of their little smoky Lares—give me the breezy hour of a summer eve, when the light-winged gossamers are quadrilling in the clear air, the green foliage of the trees dilating the lengthened rays of the sun, and the merry birds are chirruping their warbling orisons. Of my fellow passengers, I regret I have little to relate that would distinguish them as *characters*. Still, I contrived to enter into conversation with the two by my side. The elder was apparently a *rural* civilian, and was a great admirer of Hunt's eloquence: the younger, I learnt, was a student from the Baptist's College, in Bristol, and was returning to Chatham for the vacation. He appeared deeply imbued with the zeal of religious enthusiasm, and quoted scripture to prove that future punishment was to be eternal—he had read the Greek Testament, and therefore *he must be right*. It was certainly a very curious subject for coach passengers: universal redemption, or unceasing damnation! I doubt if coachee had listened to such a bunch of theologists for many a-day. He seemed quite interested, and I once or twice trembled at the thought of our mounting over a hay-stack, or leaping a five-bar gate, when he turned round his head from his sleek steeds to attend to our polemics. The country lawyer was quite a jolly blusterer—one of those witty, laughing, outrageous beings, that seem to be created on purpose to be outside passengers—they are all outside themselves. The young Baptist appeared quite alarmed at not burning for ever, and stared as if he were going to Hades, when the lawyer expressed his opinion, that Lucifer himself would, in the end, be redeemed. From hellish subjects we came to elysian ones; and before we arrived at the Burton Ale House, Adam was convicted of a rape, and the serpent was metamorphosed into a long-tailed monkey. By virtue of precedents, I shall now depart from my companions, and alight myself at the top of Norfolk Street, Strand, London; just recurring first to a scene I witnessed a little before we entered Chippenham—and which, to have been distinct and regular, I should have mentioned elsewhere—I ought to be anathemised for it. Well, then, it was a death-scene: not a death-scene like Raphael's. Overcome by the sultriness of the day, and moistened with the sweat of toil, a poor horse was breathing his last sigh! I wish I might, on this occasion, use the language of poetry without being ridiculous. In truth, there was something melancholy round the spot: while his dying limbs, knotted by the writhings of pain, were twisting in the languid energies of approaching death, the master and two or three friends looked on, dumb mourners; the former appeared to sympathize with his tortures. It seemed that the noble beast had dropt suddenly, as it was trotting merrily on to the water-pond. At the struggling animal, as we slowly rode by the silent group, I looked attentively, impressive even in his closing gasp. His lusty sides swelled and sank alternately, like the gently rising billows of the sea; his black and glossy mane, brilliant with the glare of sunshine, trembled on his out-stretched neck, where his blood rushed madly in his swollen veins; his huge teeth shone through his half-open mouth, while the buzzing flies hopped and played. If it be possible for brutes to be sensible of departing life, that

horse assuredly was. His round and fiery eye turned in its socket, and beamed fiercely and sadly on his master, then closed again: the last motion of life was the pricked-up ears; they shot up for a moment with resuming vigour, then tenderly fell together, and then—were motionless!

And this is London, thought I to myself, as I walked down Norfolk Street: this is the mart of nations, and the wonder of a world; the centre of commerce, and the sink of vice. It is here that Savage rambled for a dinner, and Johnson obtained a penny breakfast: it is here that Wolsey gorged, and Otway starved. It is to this place that Thomson travelled shoeless and moneyless; where—by Mahomet, I know not how long I should have continued in this rhapsody of pensiveness, had I not nearly been jostled off my legs by some brawny fellow, against whom, in my reveries, I came in contact with. He stared at me, and I opened my eyes at him; and without opening our mouths also, we passed on, perfectly explaining the matter by preserving silence. No one has any sort of right to demand where I lodged, or what I have been engaged in, during my residence in town. I have now resided here long enough to be able to distinguish St. Paul's from St. Dunstan's; and, by constantly roaming the noisy streets, meandering alleys, and muggy lanes—moreover, by an intercourse with the two characterising ranks in society, the middle and the genteel, I think it possible for me to draw an outline from my observations. What most forcibly struck me the *first* week in London, was my own insignificance, and the ugliness of the women. With regard to the first, why, I must say, that begins to wear off *gradually*; but I am still rarely blessed with the sight of a pretty, handsome face.

In London, the street walkers are so numerous, and the bustle of life has, by various artificial helps, such an air of haughty importance, that if man condescends to regard himself as a single individual, he cannot but inwardly droop at his own insignificance; let him, on the other hand, consider himself as a link in one extended chain, and his importance will be a little visible. He will immediately perceive that his connexion must interest others at times, and thus he becomes more reconciled to his consequence. There is nothing more calculated to chill every sanguine expectation, and high-wrought fancy, in the stranger on his first appearance in the metropolis, than a glance at the crowds which perambulate one of the principal streets: let him consider, that, all perfect, talented, and accomplished as he may be, there is most probably in the very street where he stands, hundreds that excel him. Then let him remember, that if one street can thus, every hour in the day, be trod by his superiors, how many thousands are there to be found excelling *these* in other quarters of the town! "*Horresco referens*." It may be urged, however, as a counteracting solace to this humiliating reflection, that great competition is calculated to bring forth the greatest excellence, and that no solid talent will be shattered by the ambitious contests of various combatants. Besides, the oftener the alloy of pride is scoured from our nature, the purer and more frequent will be its ennobling efforts. I am puzzled to account for the paucity of beauteous visages in London, where tribes are collected from all divisions of the universe. Perhaps they seldom condescend to bathe themselves in the city breezes: this, at least, is a very charitable conclusion; but it

does not quell my dubitations, and till *ocularly* convinced of the contrary, I must say that the British metropolis is burdened with fogs and ugly women. There are a *certain* class, it is true, who are really beautiful; but how can we say that these miserable hacks *live*? they never *enjoy* one guiltless pleasure*.

London is at once the most dependent, and independent, city in the universe. The energies of commerce, and the whole divisibilities of active life, create a temporary dependence; while the universality of participators lessens the burden, and gives birth to independence. Every body appears, in some measure, to be engaged, and every engagement requires the offices of others, and thus an interchange of obligations, and a reciprocal performance of stipulated negotiations, calls up at the same time the dignity of independence at the modesty of dependence. Money is the soul, the stimulating agent of every thing here. Go purseless to London, and you may as well hunt for a perpetual motion, as hope to create interest or succeed: you will be a foreigner in your own country, and starve for your presumption. Money we know in other places, as well as in London, is the brightest recommendation to the notice of the sneering great and parasitic low; but in a place where avarice is the predominant mean pollution of the soul, the purse will be attended with the most extensive homage; although it be not of so mean a nature as that which is observable in country towns. 'Tis here the wealthiest seat themselves on their throne of stupidity and ignorance, and exact the adoration of their fellow citizens, who willingly debase themselves to the grossest servility from motives of selfish policy; many of them would, if it were possible, carry their heads in their pockets, if they could insure themselves a suitable reward. The respect paid to wealth in London, has more manly characteristics; however slavish its basis may be, the tributes of flattery seldom disgust by the publicity of sacrificed principles and degrading submission. Why riches are more *shamelessly* adored in country towns, is easily explained: their possessors are far less numerous, and for this reason more punctilious and squeamish; swelling with a monied superiority and unwholesome conceit. When one of these worshipful heirs of fortune appears in London, he must be often grieved to observe how his consequence is diminished: the cockney will be too blind to mark the semblance of the demigod in him; like others, he must keep the right side of the street, or be jostled. True, a tradesman will say, "thank ye, sir," *sometimes*, when he makes a purchase; but he will have no dancing admirer, no mawkish flatterer, and complimentary fool, to win his eye. He may visit the theatre, but he will sit with his betters; in short, he may be *himself*, and nothing more: all his baboonery will, if he attempt its assumption, be scouted and mocked at like the bearer.

If London be contrasted with the country, as regards those warmer and benevolent feelings so dignifying to humanity, the latter will, without contradiction, be the most exalted. The multitude of *miseries* in town, form no legitimate excuse for the cold-blooded and heartless neglect which too frequently attends them. Here it is that poverty may drench the bitter cup, unpitied, unnoticed, and unregarded: starving

* Vide the "Opium Eater," for *one* exception.

amid the destitute hovels of pauperism, the sick vagrant and half naked night-wanderers of the street, may curl their shrivelled limbs in despairing agonies, and perish ere they can be relieved. How many poor, pallid, and shoeless human creatures have I seen in the glare of day, seated on the cold stones, biting their nails for food, and looking like images of starving wretchedness! They may sigh, and none will sympathize; weep, and none will condole; be famished, and none will bring them a crust. I abominate the iron-heartedness of those who profess their willingness to be generous, but are very anxious not to be so to unworthy objects;—Lord have mercy on their pitiful spirits, say I! Give me that charity that would not shun misery in any shape. These donors may comfort their conscience with the assurance, that charity will *seldom* be injurious from indiscriminate application; heaven never will be closed against them for giving *too much*. Sympathy is a word scarcely known in London;—and therefore it is proper for strangers and adventurers not to come to town with the soft fancy of their creating “an interest in their behalf.” Produce your recommendations, and you are told, that the times are so hard, and difficulties so numerous, that you must not be sanguine. Exhibit your purse, and you may purchase tears! London is a wonderful place, a great place, and a superb place; but it contains within its polluted enclosures, more insensible beings than all the other towns in England united. It is a Babylon in luxury and vice; and is, as it ever was, its own inhuman self when misery claims a boon.

As the metropolis is the arena of every moral turpitude, so is it the splendid supporter of every wondrous act, and sublime scientific pursuit; at once the encourager and blight of genius, the birth-place and the tomb of talent! In London we may say that we are treading on hallowed ground—where poets in by-gone times have tuned their lyres, and mighty philosophers have walked and thought; where historians have penned their immortal pages, painters tinged their canvas with colors of glowing life, and astronomy searched the starry hemisphere. It is a sorry fact, but nevertheless a true one, that vice and knowledge advance daily hand in hand. It is all mad bombast to preach about knowledge being always the exciter of virtue: history proves, that when luxury, dissipation, and vice, were overwhelmingly triumphant, the most perfect works of genius made their appearance. The days we live in are by no means degenerating in wickedness: there is more abominable chicanery, gross patronised sensuality, and infidelity, than ever known before. A little while ago, and Gibbon's Deism was hinted at with a mysterious horror; now, people amuse their evening parties by witty discussions and speculations on the fallacies of Christianity: in fact, many of the master-spirits of the age are professed Deists:—folded up in their own impious conceit, they curl their lips in mockery, and smile at the Christian's credulity! When religion thus begins to be treated with levity, and its once most revered doctrines to be debased but of every witling and flimsy jeerer, we may conclude that it is too late to say to Innovation, “Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.” I do not pretend to the pertinacity of that modern Isaiah, Parson Irving, the Caledonian orator; but cannot help predicting, that England, like imperial Rome of old, will be its *own* destroyer;—the

fatal pest that will hereafter be its depopulator, is now nourished within its own bosom!

But to return from a pardonable digression: the versatility of talent at present exerted in the metropolis, is almost inconceivable. In other cities, clever men are but as occasional stars: London has its thousands at command. Authors, from the compiling scribbler, up to the true son of genius, actually are swarming here. There is indeed little patronage, on account of the fecundity of objects which deserve it. Mediocre talent is now almost universal; and he who aspires "*a populo secerari*," to be distinguished, must soar beyond common excellence. The very columns of a modern newspaper *often* exhibit specimens of the purest eloquence and composition; in the relation of trite facts, there is sometimes wasted a splendour of diction that would rival the beautiful passages of ancient eloquence. It must be admitted, however, that vigorous intellect and originality are seldom witnessed. You may peruse the swelling pages of a thick modern quarto, and perceive nothing to wonder at, but the writer's acuteness in re-dressing other people's ideas in his own language. A few remarks on the social characteristics of the British metropolis, must conclude this paper.

In London, beyond all other places, you may taste true English liberty: provided you possess that grand agent in social life, money, you can live *as* you please, *where* you please, and *how* you please. If partial to quiet inactivity, you may be retired amid the bustle of two millions of population. Not as in the village and small town, will you be intruded on by the detestable prying Creatures, those ghostly logs, who are as useless to themselves, as they are troublesome to others. Be vulgar enough to "pay your way," and few will enquire what is the Christian name of your third cousin, or how many tom-cats your grandmother kept. The relief from unfeeling curiosity, is not one of the least blessings of a London life. This is not the case at fashionable resorts, where the fume of vacant pride, the blustering nothingness of upstarts, and the idleslanders of babbling idiots, constitute the majority of their blessings. In these places, before you have resided a fortnight, or unpacked your linen, a *posse* of miserable chatterers will "drop in to pay their morning call," and tell you, as a valuable piece of information, "it is supposed that Miss A. is actually *encheiné*; that Mr. Q. is courting Miss W.; and that Lady What's-her-name had a hole in her stocking the other night." If these merciless loungers would confine themselves even to their paltry communications, they might in time be endured; but they ask, in return for their "friendship," that you will "let out" all your family secrets: whether your father was of "good family," how many maiden aunts you have, and what was your mamma's name *before* her marriage! The Londoners are, for the greater part, what are termed people of business; do nothing to merit it, and you will rarely be dogged by your inferiors, or trampled on by your superiors: your treatment will entirely depend on the manner in which *you please to seek it*. But, as I mentioned before, a stranger will meet with few congenial hearts and sympathetic bosoms—plenty of cold and calculating civilities, but no tender offices gratuitously conferred. Where you acquire a *multitude* of acquaintances, you will be perhaps without *one* confidential friend. Acquaintances are certainly more easily obtained in

London than in any other town, *simply because they are not your friends*. In short, it is difficult to decide on all the beatitudes and miseries of a London life; but this is certain, it is that place where we are best taught that heaven-descended species of wisdom—the art of knowing ourselves.

While perusing these closing lines, I hear the solemn peal of a neighbouring church bell; hour after hour have I sat at my window in Bath, when the moon-beams were gilding the panes with their mellow lustre, and listened with a mysterious pensiveness to the simple, but hallowed, sound of the Abbey clock, as it chimed the hour of nine! Notwithstanding all unkindness, there are moments when one hundred and eight miles do not separate me from the place which divides the noblest of friends, and the dearest of society.—Alas! I fear it will be many a day ere I shall again feel their friendly grasp; but should any of them peruse this page, they may be assured, that where'er I roam, I carry their images imprinted in my mind, and all their endearing obligations fastened to my heart. Yes! I will remember them while I breathe, and often think of thy romantic prospects and beechy uplands, Bath, where the happiest, where the most miserable, of early days were passed.

R. M.

Queen Square, London, Aug. 1826.

ON SERPENT WORSHIP,

AND THE REMAINS OF A SERPENTINE TEMPLE.

When reading the article upon this subject, which appeared in the first number of the Inspector, I was rather surprised in finding that no allusion was made to the horrid practice of offering *human sacrifice* to the serpent, which the researches of modern travellers have proved, almost to a demonstration, once prevailed amongst a people, whose progress in the arts and sciences raised them to a considerable elevation in the scale of civilization; but of whose proneness to idolatry we have the surest of all testimony in that unerring word of truth itself, the sacred volume;—nor to the existence of the remains of a *serpentine temple* in this island, the origin whereof appears to be veiled in considerable obscurity.

To each of these subjects I will direct the attention of the reader; and first, as regards the immolation of human beings in the performance of serpent worship. Here we may not only reason analogically, that, as in the various forms of idolatrous worship, in different ages of the world, it was no uncommon occurrence to sacrifice human victims, by way of deprecating the supposed anger of their deities,—(a custom adverted to in the records of sacred and profane history, and by many supposed to have been at one time prevalent in this island; although the ingenious author of an excellent work lately published, when treating on the religion of the ancient Druids, with much force of argument repels the charge, attributing the same to the misrepresentation of their enemies*,) and hence we may reasonably conclude, that in the worship of the serpent, the emblem of the evil principle, the same horrid and detestable practice must have been adopted; but we have the concurring

* “The charge of staining their consecrated places with human blood, and of offering upon the altar of “Cor-gawr,” or Stonehenge, human victims, hath no real foundation in fact;—an accusation as wicked as it was unjust;—recorded only by their prejudiced, inveterate, and implacable enemies, predetermined upon their destruction; rather the licentious fiction of a declamatory and exaggerating poet, than the chaste and incorrupt narrative of a dispassionate and impartial historian. The consecrated Cromlesham of the Druids of Britain would have trembled with horror at the barbarous imputation, and disdainfully retorted the charge upon the heads of their servile and corrupt accusers.

“Of those who have transmitted the improbable account to posterity, did any one ever see it done? or substantiate the truth of his relation by the incredible testimony of a single eye-witness? No. Neither Julius Cæsar, nor Diodorus Siculus, nor Pomponius Mela, nor Lucan, nor Strabo, nor Pliny, have ventured to reduce the question at issue to this test, or to rest its authenticity on this criterion.”

Huber's Religions of Britain, page 36.

testimony of the late enterprising Belzoni, and of Dr. Richardson, from whose interesting "Travels along the Mediterranean, and parts adjacent," I have taken the following extract, which relates to an ancient tomb at Thebes, discovered by Belzoni, and illustrated by a beautiful colored engraving. "Here we are also presented with an exhibition which it would be more agreeable to my feelings to hide from the light, and cover with the veil of eternal oblivion; but truth must be told; here a human sacrifice stares us in the face. Three human beings rest upon their knees, with their heads struck off; the attitude in which they implore for mercy, is that in which they met their doom; and the serpent opposite erects his crest on a level with their throats, ready to drink the stream of life, as it guzzles from their veins: the executioner brandishes the ensanguined knife, ready to sever from the body the heads of the three other unfortunate men, who are lying prostrate, and held by a string behind him. The Christian's yoke is easy, and his burden is light. See what Paganism exacted from its votaries. Ophilitria, or serpent-worship, originated in Chaldea. Eve was deceived by the glosing of the serpent; she abandoned her Creator, and sacrificed herself, and her posterity, in compliance with his dictates. The apostasy began, spread, like a circle in the water, over Ethiopia, Egypt, Greece, and Italy, and the isles, and traces of it are still to be found in every quarter of the ancient world: and there have not been wanting individuals, who, more absurd than the Church of Rome, preferred it to Christ, and insisted on its real presence in the Eucharist. It taught man, to his woful experience, the knowledge of good and evil; and might hence be worshipped as a sanitary deity, or an object of terror. Moses, at the command of God, raised a brazen serpent on a pole, to cure the bite of the fiery serpents which the Lord had sent to punish the Israelites.

Secondly. As concerns the existence of a serpentine temple in this country, we have the authority of some of our most esteemed antiquaries; but as selecting passages from their works relative thereunto, would involve us in too large a field of reference, it is my intention, on the present occasion, to lay before the readers a few observations from a work recently published by Mr. Hulbert of Shrewsbury, under the title of "The Select Museum of the World" (a work replete with anecdote and interest, and consisting of original articles, as well as judicious selections, upon the antiquities, curiosities, beauties, and varieties of the several quarters of the globe). In the fourth volume, when treating upon the antiquities of the county of Wilts, the author of the article observes, "At a short distance from Silbury Hill (a large tumulus by the side of the road leading from London to Bath), is situated the village of Avebury, or Abury, in the midst of the remains of an immense temple, which, for magnificence and extent, is supposed to have far exceeded the more celebrated temple of Stonehenge. Surrounded by many tumuli, and being near the intersection of some ancient roads, it has, in all probability, been of great consequence, and possessed a character which may not inappropriately be denominated metropolitan, when viewed comparatively with other similar structures of inferior importance. Its great extent, even within recorded data, has rendered it an object of attraction to the antiquarian and traveller; and many interesting descriptions and conjectures have been published respecting its former and present state, its origin and design. Previous to the ravages which, from time to time, have been committed on this great temple, it must have presented a most commanding appearance, calculated to impress the mind with sentiments of wonder and astonishment, in veneration of those powers which were employed in its construction. The immense bulk and weight of the respective stones, would impart the idea of a superiority of mechanical skill in arranging them in their several situations.

From the description we have given us, we are informed that this temple formerly consisted of a large circle of 1400 feet in diameter, of immense stones, including two smaller and double circles, with avenues of the like immense stones, serving as entrances to the grand circle, and winding to the north-east and south-west, to the extent of a mile in either direction. Had such a monument been suffered to have remained entire, its magnitude would have attracted the attention, and have excited the admiration of the present race of men, rendering many of the celebrated remains of antiquity insignificant in the comparison. But the devastating hand of time, aided by the same spirit which influenced the Turks in their destruction of the architectural beauties and sublimities of Athens, has consumed by far the largest portion of this interesting and venerable monument of antiquity, as most of the stones of which it consisted have been broken to pieces by means of fire and manual labour, and the dissevered fragments appropriated to the erection of walls and houses, and the formation of roads.

The origin of this temple, like that of several other monuments of past ages, especially those of a similar description, is veiled in great obscurity; the overwhelming hand of oblivion has obliterated all records of the period when, or by whom, it was erected; and if any traditionary accounts existed, they have been long since forgotten, and "buried 'mid

the wreck of things that were." Generation has succeeded generation; and each, in its succession, has given some conjectural opinions by the way of apparently unceasing the want of a solid foundation to the conjectures of the past; and thus no real or authenticated record has been preserved at all satisfactory to the generality of enquirers at the present day. The most recent opinion I have seen advanced upon this point, is that of its being an antediluvian construction, and executed by the more immediate descendants of our great progenitor Adam. This opinion, which is supported by much ingenuity of argument, is founded upon the circumstance of the temple in question being accompanied by avenues diverging in opposite directions from the grand or outer circle of the temple, forming, in the whole, an extent of upwards of two miles; their course, from one extremity to the other, bending in a serpentine direction. These avenues have been denominated the *Serpent*, from time immemorial: the extreme points forming the head and tail, whilst the situation of the temple is, as it were, about the centre of the body, or upon the back." This opinion is advanced by the ingenious Mr. Browne, of Amesbury, whose researches into the antiquities and geology of Wiltshire, deserve attention from all who feel an interest in the advancement of scientific knowledge, especially when tending to elucidate the received truths of divine translation, and were published by him about three years since, in a pamphlet entitled, "An Illustration of Stonehenge and Bury, in the county of Wilts, pointing out their origin and character, through considerations hitherto unnoticed." Since then, I have had the pleasure of that gentleman's acquaintance, and have lately heard him deliver his sentiments upon this apparently abstruse subject, in a public lecture, which was illustrated by models, drawings, &c.: and can at least declare, that in point of argument and demonstration from existing remains, the theory he has advanced appears to be not only plausible, but conclusive. A few weeks since, in company with an esteemed friend (who has been a contributor to the *Inspector*), I visited these antiquities, and after a deliberate examination of them, we saw no reason for disregarding the opinion of Mr. Browne, or for supposing his theory to be unsupported by the weighty evidence of truth; though as yet it may be termed only conjectural. But as this subject may be not only novel, but interesting, to the reader, I will, before concluding, copy a few observations from the said publication of Mr. Browne.

"The magnitude of so immense an undertaking, cannot but strike the observer with astonishment, and he will be lost in the contemplation of a notice which could have led to the erection of it. If the workmanship evinced in Stonehenge, will set all his researches at defiance, in endeavouring to find out a people who are at all likely to be the authors of it, the motive which can have led to so enormous a work, as the *Serpent* and *Temple* at Abury, will be still more embarrassing. In vain will he go back step by step, in inquiry, to the time even of the deluge; for the higher he advances, the less probability is there of his having found out the authors of it. Modern nations, under the improvement of arts, might, perhaps, so far as labour is concerned, embark in such an undertaking with success; but to Saxons, Belgæ, Britons, or Celts, it is so inseparable from such difficulties in their want of means to effect the workmanship of Stonehenge, and in a motive for an undertaking like the *serpent* and *temple* at Abury, as to deter every one from the pursuit, who requires a *reasonable* evidence. To go still higher, and suppose the demigods of Grecian mythology, when seeking an abode in foreign countries, to be engaged in the erection of serpentine temples, is perhaps as extravagant an idea as can well be imagined. To convert the *serpent* into an object of worship, we find the abettors of this wild opinion reduced to the necessity of setting forth its various pre-eminent qualities; as its brightness, its sagacity, the fascinating property of its eye, &c., considerations which are certainly the result of careful observation: and can we in reason attribute such considerations as these to the first founders of nations after the flood?

"The earnest desire which cannot but have existed in Adam to perpetuate a knowledge of the origin of sin, and of the promise of redemption, and that, under the want of written record, it was, in all probability, carried into effect, in the erection of a serpentine temple, that hieroglyphic being fully adequate to so monstrous an end. That Adam, who recognized his parent in God himself, who had enjoyed the unalloyed happiness of his Almighty favour, but who for transgression was also made to feel the direful effects of divine wrath, could bear his existence without communicating to his afflicted posterity the knowledge of redemption, is beyond all reason to suppose. And can we imagine so significant an art in Adam would remain without imitation on the part of some of those who had known him, or on that of others who had heard of him from them? To apprehend the existence of numerous serpentine temples in the world prior to the flood, is certainly no more than reasonable; nor is it less so to infer the continuance of some of them afterwards, particularly that of our own country, judging even, from fact, or the principle of analogy, in the continuance of the cave at Kingsdale, on the present surface of the earth. There is, in

reality, nothing to oppose to the existence of Albury and Stonehenge, as antediluvian temples, but prepossession arising out of an enormous train of judgment.

"Of Adam it is said that he was *driven* out of the Garden of Eden. Is this a place, then, in the neighbourhood of which he could be reasonably expected to abide? Surely he would rather go to the furthest extremity of the earth, and his own country (then a part of the country) leave to his posterity, as remembrance of his great and sore experience in the existence of evil, and the attendant promise of an all-merciful Creator.

"To attribute the erection of the serpent and temple at Abury to any people but the Antediluvians, appears to me, from every thing which I can bring together on the subject, a most gross error."

Melksham, Aug. 10th, 1826.

J. FERGUSON.

BIRTH-DAY SONNET.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

Ye filmy clouds that float the waving sky,
And gorgeous sun, whose beams outvie the whole
Entrancing scenery from pole to pole;
How swells my soul to plume itself and fly
To upward realms, and waft its breathed praise
To Him, before whose shrouded throne ye roll,
Himself the mystic essence and the soul!
Though bound to earth, th' aspiring heart can raise
To Thee the worship of deep sighs.---O thou
Unseen God! never slumb'ring Spirit! hear,
While meekly wrought to suppliant awe, I bow,---
The murmured accents of adoring fear:
Before thy whelming presence summoned now,
Accept my birth-day offering---a tear.

Queen Square, London, August 17th, 1826.

THE FROZEN FLOWER.

Chill, icy gem, upon these leaves
Who'd think the sun had shone!
That once it's hues were beautiful,
As ever gaz'd upon!

Yet might the sun's reviving beams
Transpierce the coldness here,
How soon thy frost work would dissolve,
And brighter hues appear.

How like to her this frozen flower!
Whose cheek so wan and pale,
Once bloom'd in all the glow of youth,
Till dim'd by falsehood's tale.

Yet could life's by-gone hours return,
And chase the wasting gloom,
O'er that pale cheek the rose might blush
In renovated bloom.

London.

E. B.

THE REAL UTILITY OF KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge, as far as it enables man to hold a higher rank among his fellow-beings, or gives to him a decided taste for those pursuits which refine the heart, and store the memory with gratifying reflections for future days, when the power of acquiring knowledge is passed away, is of immense importance to him, and therewith is connected many of our best interests. But that sort of knowledge that merely enables individuals to form a more favourable estimate of themselves, or to increase in the ratio of opinion, held by those who account all labour as so much loss of time, which has not for its end a participation in this world's flattery—it is better, far better, and indeed is most essential to the real happiness of man, that he should be entirely ignorant of.

To "know one's self," says one of the wisest of men, "is one of the greatest ends of human knowledge," and is one which even the longest period allotted to human life is insufficient to acquire. It is, of all studies, the most difficult, and most revolting to human pride; by this study, man is acquainted with his deficiencies, his gross vanities, and his fondness for all that dross and trumpery which are so continually commingling with every leading event in his life, and forms, in plain truth, more or less the feature of each passing hour. Nor is it the object of learning to spend a life of vain disputations with schoolmen about points, which, whoever is in the right, are not of the smallest importance to any one branch of society. Both time and learning were made for much better, and far nobler, purposes; the desire of being useful to all classes of the community, should be implanted in the mind as early as the mind is rendered susceptible of attaining knowledge: for of what avail is it to an individual to be the most learned and well-informed being imaginable, unless he can, in some way or other, turn that store of acquirement to account, not as far as relates solely to his own personal aggrandizement or gratification, but to benefit others! A high principle must be excited and called to life in the mind, or it is all labouring in vain, it is attaining indeed but "the bread that perisheth;" and when years shall have stamped their furrows on the brow of the acquirer, and old age have wrapped him in his frozen mantle, then will this votary of learning perceive with regret the almost entire uselessness of all his labours, the vanity of his hitherto delightful pursuits, and the fruitlessness of those researches which have required so much pains and perseverance to mature, and to deduce.

Feeling thus, and knowing besides that such ever has been, and, according to the very nature of things, ever will be, the case, the writer of this implores any who may choose to peruse what he has written, and are conscious of having their time thus occupied and employed, to pause ere they spend the best years of their lives in pursuits which, however satisfying at the present moment, must and will terminate in "vexation of spirit," and "heaviness of heart." Shakespeare, very justly, makes one of his heroes observe—

"The time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour."

This is most true, and the efforts of our earthly days, and those more mature, should be to select pursuits of that nature, that each will bear *after-reflection*.—Man cannot be always acquiring knowledge—a time must come, even in this world, when, as the Scripture says, "He must rest from his labour." If, then, the choice of knowledge lies within his own breast, (and it most certainly does) how much does it behove him to make choice of that which shall be most profitable to him, both here and hereafter! Can any temporal prospect or inducements be sufficient for him to trifle with so momentous a subject?—let us hope not: let us rather hope, that the importance of the affair to him will weigh deeply upon his heart, and that he will in consequence be deeply inclined to exert all the faculties of the mind with which a bounteous Providence has blessed him, in laying up those stores of knowledge, which shall render him *here* esteemed and beloved by the virtuous and the good, and make him hereafter an "heir of heaven."

We intended here to have concluded; but cannot forbear adding, that as many of our readers may imagine, that learning, and the distinctions attached thereto, are incompatible with true piety and holiness, we, fearless of contradiction, assert, *they are not*; and in proof of our assertion being founded in fact, we refer them to the biography of Henry Kirke White. That our perusers may treasure in their hearts his example, and conjoin, as he did, sincere piety with high attainments, is the sincere wish of

London.

R. R.

THE SABBATH.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

The Sabbath is the mora of rest,
A rest from earthly sorrow;
The peace of heaven to smoothe the breast,
And firm it for the morrow.

The Sabbath is the pensive hour
When woe-worn bosoms languish,
In sighs for that elysian bower
Beyond the reach of anguish!

The Sabbath is when widows dream
Of cherished mates departed;
And slumb'ring friends renewed seem
To bless the broken-hearted!

The Sabbath is the boon of love,
For wearied souls a pillow;
A wafting of the thoughts above,
Like breezes o'er the billow.

The Sabbath is a hallowed peace,
The bliss of soul embalming;
That bids the raging passions cease,
With hope and quiet calming.

The Sabbath is a mystic day,
Of brighter joys the semblance;
To pining pilgrims on their way,
The sweetness of remembrance.

Queen Square, London.

LONDON NEWS.

MY DEAR,

Aug. 17, 1826.

As an excuse for the paucity of news, I think it necessary to remind you that this is the dullest season a misanthrope would select for sojourning in London. Every body that can, exits in a hurry to the country, or somewhere out of town; and those who remain, have the discontented, sullen, unsocial look of a tied-up mastiff—your brute Cæsar for example. This of course is considerably heightened by the gloom of the commercial and money markets; whose embarrassments, by the way, are too permanent for a healthful condition of these vital viscera of the state. I am afraid there is something rotten in the state of Denmark—else why are smiles and sunshine so long exiled from “Change” and the counting-house? The worst of it is---that we have no satisfactory accounts from the distressed manufacturing districts, which would enable us to educe any general conclusions as to the actual present, and probable future, conditions of the country. One class of persons---sanguine and wise in their generations---tell you that the *late* “crisis” (for they speak of it in the past tense) was a mere passing summer cloud---the foggy exhalations of a teeming fruitful soil---unworthy of our special wonder. Another proclaims it to be the presaging gloom of a great political earthquake, about to swallow up the manufacturing pre-eminence and trading prosperity of England for ever. They tell you that England has outgrown her strength; that she has topped the wheel of her prosperity; and that she therefore must *naturally* decline, as other leading nations did before her, and will, *per omne tempus*, after her. Big names, great authorities, and the experience of history, are referred to, and quoted, to bear out this opinion. Lord Bacon, you know, declared, that commerce flourished only in the decline of states; and recommended princes (for with her kings personally were the alpha and omega of all government) to encourage idleness, as a certain means of increasing and cherishing the “glory” of the commonwealth. But what have not philosophers

said! Nor is the discrepancy of opinion as to the effects of the great commercial apoplexy more discordant, than that of its cause. We shall find abundant matter for surprise and reflection in the several "thoughts" and "letters" of men who are serious and well meaning, and rational in their intentions. Numerous as they are, they may be divided into five classes, forsooth---first, those who ascribe the whole mischief to what they call an injudicious tampering with a bad system of currency; i. e. they admit the system of unrestricted issues, without indemnifying security, of paper-money---with great difficulty, if at all, convertible into specie---to be essentially vicious: but they contend, the check of ministers was so abrupt, as to be a death-blow to the credit of country bankers---an important wheel of the commercial machine---and to necessarily occasion a fatal revulsion of the whole system of trading. *Second*, those who date the whole catalogue of evils as far back as the celebrated Bank Restriction Act; and contend, that experience has confirmed what was determined *a priori*, viz. that paper always, and every where, expels gold, and has a tendency to increase *ad infinitum*, thereby changing the relative quantity; in other words, the *value* of the currency seriously injuring all those who pledge themselves to absolute payment, calculated at a *depreciated* state of the currency, and enforced to the *letter* of their obligations when the value of the currency is *raised*. *The third class* includes the advocates of the Malthusian theory of population; who account for all changes "in the affairs of states," good or bad, by the "over or under-stocking the market with labour;" maintaining, that the whole concern of government is the introduction of moral checks to the freedom of population; and that, on occasions like the present, they have only to consult the procreative thermometer of the state, and they will find the distresses to be wholly attributable to want of "prudence in the contraction of marriages, and in the subsequent propagation---the kind "indicated by the high ratio of the births," and those biped labour machines called---in courtesy---human beings. *The fourth class*, are those who, with Lord Liverpool and Ministers, affirm the distress to be the foretold (after it happened) effect of the over-trading mania of the two last years. *The fifth*, are the opponents of the free trade system of modern economists.

I have no notion to tire myself, and you, with a "comparative estimate" of these five theories: the more so, as I have one of my own, which I affirm to contain all Newton's requisites of the true one. I will at present merely observe, that the first class are a day after the fair with their say; for the measure they complain of as the cause of the distress, was not dreamt of till a good while after that distress had been raging; and breaking down all before it in its prey. It may probably have aggravated (though I doubt the fact) the *pre-existent* evil; but it is absurd in the extreme to ascribe to it---as a cause---that evil. Of the currency question, and its modifications---the theory of the second class, I must say, that is in *part* true; its advocates chiefly err in the extent to which they carry their system. But this is a fault common to all system-mongers. It is curious to observe how little---in fact, nothing, even in the details---has been said on the question of the currency, since Mr. Locke's admirable little book. Read that, and Hume's lucid Essay on Money, and you have the subject discussed *intus et in cute*, with a clearness and simplicity of style of which the modern pamphleteers are marvellously guileless. More of this in my "*Theoria nova motus Reipublicæ: seu de rebus agendis omnibus et quibusdam aliis.*"

The principle you know of Malthus---the theory of the third class---is, that the produce of land used as food, can only increase in a limited arithmetical ratio: but that population has a tendency to increase in an indefinite geometrical ratio; that, therefore, means should be employed to keep down population to the level of the means of subsistence. If population be doubled, the population so doubled has a tendency to double itself, but doubled fertility of soil has no such tendency to double itself. Hence, they say, the necessity either of limiting the motives of procreation, and by that means prevent the market being overstocked with manual labour; or of transporting the excess to less populous countries. What I have said of the currency theorists, applies strongly to those whose tenets it is, "Never to marry---unless well." They are both partially true, and partially false. Admitting that the soil of Somersetshire could not, some fifty or one hundred years hence, grow enough of wheat for its increasing inhabitants, it does not follow that the surplus of these inhabitants must perish. Not to take for a moment into account the supply of new, fertile, and unpopulous countries, does not the very terms of the proposition exclude all other kinds of food? Are corn and food precisely similar terms? Would Mr. Malthus admit the possibility of any other means of subsistence? Can he deny, that if the whole earth were as densely peopled as China, and had but a scanty supply of corn, that the fish of the sea would feed and support a thousand times that number? If not, why so broad assert, that food and population advance in an antagonist ratio? Again, when Mr. Malthus visited Sweden and Norway, he found the rates of the advance of population to be adjusted by an unerring law of nature---that where births are numerous, lives are short; reverse, and where lives are long, births are few. Why does

he not admit the influence of this adjusting ordinance of nature, when investigating the peopling ratios of other countries? But enough for the present. Of the over-trading theory I will only say, that I do not know what is meant by over-trading; unless it means a glut of commodities in the market; it is too absurd to deserve refutation. For, if there be an unquestionable axiom in political economy, it is, that there cannot be a general excess of supply over demand in the market---in other words, over-trading. What is meant by a market? Why, that something is ready to be exchanged for the commodity which we would dispose of. Therefore, an excess in the supply of one article, merely forms a deficiency in the supply of some other, rendering a general excess (over-trading) impossible. Of the free-trade system, I must say, that its opponents either misunderstand or misinterpret it: besides, it has not been fairly tried. The arguments in favour of it are invincible; and require a long and fair trial before they can become even questionable. Adam Smith has exhausted the subject: let those who would thoroughly understand it, read the fourth book of his immortal work. I entirely agree with Mr. Malthus, and other able writers, that a perfect freedom of trade exists only in the fancy of its projectors. It is a vision which it is to be feared can never be realized. All our efforts, however, should be directed towards its accomplishment. It should always be considered as the great guiding general rule---all exceptions from which, should be clearly proved to be necessary by their proposers.

I have troubled you with this short statement as a preliminary to my own views, which shall be disclosed to you anon. My letter has extended to such a length, that I must postpone all I have to say of new works, new plays, and new sights. I have read the three great Quarterly Reviews---the three great opinion suppliers of the three great political parties of the state---the tories, the whigs, and the radicals. I am sadly disappointed with the Quarterly, chiefly, perhaps, because I expected so much from its new editor---Sir Walter Scott, son-in-law of Mr. Lockhart, of Blackwood's Magazine notoriety. Think of him for a moment, comparing Lord Leveson Gower's milk-and-water translation of the Faust, with Shelley's inspired reasoning of the celebrated May-day night scene! and this because one is a tory, and the other was a republican. Shelley's translations are perhaps the finest in the language; Gower's are a school-boy's jingle of rhymes. That long, twaddling, stupid, review of Bidder's heavy, leaden, Life of Kemble, was written, hear it ye gods! by Sir W. Scott. Were I not pretty certain of the fact, I would not credit it. He must have been dozing over brown stout when he scribbled it. The Westminster is dull this month. The exposure of Mitford's anti-republican bias is able, but tedious. It is written by Bowring. The article on Church Government, by Mill, is first rate. It is free from the radical scurrility of the established clergy, but clearly proves the evil of enforcing religious opinions by act of parliament; and that the clergymen of the established church are but human in their intolerant resistance of every encroachment on their usurped privileges.

For priests of all religions are the same,
Of whatsoe'er descent their Godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely degree.
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.

The Edinburgh is good on the whole. The article on the "Eikon Basilike," by Sir James Mackintosh, settles the question. Lord Clarendon admits the authorship of Genders. I am surprised Sir James did not quote Burnett, who is of his side, and whose weight Hume admits to have staggered him.

As soon as the Chancellor decides any cases, I will leave town. My next, most probably, will be from Brighton or Hastings. Adieu, &c.

N. N.

ON MINIATURES.

I am a great and an ardent admirer of this diminutive species of portrait painting. Portraits of a larger size may represent the renowned hero, the brave warrior, or the accomplished statesman---may bring to our view persons distinguished by their talents or their virtues; and, when intended to represent the common class of mortals, may adorn the drawing room or the gallery, and attract the transient notice of the stranger, or the more attentive and kindly observation of the friend:---but miniatures are generally connected with deeper and more permanent feelings. They are often memorials of former blissful hours---they are

often tokens of present affection, and harbingers of future anticipated happiness. I can look with wonder and admiration on the former, I can praise the ability displayed in their execution, and the excellence of the resemblance conveyed in them; but I regard the latter with far different, and more pleasing, ideas. I know they are less frequently the offspring of that vain conceit and self-esteem, which excite in us the desire of having a likeness of our own dear selves, which will only, after all, serve as a short-lived wonder; and elicit the usual inanimate round of these criticising and flattering exclamations, which always attend the first inspection of a family picture. These, however, are not so often subjected to inspection, or, at least, are so only to that of the select few with whom we are in the habits of intimacy. They are hoarded up, and kept in secret privacy, like the domestic divinities of the ancients; and, even for this reason alone, I can conjure up into my mind a world of associations, buoyant and delightful, as well as pensive and dismal, which imagination unites with them. When I give way to the airy power of fancy, on beholding that resemblance of a young and charming girl, whose beauty is set off by her archness, but whose liveliness, nevertheless, appears so becoming through the general modesty of her look; I can imagine it to be that gift of gifts which she presented to her adorer, after a variety of excuses and refusals, each however calculated to enhance the value of the eagerly desired prize, and each spoken in a manner which seemed to intimate a wish that he would repeat his request; all mingled, perhaps, with that little artful and malicious, yet playful and innocent, that teasing yet engaging, spirit of coquetry, which is more or less inherent in the bosom of every female. But should I turn to that other picture, which exhibits a countenance as fair as this, but—oh, the difference!—tinged with melancholy and languor, and rendered pallid by disease, I can imagine it to be the last farewell offering of a dying maiden to her distracted lover, before her spirit winged its way to purer regions, and to holier climes. But, perhaps, some one may ask, “Would not full-sized portraits be as capable of exciting tender recollections, and would they not be as beautiful monuments of former felicity?” Truly, I believe, they would! But then miniatures are like pocket editions of favourite authors; and possess their advantages too, for we can observe and carry them about with us upon all occasions, without ever finding them troublesome or inconvenient. On them we can gaze in solitude, unobtruded upon by the stare of curiosity, or the sneers of malevolence; for these, alas! do sometimes violate the sacredness of sorrow, and open afresh the wounds of mourning sensibility. The lover, in faithful and tender remembrance of his departed mistress, may conceal her image in his bosom, safe from the inquiring eyes and impertinent remarks of others; and, stealing from the giddy throng into the retirement of his closet, bewail without interruption over this cherished memento of his woe, the evanescence of his fondest hopes, and call up numberless recollections of that bliss which once illumined the horizon of his existence, but which is now passed away for ever. While contemplating in private her beloved form, he may yield himself up to melancholy yet soothing ideas, for “there is an avarice in grief, and a luxury in woe,” until he can almost fancy he again beholds her gentle features, and is once more blessed with a sight of that glance and smile, which always beamed brightest and sweetest on him; and he may indulge in this delicious dream, till he is roused to the bitter reality of his lost and lonely state:

“And from elysium’s balmy slumbers torn,
His startled soul awakes to think and mourn.”

Laying aside these ideas, which, however congenial, as they doubtless must be, to many, may perchance appear romantic, extravagant, and ridiculous to others, I will just mention, for the benefit of plain matter-of-fact beings, a reason or two, and a stubborn fact or two, that may help still further to account for and vindicate my predilection, and induce some, who have hitherto differed from me, also to entertain it. Every one, it will be allowed, wishes to appear as handsome and as fascinating as possible; and in assisting this *laudable* desire, this *pigmy* class of pictures, if I may so express myself, possesses many advantages, which those of the larger one do not. In the last, each striking deformity, every strange defect, in one’s air or appearance, must be brought to view, or else the poor painter is accused of flattery and a want of truth in his performance. Now in the first, many of these difficulties are evidently obviated. The crabbed old gentleman may have much of the harshness of his features softened down—the forlorn single lady of “a certain age,” who had waited “too, too long already,” in the expectation of hearing some enamoured swain pour forth to her his tale of love, may have her wrinkles nearly concealed, and—oh, joyous thought!—the monstrous mole on her cheek omitted, which even she has ceased to think interesting, and which others have all along considered frightful. The affected damsel, upon whose face that destroyer of beauty, the small pox, has committed its ravages (thank heaven! these scarred frontispieces are not so numerous in these days, as in those of yore!), may look tolerable, without any very

great sacrifice of sincerity on the part of the artist. Nay, even in the last, though not in the least, place, when portrayed in this style, "beauty more beauteous doth seem," and loveliness itself beams forth more lovely, since it appears less earthly, and requires, as it were, an ethereal aspect from the softness and delicacy of the colors, together with the fairy-like appearance which pervades it. This last consideration ought to make the male, and will render the female, part of the creation, converts to my opinion. They are the adorners of our happy hours, the solace and comfort of our depressed ones; and if they were but as consistent as they are engaging, they would indeed---indeed they would be---angels!

"AMOROSO."

ON THE NAME OF THE SUPREME BEING.

Whatever we are in the habit of approaching, or using frequently, soon ceases to be either attractive or wonderful. The stranger who visits a city, or a country, for the first time, has his attention rivetted to objects, upon which they who survey them daily bestow neither admiration nor regard. We grow up in the use of customs, the origin of which we never inquire; we daily, hourly, employ words, the meaning of which we do not know. The self-satisfied spirit from which all this carelessness proceeds, sometimes carries us much farther than we intend, and in wanton ignorance we are not unfrequently guilty of acts of irreverence which we never contemplated. I would willingly believe that no other, no worse reason than this, so often occasions us to hear the sacred name which I have placed at the head of this paper, treated with the most marked disrespect; so often used in the mere exultation of a tickled fancy, or a pleased appetite. The impropriety of thus wantoning with that name at which every knee should bow, is apparent: but we not unfrequently require monitors to urge us to the performance of even positive duties, and I shall not, I hope, be deemed obtrusive in offering a few remarks, which will shew that the name of the Deity, regarded as a mere word, has claims upon us which few words possess.

Amongst the Jews, the word "Jehovah," which is the peculiar Hebrew name of the Divinity, and denotes a self-existing Being, was always viewed as a word of sacred and solemn importance. The third commandment seemed to them to throw around this name a sanctity so great, that it was held unlawful to pronounce it, and from its continual disuse, the correct pronunciation came at length to be forgotten, and the word was denoted as "*the word of four letters.*" To be able to pronounce this forbidden word was then esteemed a favor from God, and the prayers of such as attained the hidden knowledge, were thought to be peculiarly entitled to the attention of the Almighty. From this circumstance it has arisen that the word "Jehovah" has never been translated; no language contains any word at all similar to it; and it remains a singular and signal instance of God's favour to this poor, oppressed, despised people, that their language alone contains the proper name of the Divinity.

It will be observed, that there is a manifest distinction between the name of God, and the name or word *god*. The former is the peculiar name of one divinity, as Jehovah, the God of the Jews; the latter is the general word for all gods, and comprehends as well the true God, Jehovah, as all others to whom man's idolatry has raised altars. In our day, we are so much accustomed to denote only the one Supreme whom we worship, by the word "God," that the distinction has been confused; but it will be necessary to bear it in our minds during the present inquiry.

The English word "God," is not a translation of the name of the Divinity, "Jehovah," but represents, in our language, the other Hebrew word, "Eloah," God, or as it is more frequently used in the plural, "Elohim," Gods. The same word is in Greek "*Theos*," in Latin "*Deus*," in French "*Dieu*," in Italian "*Dio*," in Spanish "*Dios*," in German "*Gott*," in Icelandic "*God*," in the ancient Gothic "*Goda*." Upon the first view of these words, it seems clear that the Greek, the Latin, the French, the Italian, and the Spanish, are all derived from one source; and the English, the German, the Icelandic, and the Gothic from another. We shall consider each of these in its turn.

The Greek word "*Theos*," from which all the others in the first division have their origin, is peculiarly expressive, and more than ordinarily plain, simple, and natural. When a rude uneducated man first found it necessary to give a name to the invisible Creator, to what would he be more likely to appeal, than to those never-failing attestations of that Creator's existence, the rocks, the forests, and the streams? and would they not answer his appeal? Does not all nature, and above all, does not man, with his wondrous powers of

thought and action, sufficiently proclaim the being of some superior, and force upon the dullest the conviction that all things above, around, and within us, are the works of some invisible artisan? The conclusion appears to me inevitable, and the word "Theos," which signifies simply "the Maker," shews that all ages have been struck with these appearances in a similar manner, and proves how repulsive atheism has ever been. Before the sunlight of revelation broke in upon the Gentile world, the poor Greek, by the mere assistance of nature, had cleared away the darkness of infidelity, and bowed before the altar of that "unknown God," that invisible Maker, whose existence nature herself reveals to all her worshippers.

But this explanation applies merely to the Greek, and those languages derived from it, namely, the Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish; we must look elsewhere for the origin of the English word "God." This word is pure Anglo-Saxon, and, together with the similar Icelandic word, and the German "Gott," is, no doubt, derivable from the Gothic "Goda," which signifies "good." Here, then, we have a new field opened for contemplation and remark. Our unlettered ancestors---those barbarous and ignorant hordes, who trod down the Roman Empire, and established themselves with fearful bloodshed in its most important province, the savage warriors whom we are accustomed to consider with abhorrence and contempt, had yet so well reflected upon the nature and attributes of the "All Father," as to distinguish him by the striking appellation of "The Good;"---the same word, "says Mr. Sharon Turner (Angl. Sax. 1. 212) signifying both the Deity and his most endearing quality." Let us praise, 'ere we again treat contemptuously, men capable of reasoning so justly---barbarous they may have been; but to pierce through the veil of misery which seems to hang across the path of man on every side---to see beyond the present, and trace all things to the guiding hand of a "good" Providence, is a stretch of unassisted intellect which bespeaks a mind of great energy and sagacity. We, as Christians, are entitled to approach the Deity by a still dearer appellation; we are authorised to address him as "Our Father;" but still we cannot forbear admiring that correct feeling which led an unenlightened Goth to declare the Divinity to be "The Good."

To "call upon the name of God," is an expression frequently found in the Old Testament, wherein it is used as the most awful form of adjuration, or has reference only to the deepest solemnities of devotion. It is also a distinction worthy to be noted, that the miracles to be performed by our Saviour seem to have been done simply by his own authority---"Take up thy bed and walk;" "Lazarus come forth;"---whereas, those of the apostles were done, not by any power of their own, but "*in the name of Jesus Christ, of Nazareth.*" It may be remarked also, that the Lord's Prayer contains a petition with reference to the name of the Divinity, which ought sufficiently to establish its claim to peculiar reverence.

It is to be feared that modern times, notwithstanding all their superior advantages, partake of very little of that feeling which animated Greeks and Goths. How frequently do we hear the sacred name perverted to the very worst purposes! How often has it been tortured into the service of party, or made the tool of superstition and impiety! Previous to one of the battles fought by the Marquis of Montrose, in Scotland, in the reign of Charles I. Frederick Carmichael, a Coventry preacher, harangued the army opposed to the marquis, and promised them "*in the name of God,*" a certain victory*. Instances of such impiety are not rare. In the wars of the Crusaders, the battle-cry of one of the armies was, "Deus vult! Deus vult!" God wills it! God wills it!---And history contains many similar acts of profaneness. Surely, such conduct is unworthy of a reasonable being; more surely of an accountable one, living under a dispensation of which one of the commands is, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

It would richly repay me could I imagine, that the present paper may induce some one person to desist from treating lightly this symbol of every thing great, and terrible, and good---the holy name of the

"Omnipotent,
"Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
"Eternal King! Author of all beings,
"Fountain of light! himself invisible
"Amidst the glorious brightness where he sits,
"Thron'd inaccessible."

MAURICE PENN.

* It is but right to note that the covenanters were defeated.

A VISIT TO THE PARSONAGE.

[Concluded from page 109.]

Morning sunbeams were beautifying with their faint glow the hoared panes of my bed-room window, when I rose from a repose, made more delicious by the wearisomeness of the long journey that preceded it. There is no hour in the day that ought to be more hallowed by gratitude, than our rising one. The pensive solemnity of night has dissolved away in the cheerful gleams of returning day; the tired limb has luxuriated in its rest; and the whole frame seems, like a warrior, renovated, and fresh accoutred for the battling accidents of another day. If ever on bended knees, with adoration swelling from the heart, I gave to heaven a tribute of prayer, I did it then. The feeling of gratitude was deepened by the remembrance of distant home, and the coming happiness of greeting my earliest and long absent friend.

The frosty coolness of the morning powerfully affected my adonizing energies. I was now equipped for the day; and, seated on the back of a stout-built steed, I bowed to my landlady, received a low curtsy in return, a bow and a scrape from the slovenly ostler, and then trotting away, speedily gained the suburbs of the town.

However charming to the gaze of the imaginative eye may be the rural beauties of teeming spring, or glowing summer, the icy sternness of winter has its attendant scenes of delight and admiration. Ambulatory exercise, or riding, soon convert the chilliness of the air into a temperate and most agreeable fervor, that spreads itself over the whole system, and gives birth to an enlivening and contented cheerfulness. On a frosty morning, how plaintively do the little tuneless birds appeal to the tenderness of man! they hop languidly from spray to spray, fluttering, though tamed by hunger. Whole flocks, in the season of winter, unite together, and perch themselves on the frost-tipped bushes, and twitter, and peck, and crouch their pretty crested heads amid their downy feathers, and appear mutually to feel for each other's wants by sympathetic instinct. I envy not the unfeeling heart and steady hand of the man who can point his gun, and slaughter so many innocent, chirruping, little creatures. I would rather doom myself to perpetual deprivation from sparrow-pie, than commit such heartless and unprovoked havoc. Besides the twittering birds, there was much to gratify my eye. I liked the nice crisped sound of the ground when trampled on by the hoofs of my horse; the brilliant and pearly drops glistening on the half-iced branches, like tender tears pendant on Pity's eye. Then there were the laughing groups of children, habited in their clean Sunday dresses, who were taking their morning ramble, and paid a compliment to Health herself by their round and handsome cheeks, tinted with the rich and graceful coloring of Nature. I could not disguise the contrast between the comely and unartificial appearance of these country prattlers, and the sick, pale, and withering faces of the town-bred children, who never see the fields, without being tied to the nurse's pocket-hole. There was one sight I can never forget: its magnificence is still folded up in the records of creative imagination:—it

was the sun half developed in the horizon, and emerging from the occident calmly and slowly, as pensive melancholy from a dream of beloved recollection. There is at all times an overweening grandeur in the eastern hemisphere, when the day-god first unshrouds his magnificence, and gilds the slumbering clouds with his suffusing radiance; but the picture is heightened when the sky seems covered with a misty film, and the jutting beams are rendered more superb in their effect on the eye by the struggling of their emittance. How beautifully and gradually their splendor expands, and drowns in their streaming brilliance all the humid mists which brood around them:—like dawning genius bursting the fetters of obscurity, and repulsing by its divine energies every malevolent restraint!—I stopped my horse, and looked on the silent heaven with an adoring gaze, and in the extravagance of my admiration, almost sighed to be an airy sprite, and wanton in the voluble pillows of the clouds. The sun was of the deepest ruby, beyond the painter's art to mimic; and the glow of its intense brilliance tinted the circumvolving clouds most fantastically with softening and clear colors, which wove themselves into each other, and variegated the skies, that were floating their piled phantasies in their luxurious expanse. As the sun beams by degrees shone more perpendicularly, the argent fields beneath their influence presented a resplendent superficies of watery peals, occasioned by the sun's radiance gleaming on the hoar-frosted blades of grass.

I soon arrived at the entrance of the village of —, where my reverend friend resided. It was placed between two hills, which towered proudly over the lowly roofs of the cots and genteeler mansions. I have rarely, if ever, seen a spot more romantic, and poetically retired. Though the cottages that actually composed the village were nestled together, the surrounding and overarching hillocks were here and there frowning with neat residences, whose Italian roofs added a refined, though pleasing, air to the humble and thatched shreds clustered beneath them. Being winter, of course there was no waving foliage luxuriating in the meadowy prospects; or perfumed flowerets, to enrich the genial gales with their fragrance. There was a barren sternness on all sides; but withal, no desolating wildness or wretched confusion was visible. Let the English reader picture to himself what his countrymen style a "neat and interesting village," and he will understand far better than I can describe. Comfort, content, and rural peacefulness pervaded the place; whose solitude was secure from the vicious cabals of the hoarse and thundering town populace, and the careless hardihood of their selfish pursuits. As I entered, the social buzz of life and happiness greeted my ear. From out the little square chimneys the smoke was emitting its soft and voluble curl, ascending into the air in a rolling but perpendicular pillar.

The morning being vitally cold, the poorest cottage windows glittered with the lambent blaze of a cheerful fire, and made me almost envy the warmth of those who partook its enlivening influence. I perceived few loiterers in the road, except an occasional trio of well-gated farmers hanging with folding arms over a field gate, examining the appearance of their grounds; or a pretty milk-maid, with a three-legged stool in one hand, and a milking-pail in the other, hastening to

the cow-shed. The farm-yards were almost deserted, except by the crested cock, that stalked about pecking the scattered barley, and the proud turkey by its side. The pigeons were all retired to their warm nests, and cooed without shewing themselves. The sabbath day is always looked forward to by the village labourer, and industrious husbandman, with grateful anticipations. He has toiled during six days, and on the seventh there is a sabbath for his soul and body; and then, reclining his wearied limbs in his own snug chimney corner, his wife and family chatting and circled round him—his simple but clean food spread before him, and a heart light, generous, and unpolluted—who more happy than he! The monarch may turn sick at the gorgeous luxuries, and pampering delicacies, of the royal table; while the hardy cotter dandles his grandson on his knee, and eats his meal in peace. This is not overdrawn. Although the corruptions of the town are beginning to pervade the villages, there are still some who retain the vestiges of unsophisticated simplicity, and unsuspecting innocence. Such was the happy one over which Harcourt presided as rector.

Having been separated from my friend since his appointment to his present living, I was necessitated to inquire of a child whom I met at the outskirts of the village, the road that led to the Parsonage. I was most civilly answered with a low and respectful bow, and soon beheld the venerable and ancient-looking mansion before me. The house was somewhat raised on a declivity, with a deep row of steps before the door, and a spacious lawn in front, where several spotted cows were straying, and nibbling the stunted verdure. This front lawn was limited at the road side by an irregular line of low pales, partly covered with moss, and leafless brambles. This boundary was separated in the middle by the intervention of a gate, by which you entered. From either side of this gate there branched off a circular gravel walk, which winded itself round the lawn, and reached the steps at the upper end. There was, I confess, notwithstanding the neatness of the arrangement, a wintry nakedness in the morning aspect. The ancient vine, whose tubular branches had clambered in crooked direction over the brown-speckled wall, looked like a picture of miserable want. There was nothing to be seen on it but the bits of cloth by which it was secured. Behind, the elm trees waved their sterile tops high above the house, and constituted a poor shelter for the cawing rooks, which were nestled on their dry twigs. I must not omit to notice the windows and doors, which had all the simple majesty of the antique, both in shape and appearance. It may be a sample of my tastelessness, but I confess my predilection for the small diamond panes of the casement, and its opening hinges, rather than the stiff and stately glare of the modern large-paned windows. The associating ideas affect much in the former case, I am aware. The door was what a door ought to be—stout, and oaken, with thick panels, and a knocker easy to move, and worth handling. The reader will perceive that my minuteness in description, is the result of a wish to give him a complete representation of the external appearance of the Parsonage. I should have apprised the reader also, that not observing any one when I entered the lawn gate, I fastened my horse's bridle to the paling. A decent appeal to the speaking member of the door, soon gained me an entrance; and in an

instant I was in Harcourt's embrace. Need I tell what, and how strong, were my feelings, when once again clasping the "true one" of my boyish days? I only remember that the emotions of gladness commingling with the energies of sensibility, overwhelmed every attempt to speak. I looked in his face: it was more pensive and manly: fifteen years had developed more energetically the expression of the features, and stamped manliness in all its vigor on his lofty brow. But then there was the same honest, noble, beaming eye; the same benevolent smile playing round the expressive lips; and, above all, there was the same true heart beating beneath the bosom, whose confidence my wayward youth had often shared; whose tender counsels had often redeemed me from the follies which I succumbed to.

"How deliciously," thought I, "is this long absence repaid!" as I walked arm in arm down the hall. We were met, as we were entering the breakfast parlor, by a young lady, apparently about eighteen, who was dressed in the elegance of rusticity. "My daughter Rosetta, Seyton," said Harcourt to me, presenting her white hand, half held back, with a modest reluctance. "They tell me she is very like what her blessed mother was, when I led her to the altar; but I will have it that she resembles her father—wont I, Rose?" Her face was light up with a glowing smile: she looked at me—and then kissed her father's hand as he attempted to pat her cheeks.

We were soon seated at the breakfast-table; and though my appetite was not very refined, I was more attentive in admiring the winning way in which Rose presided over the tea-cups, than in emptying my own. I thought her so modest, so winning, and retired, that not to admire, would have been more than stoicism. My absence of mind made me appear once or twice very ridiculous. Harcourt was relating the pleasures of a country life, as being less alloyed than those which are experienced in cities. Thinking, of course, that I had been attending to his remarks, he concluded by saying, "A'nt you of my opinion?" Without remembering his argument, I rapturously replied, "O yes! very beautiful, very beautiful, indeed." "What's very beautiful?" returned he. This recalled my wandering senses; and taking my eyes from the spoon, with which I was dabbling my tea, I perceived that a slight blush had suffused Rosetta's face, and Harcourt laughing, as if he understood the cause of my erratic expression.

Next to beholding a pretty woman, I like to describe one, and make no apology for painting Rosetta here. She was that sort of beauty which, if analyzed, many separate parts would be deemed imperfect; but viewed as a whole, there was every thing to charm and interest. Bred in country retirement, there was no taint of that forward presumption which usually distinguishes the women accustomed to associate with the gay and mixed companies of a fashionable town. She looked modest without being abashed, and engaged the heart without the effort of affectation; the country breezes had spread the glow of health on her cheeks, and made the freshness of her blue and eloquent eye vivid and rayful: when she spoke, its radiance beamed as if it were connected with, and moved by, the sentiments she uttered. Her dark brown glossy ringlets drooped languishingly over her delicate and arched forehead, and by their playful disposal, added to the grace of beauty,

the allurements of perfect ease. Never were eye-lids more fine and filmy, or eyebrows more expressively painted over a beautiful eye; they were slight but regular, and looked so moveable that the summer breeze might have blown them away. Her mouth was prettily pouting; it might have been the sanctuary of cherries. When she addressed you, the innocent glare of her whole countenance was an assurance of her sincerity; and the tuneful sweetness of her tone, imparted to language the amiable seemingness of unrestricted truth. But what went, if possible, deeper into the heart, was that indescribable grace of movement, that harmonious motion of the whole person. How enviable are the females of soul and taste, who add to the witcheries of person the soft and pliant manner, more attractive than beauty itself, in all its *beaux ideal*! Tastes differ widely in their selection of beauties, but they sympathetically admire an engaging deportment. I have witnessed the influence an attractive address has, a thousand times in life, but was never able to explain my feelings on the subject, so as to convey the impression they make. You are puzzled to account for the awkward uneasiness and repellency of some women, and the suavity and alluring manners of others. In the latter, attitude is unstudied but graceful, and the slightest movement of a limb is effected with a mysterious grace. Such is the blandishment of elegance and refinement in manner, that it is often a specious representation of the beautiful.

I cannot charge my memory with the recollection of what colloquy passed at the breakfast table—although I am assured that it must have been such as distinguishes the meeting of dear and long-separated friends. Harcourt was in the full flow of generous sentiments, rendered additionally effecting by the melancholy firmness which accompanied their utterance. Rosetta, the lovely, the amiable, the fairest creature of her heart-controlling sex, and the daughter of his tenderest love, partook of the conversation, and sweetened every observation by the *naïvete* of her innocent and feeling comments. There is, methinks, a charm in a pretty maiden's chatter, that is worth all the musty gravity of supercilious experience. One subject I do remember; it was the mention of the college trick I passed on Harcourt: we laughed heartily at the "cold pig," while he advanced his shoulders towards his head at the thought of his cold sufferings, and assured us, he had not degenerated into the sluggard again—"so lasting," remarked he, "is the effect of a morning salute." The favourite anecdotes of our boyish days, and the frolics of the college, were revived and related with that zest, which those, who were the principal actors in them, alone can feel. In comparing our lists of familiar and cherished records, there were mournful gaps!—many a dauntless spirit had long since been humbled in the tomb—many a soul, fired with the spark of genius, had winged away to more genial climes since *last* we had met!—No fictitious tears were they which started from our eyes, when we talked of departed worth, and bright talents, long since no more. Shame on the stunted bosom who has not an affectionate sigh; and the iced eye, who has not a tear for the memory of by-gone friends and associates! Should the reader of this have ever experienced the beatitude of conversing with an old school-fellow about his former contemporaries, he will imagine my feelings far more to his own satisfaction, than I can describe them. The bitter and the sweet

hours of the past were renewed, and with them the changing occurrences which thronged them. In short, we were collegians again, and were seated at our studies, poring over our favourite Romans and Grecians; or rambling the college walks by moon-light, or parading the wide buzzing halls, satisfied with our light hearts, and independent of the morrow.

Our morning meal being concluded, and Harcourt and Rosetta having retired to prepare for church, I amused the interim by spending it in the library. The shelves were well stored with the works of the bards of old, of historians, metaphysicians and philosophers. What silent transports rush on the mind of the literary labourer when surveying the crowded duodecimos, octavos, and massy folios, in a well-selected library! To me, a library is a superior sort of earthly temple—there is a spirit of sanctity shed around its walls, where no intruder of unhallowed taste should enter. Give me health and a competency, and a rich library, teeming with the fruits of intellectual and lofty genius, and I will scorn the venalities of a shuffling world: retired within its sacred solitude, I will enjoy consolation from the dumb monitors, whose breathless eloquence has outlived their existence, and whose counsels are the offspring of wisdom and experience. It is astonishing with what calmness we allow ourselves to be condemned by dead authors, while we spurn at the rebukes of living interferers. This, however, is not quite inexplicable. When we refer to books, we are strangers to the feelings of the author when he made them—to us, they may be the semblances of oracular and impartial dignity, although they might have been written in passionate prejudices. On the other hand, when we are admonished and rebuked by visible counsellors, we not only have the liberty to contradict their assertions, but to question their right to reproach us with any defection. It is to be wished, that those who have lived many years to experience the effects of their own stupid ignorance, when, on the plea of experience, they frown at the sanguine buoyancy of youth, would set the example of equanimity as well as prudence. I am adjudged (to be egotistical for once) by many of my friends, who, perched on the pillars of arrogance and superciliousness, call up the demi-god from their bosoms to declaim, as being too high-minded to be advised. Let them banish that querulous and sickening cant of their “experience,” and they might be occasionally attended to. I could go and weep over an error, in the privacy of my study, when the sneering composure of fault-seeking friends, would only sour my temper without correcting the weakness.

Forgetful of every thing around me, I was turning over the leaves of a splendid Euripides, when Rosetta entered with a request from her father, to accompany him and herself to church. The request was immediately acceded to, and we sallied forth with no delay for the church, situated a little distance from the Parsonage. With a beautiful morning, and composed spirit, a charming and beauteous maid resting on my arm, and the firmest of early friends by my side, is it wonderful that the emotions then felt, and the happiness then enjoyed, are still remembered? There are in life sublimer hours for memory's keeping, which, when flitted away, can ever be gratefully recalled. It has been my lot to meet with few honest and congenial hearts that have expanded

into friendships—but those I have been blessed with, are often! before me. In my solitude they come to me borne on the wings of imagination; they smile with their accustomed benevolence, and I dote on the vision.

By this time the sun was commencing to brighten through his dim obscurity, and the morning air had changed its stern coldness into a delightful tepidity. As we passed through the village, on our way to the church, the repeated marks of respect paid to the venerable pastor, told at once the ascendancy he acquired over his congregation's hearts. In villages, the sabbath is not only a peaceful and holy day, but a happy one. Arrayed in their humble best, the different families proceed to the house where "their fathers worshipped," secured from pomp, and contented in their humility. I would not desire a prettier spectacle than a well-directed village on a sabbath day: it is here that gratitude pours forth its unostentatious praises; and the veneration observed towards the day does not detract from the innocent hilarity of the heart; it is the homage of the soul, and not the formal speciousness of external attitudes; that the Deity requires from his dependent creatures. After turning into a short paved road, branching from the principal street, we came in sight of the village church. The bells were tuning slowly and seriously from the ancient tower, whose topmost windows had their long narrow opening half concealed by the ivy leaves which thickly mantled there. I confess my fondness for the sounds of the village church bells: their simplicity has a romantic and imaginative soothingness, which steals over the awakened spirit, raising and depressing it with exquisite movements. The heavy monotony of the huge abbey bell may be awful, but it is not so agreeable: it resembles too much the gloomy echo of a voice issuing from some deep and hollow monument. There is a reality in the sound of the village church bells replete with the tenderest excitements: often have I seated myself on a retired stile in view of the country spire, and listened to the varying music of the distant bells—"sweet evening bells." Like most country churches, the one we were approaching was a neat, small, antiquated piece of architecture. The body of the church extended behind the tower, and displayed at equal distances, several painted windows, arched like a garden bower at the top, and accorded with the general appearance of the pile. On the vertex of the tower was a moving weather-cock fastened to a cross. The principal entrance was comparatively very wide, and within its sideway enclosure contained two opposite stone seats, well scratched with initials. The door itself hung weightily on its rusted hinges, and the thick oaken panels threatened everlasting endurance; over it was a dial, a white patch of paint relieved by several black strokes. This would be an imperfect description, were I to omit noticing the lounging groups that were colloquising round the door, and discussing their affairs with much energy. On our entering, we were once more greeted with the English bend, and afterwards all hastened to march to their seats; first smoothing their ruffled hair with the palm of their hands.

I am aware, that I condemn myself by confessing that my thoughts were erratic, and disturbed by so many earthly associations, that I was not very marked in my sacred duties this morning. I have not yet forgotten the inside appearance of the rustic church, and many of the groups then present there. The roof was arched in the gothic style, and

the circling ornaments still shewed their fantastic flourishes through the musty cobwebs spread around them. Athwart the ceiling, midway down the area, there was a huge beam, looking lusty even in the rottenness of its antiquity. Scattered over the white-washed walls, were divers mementos, recording those who else might have been forgotten. Some of these memorials of the dead, were brazen tablets inlaid in the wall with their letters half extinct. There was no organ there, but there was melody from human pipes, issuing from the singing gallery, which was an ample representative for the loud and grondiloquous instrument. At the bottom of the aisle was the christening font, surrounded by oaken pillars supporting part of the building. Much as I am inclined to think favorably of the simple purity of country people, I could not but smile to observe, how some of the pews were maimed with the initials cut on them by their visitors:—but we may trace the desire of immortality from the conquering hero, whose soldiers are butchered for his undying fame, and the brawny rustic who carves his name on pews and trees. I and Rosetta were in the Rector's seat close behind the pulpit, and in a parallel line were the squire and his lady; a little distance behind our seat, was the communion table; and the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed, in gilt letters, supplied the place of a more splendid altar piece. The communion was humbly fenced with an oaken wicket, with a row of low pillars on each side; in front of these, were the charity girls arranged. From all I observed, the congregation, for the most part, were very attentive to the preacher. There were, however, one or two sinning gazers here and there; the buxom farmer's daughters, casting a meaning glance at their favored suitors in other parts of the church; or, now and then peeping at their crumpling sleeves, and the dashing ribbons on their neighbour's bonnet.

My friend did not favor his congregation with one of those sleeping discourses, so often poured forth by city preachers on their drowsy hearers, whose frequent yawns proclaim their moralization. His—for it partially ~~was~~ my vacant ear—was an unsophisticated statement of the energetic truths of Christianity, applied with zeal, and enforced with discrimination. After the close of the morning service, I lingered behind to witness a christening. I am not an enthusiast in my admiration for puking infants, and prefer their company when their enlivening prattle makes known the germinating mind. But when they are about to be admitted within the pale of the Christian Church, they become something beyond interesting:—they are innocent little combatants, with nothing but innocence for their protector. I followed the parents and friends to the font, and attentively viewed the simple, but somewhat awful, ceremony. The whole company, together with the sponsors, were neatly arrayed, and appeared in pensive silence. The mother was a young creature, with a wan countenance, but pretty features. She looked rather languid as she approached the font, with her babe slumbering on her bosom. There was a timidity about her movements, and a sort of pious and half supplicating glance at the assembly, which told she had for the first time become a mother. It is not difficult to imagine the thoughts of a mother, when her first offspring is christened: Her whole soul is centered in its happiness, and what trembling anticipations arise when she thinks of futurity! They all knelt down on

the circular cushion, and when the infant was placed in the arms of the baptizer, I fancied the spectacle increased in interest. Every eye was turned on the parson, who, after he had tenderly sprinkled the water, and signed the mystic cross on its forehead, returned it to its anxious mother. When placed in Harcourt's hands, the child cried, frightened, like Andromache's infant on beholding the nodding plumes and bossy helmet of its valorous father; but he was a father, and smiled on the innocent.

"Poor child!" thought I, "thou hast entered on a bitter world; and many a warm tear will fall from thy eyes ere half thy course is run: thoult have many a sorry night to witness—many a broken heart, to solace"—this was weakness! so it was. The fact is, the christening had touched the tenderest chords of association; and how could I stop their vibration? Forgetful even of the fair Rosetta, as well as her father, I strolled away from the font, and, unperceived, was lingering among the tombs and turfy graves of the church-yard. From a boy, I was partial to the gloom of a church-yard; and loved, even at that happy age, to wander through its mazy paths, and pause to read the mouldering records on the mossy tomb-stones. What a place to level human pride to its proper consanguinity! My God! how small the space that encloses in its silent womb the bosom that once beat with contumely, with soaring ambition, and god-like energies! How narrow the bed where repose those daring spirits, for whose sway the world itself was almost an atom! How dumb the grave of those who would have held a monarchy within their grasp! For a moment, the present hour fled away, and all the unforgotten great of olden times rose like spectres to my imagination. I thought of warriors and heroes; of statesmen, usurpers, and kings!—where were they now? harmless and still as the infant over whose lowly bed I was standing. Alexander, who sighed for other worlds to vanquish, had crumbled his sunken energies into fellow dust. Xerxes, who lashed the ocean waves, was harmless as the worm that rioted on him. Buonaparte, the scarecrow of Europe, was motionless in his coffin "all under a willow tree." How weak the baseless pomp of human pride!

There was a contrast even in the memorials of the village dead. Some were honored by a sculptured monument, some by a railed tomb-stone, and others by an unadorned mould of turfs. Here and there I met some haughty allusion to earthly grandeur; close by its side rose a small grave bound over with arching withies, covering some early slumberer, whose prattle was ecstasy to those who heard it. The *general* custom of adorning grave stones with epitaphs *in verse*, is, I believe, rather peculiar to the English. I have ever considered a modest appeal in unostentatious lines, as the most impressive monitor to the living. There were many poetical epitaphs moving in the extreme; a few were, on the other hand, ridiculous, senseless, and bombastic.

To those who love, like myself, a ramble among the tombs, it will not be strange that I found myself standing under an ancient yew tree, an unconscious victim of the most melancholy, but delightful, pensiveness. A muttering tone of lamentation startled me; and looking round, I perceived at a short distance an aged man resting on his stick, and looking sorrowfully on a newly-dug grave. He had flung his hat

down, and left his whitened head to bear the cold uncovered. His whole frame was shivering with grief, and the tears fell fast from his hollow eyes on his hands. It was a hard matter to stand quietly, and behold a man weep; but I was anxious to watch his movements, and staid for a moment the activity of compassion. He walked a few times round the brink of the grave, and then returned to where he set out from. His gaze was then intent on the yawning gap; his poor hands let fall his stick, and were raised to heaven in the attitude of prayer. Sobs rendered his words to be indistinct; but there was a piteous glance thrown up to heaven, which told the father was standing by the grave that was to contain his child! I shall roam the world over, but not forget the expression of his tear-lit eyes.

The approach of Rosetta and Harcourt, who came in search of me, confirmed the opinion I had formed of the grey mourner. We all returned to the Parsonage together—but I have already been longer in my narrative than originally intended. I must now conclude. I have other, and perhaps more interesting, circumstances to relate connected with my visit: but their relation must be resumed on some future occasion. Has the reader forgot the interesting young traveller—the orphan Jane?

R. M.

London.

LEGEND OF STANCHAWES.

[Concluded from page 166.]

It was a memorable night, when the old halls of Stanchawes poured forth their numbers to congregate in the fields of Eltham: nothing could intimidate the valour of their spirits: nothing could prevail against the native enthusiasm of their dispositions. We have remarked before, that the bond of union which held the several gradations of society to each other, was composed of hereditary attachments, too strong for the arm of power to separate; and we may add, that the spirit of their leaders in the present manifestation of political animosity, provoked by persecution, and stimulated by zeal, was caught and displayed by the populace more or less in every quarter of the kingdom. Lord Cobham, either by his sufferings or his merits, obtained an unlimited authority over the new sect of religionists, and wherever his movements are recognized, he attracts in his person the notice of the civil magistrate. His escape from the Tower had filled the nation with alarm, and fearful forebodings; and it was not without truth imagined, that in his retreat, though it never could be discovered, he had formed the most violent designs against his enemies. His emissaries, too, were in every place when the faction predominated.

At length a general rendezvous of their party apprised the government of their intentions; and Henry, with singular foresight and magnanimity, removed to Westminster. The conspirators, who obtained the general denomination of the Lollards, arranged themselves conveniently around the metropolis—their head-quarters being in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's. The spirit of their party was calculated only for *immediate* strife—their tempers would ill brook delay—and success really seemed to depend on an immediate engagement. The policy of the King of England, however, shunned the impetuosity of his enemies: and the obstacles thrown in their way, were more numerous and formidable than had been expected. The gates of the city were prudently closed, to prevent any reinforcement to the Lollards from that quarter: and the singular delicacy of their situation required all the caution and judgment of their more experienced allies.

In the dead of the night, the third of their encampment, all the distinguished leaders in this rebellion, met together to arrange plans for their future proceedings. The want of proper discipline among their retainers, was barely compensated by the sincerity of their vows; and it required but little discernment to foretel the consequences of an equal opposition. Lord Cobham depended most of all on the secrecy which they had hitherto preserved, and

which had evidently disconcerted the ruling powers in an unexpected moment: his abilities for stratagem were universally acknowledged, and a species of dissimulation by which he had in many instances foiled his antagonists, inspired his more intimate friends with confidence and resolution. But those who knew him most, observed in his countenance traces of unusual concern: his fits of abstraction occurred more frequently, and were prolonged; and when challenged on the subject, his only reply was, that the immediate enterprise in which they were embarked, required the counsels and aid of a power, which, though we see it not, is essential to our happiness. He watched with impatience the return of Edwin Percy, who has volunteered his services on some confidential embassy; and Sir John Corfe, with his usual bluntness, dropped a hint that the object of their meeting might be frustrated by unnecessary delay and groundless surmises. Their time was occupied by a controversy, from which no decisive plan, however, arose; and every moment threatened to destroy the balance of equanimity, when a sudden noise without arrested their attention. Demanding the cause, the guard announced the return of Percy, and the capture of a spy. Immediately after this intelligence, Edwin made his appearance, and excited the curiosity of his friends by a bandage which had been applied to his left arm just above the elbow.

"My lord," said he, for all the party were accustomed to address Cobham, "all attempts to see the Duke of Egremont will be fruitless. By every prudent step, I endeavoured to hear tell of his present situation, but wherever the enquiry was made, no tidings could be elicited."

"Then our own observations must guide our actions to-morrow," replied Lord Cobham.

"To-morrow!" interrupted the indolent Corpue.

"Yes, to-morrow," rejoined Edwin Percy, "if I may be allowed to intrude my advice. At present, notwithstanding the caution which the king observes, it cannot be concealed that his government was taken by surprise; and if we do not disturb them in the midst of their deliberations, in the end they may disturb us."

"These spoke the genius of his father," responded Sir John Corfe, in a whisper to Walsingham. "But pray," said he, raising his voice, and addressing Edwin, "how came you by those foreign colors on your arm?"

"I had almost forgotten to inform you, gentlemen," replied Percy, "that on my return from Southwark, my servants were attacked by a party of ruffians. We got well off, having repaid them for their pains. In the skirmish, a scratch was given me, which occasioned the application of this bandage; but it is of no consequence. One of their party only we secured, and he waits without."

"That was lucky," replied Lord Cobham; "let us have him in. Who does he belong to?"

"That, my lord, I cannot tell: the night is very dark, and I could not even describe their apparel."

"In with him!" said the witty Walsingham, as the enemy appeared in so complete a disguise, that it was impossible his features could be detected.

"Well, my friend!" continued the wit, "what price may honesty fetch in the neighbourhood of Westminster?"

"A brace of rebels, perhaps!" replied the royalist, with matchless *sang froid*.

"This fellow may be of service to us," interrupted Lord Cobham, in an under tone of voice.—"Sirrah," said he, "your liberty shall be the reward of your confessions."

"Tempt me not with the liberty you offer: it would be thralldom to an enslaved mind. But for the trespass committed by my followers, I deprecate as much as yourselves, and am willing especially to crave young Percy's pardon, whom, had I recognized before, should have had the offer of instant satisfaction."

"Mortimer!" exclaimed Edwin.

"The Earl of Marche!" resounded from every voice.

"Gentlemen, the same," replied he, throwing back his horseman's cloak: "and I shall hope this discovery, which I could have no reason to delay, will prevent any farther insult to my integrity."

It was now evident to the whole company, from the manner and air of both, that no terms of peace could be preserved between the fallen heir of Northumberland, and the possessor of his estates. Yet Edwin was considered richer by his companions, in his honesty and independence, than the youth who swelled in his fortunes. A death-like silence followed the unexpected disclosure, and was interrupted at last by a challenge of Percy, for an immediate decision of their disputes by single combat.

"I envy not thy greatness, nor the summit of thy station," said he to the earl: "I blame not thy interest which taught thee to enjoy spoils which are mine by right—at least," continued he, "it is now my intention to dispute your claim."

"And thinkest thou, young Percy," retorted the earl, with a significant glance at his sword—"thinkest thou I will tacitly submit to thy reproaches, or prove myself a traitor by suffering these menaces against King Henry's pleasure?"

"King Henry's pleasure is one thing," replied Edwin, "and the law of equity is another. I defy the one, as much as I respect the other."

"To strangle this controversy in its birth," interrupted Cobham, "though I will not suffer an impostor on our privileges by the indulgence of headstrong passions, to-morrow's sun will witness a confirmation of the present system, or the introduction of a better one. "Earl," said he, rising, and with impetuous warmth, "I do not yet understand that we are equally competent to meet each other. You have our permission, therefore, to return to court, the minion whereof you are; and tell your master, that it is only necessity which compels us to meet in the face of heaven, men with less honesty than we ourselves possess."

"Such language from Sir John Oldcastle," replied Mortimer, "is neither novel, nor is it likely to excite any other feeling than pity for the infatuation it displays. But Percy," continued he, "I have known in times, when, as you are pleased to say, we met on an equality. If equality in circumstances has been destroyed by providence, I am only the passive instrument of its power; and had my fortunes been reversed, and my friends promoted, even though it was at my expense, the Christian exercise of self-denial would have taught me, and the proper spirit of Christianity would have enabled me, to bear my lot patiently."

"Thou liest!" exclaimed Percy, with impassioned warmth.

"But you," continued Mortimer, without deigning to notice the impetuosity of his rival, "you array yourselves against divine decrees—you assume a station and power without apology or excuse."

"Darest thou," exclaimed Edwin Percy, as he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, his rage choking further utterance. The company arose to prevent impending bloodshed, and the scene presented nothing but confusion and terror. The guard without, unable to comprehend the noise, were proceeding with loud vociferation to alarm the body of insurgents, but were happily quieted by the assurances of Redsdale, Froissard, and others.

"Attribute not this interruption to my unwillingness, Percy," said Mortimer, with a sneer: "your friends, not *mine*, have prevented our settling *another* difference."

"Give him safe conduct," said Lord Cobham, who with difficulty appeased the animosity which kindled in the breast of Percy.

"Are you mad," continued he, turning to his young ally, "that you risk the weal of thousands, for the sake of gratifying a private revenge?"

But Lord Cobham knew not the stake on which both had unwillingly set their hopes: it never once occurred to him that the blandishments of Emily Martindale were competent to poison the arrow of discord, and fan the spark already kindled into an invincible flame.

The streaks of morning light had just appeared, when Edwin, restless amid the inquietude of his thoughts, wandered from beneath the rude shelter of a wide-stretching canvas, to court relief from the pangs which throbbed within. He had wandered beyond the skirts of the armed multitude, and apparently unconscious of the passing stranger, who had been attracted from his repose by curiosity, or motives of deeper interest, when suddenly turning, he became convinced that his footsteps were eagerly followed by Mortimer himself. Edwin required not a moment's consideration, but instantly drawing his weapon, stood prepared to resist the vast arguments of the two-fold invader of his fortunes and happiness.

"Thou art right," said he, as the earl approached, arguments and friends avail not to convince or administer to a mind diseased. But remember, Frederick!" continued he, "as the other drew his sword, and the recollection of their early friendship crossed his mind,—remember, *my* mind, amidst every wave of passion, preserves an unswerving integrity, and her conscience never yet reproached her with treason to friendship or honour. If the monitor within your breast be faithful to its delegated trust, how comes it to pass, with unblushing effrontery, you dare attempt to justify your principles by the steel you command?"

The twilight mantled the face of Mortimer, nor could Edwin perceive the hand which grasped his sword, tremble with dismay.

"We are observed," replied he; and as they slowly walked forwards, he was the first to interrupt the silence which seemed portentous of a terrible doom.

"We are now," he continued, "but a few paces from the dwelling in which reposes the lovely Emily,"—

"Does Emily?"—

"Thou knowest it well, Percy; therefore attempt not to evade the justice of my reproach. Who was it gained her affections, but he who has the greatest right to defend his pretensions?"

"'Tis false!" replied Edwin, "I prized the friendship of Emily before thy intrusion taught us so severe a lesson as that which---"

"Thou must learn eventually," replied Mortimer.

The sneer of reproach, and the tone of triumph with which he spoke, threw the incautious Percy entirely from his self-possession. The recollection of all his former privations, and the uncertain issue of his expedition, bore down every principle and energy of self-government, and brandishing the well-tried blade, he exclaimed---

"Defend thyself, execrated wretch, and be thy mouth for ever dumb to falsehood and deceit!"

The accompanying action, with less precipitation, might have been fatal to the Earl of Marche; but the advantage which Percy's fury gave him, in this instance, he returned by a desperate resistance; and, at last, dashing his adversary to his feet, he proudly stood over the vanquished foe.

"Strike home, miscreant!" exclaimed Percy, as he lay defenceless, writhing in agony, and gasping for breath---"strike---in pity---"

His weakness prevented farther utterance, and the stranger who had been observed before, now made his appearance in the person of Sir Hugh Martindale. The dawn of day had imperceptibly advanced the light, and Sir Hugh had no difficulty in discovering in the conquered duellist, his young and interesting friend, on whom not only his hopes, but the hopes of thousands, were built. Gazing in motionless horror on his blood-stained vestments, he occupied himself in offering immediate assistance.

"It avails not," said Edwin, whose eyes were closed, and who failed to discover the kind hand out-stretched to soothe his sufferings---"it avails not---Emily---"

The mention of his daughter's name fixed the senses of her father, and at once revealed the source of this calamity. For the first time he became aware of his error, in permitting the antagonist of his friend to depart. Some straggling peasants, however, arrived to his assistance, and, with their help, he conveyed Percy to a dwelling, which, as Emily obstinately refused to be left at Stanchawes, he was obliged to provide.

Emily, whose resolution had been frequently and severely tried, felt at this moment she wanted the aid she could not command. To account for this transaction, which, independent of the commiseration she felt for a friend, she knew would materially defeat the objects of her father's party, she confessed to herself her utter incompetency: and the agony of Percy, as she dressed his wounds, and applied her little skill in the healing art to his recovery, prevented her gaining any intelligence from him. Neither from her father could she obtain any satisfactory elucidation of this mysterious affair; she, therefore, forbore enquiry: still, however, watching every convulsive movement of the companion of her youthful days. At length the sufferer opened his eyes, and, as if the vision were too light for his disordered fancy, he withdrew them from his faithful attendant, and with a convulsive shudder, relapsed again into darkness and insensibility. Emily flew to recal her father, doubting nothing but that Edwin Percy had sighed his last farewell to mortal existence. Sir Hugh, however, had hastened to his junto of friends, to whom he had communicated the whole of this (to him) inexplicable affair. No doubt remained on the minds of those, in whose company Edwin had passed the night, that the assassin was the Earl of Marche. Lord Cobham, in his great anxiety, would have repaired immediately to the descendant of a house which had long identified its fortunes with his own, but his colleagues and ministers would by no means sanction such a proceeding. News, like the present, would strike their whole body with lunacy: from the insurgents, therefore, the matter was to be carefully concealed. Walsingham was the only one deputed to return with Sir Hugh Martindale.

"If he dies," says Cobham, his voice and action assuming an unusual solemnity, "a terrible blow shall this day revenge his blood."

Meanwhile Percy gradually recovered his strength and reason, and his mental sufferings exacting the tribute of a deep-drawn sigh, Emily, who stood weeping, redoubled her assiduities to compose his worn-out frame.

"You are not dangerously hurt, noble Percy," said Emily, in accents which Edwin deemed allied to love and pity; but as if afraid to indulge the blissful idea, he exclaimed in mournful speech, "Leave me not, Emily---Emily Martindale---though I sleep---"

"You are fatigued, noble Percy," said Emily, "you have scarcely known the nature of repose since you left Stanchawes. Drink of this draught, and assure yourself of perfect recovery. Drink---it will lull you to sleep."

Edwin grasped it from her extended hand.

"If you knew," said he, "the arm which felled me to the earth---"

"I should execrate his name," replied Emily.

"And yet," said he, returning the chalice, having drained its contents, "you have often repeated it---with rapture."

Emily shuddered, yet dared to ask. So potent was the medicine, that the patient sunk immediately into a deep and powerful slumber. Satisfied with regard to his situation, Emily withdrew to ponder on the assurance which had been given her.

"Who could he mean?" she said, debating with herself the probability of surmise. "Whose name have I repeated with rapture?"

She feared to pursue the line of her enquiry. Conscience, never-failing conscience, thundered to her heart, it was Frederick Mortimer. She would have given worlds if any circumstances could have removed the conviction, but enquiry seemed vain and unsatisfactory. She learned, indeed, from a miserable-looking wretch, who had stood aloof, but had witnessed the strife, that the combat was equal, and the combatants appeared determined on the most desperate issue. It required the utmost exertion, on her part, after this explanatory statement, to refrain from yielding to the weakness which threatened to overpower her. She was entirely ignorant of the fate of Mortimer, whom, her heart now told her, was dear to herself as her own existence. She recollected the interview with Percy, after his first expedition from her father's house, and the tone of his conversation. From long acquaintance she knew too well the pride and spirit which governed his actions, and she thought if Mortimer had escaped with his life, he might still stand in need of her services. These reflections too were added to others equally painful, for she knew her father's vindictive temper, and the determined obstinacy of his disposition: she knew, if Mortimer were the murderer of Percy, whose fortunes thousands were sworn to retrieve, he would doubtless be marked out as the object of signal vengeance. Emily was in the possession of no facts to account for their meeting in the place where Percy fell: her curiosity led her to the spot from which, however, she was obliged to retreat, as her father made his appearance with Walsingham, and made for the dwelling where the unfortunate youth lay. Emily remained rivetted to the spot, her tresses blown by the morning zephyr, pale as the marble which now records her fate. Her fear and dread deprived her of recollection, and she fell insensible on the dewy grass.

On their entrance into the afflicted chamber, Sir Hugh and Walsingham beheld Edwin extended on a couch, pale and ghastly. There was nothing to warrant a supposition that life was preserved: animation appeared suspended; and the two associates were too powerfully impressed with the conviction, too much affected, to utter complaint, or challenge the justness of their feelings. It was some time before Sir Hugh thought of his daughter's absence, and then accounted for it by supposing her feelings revolted against remaining in the habitation of the dead.

The body of Edwin Percy reposed in a spacious apartment, which had formerly been appropriated to the purposes of a store-room, in some department of the state, but which the munificence of Sir Hugh Martindale had liberally embellished. Sir Hugh, with his friend, retired to an adjoining room, where the melancholy which they preserved was now and then interrupted by exclamations of pity and sorrow. Walsingham, it must be confessed, moved by the agony of his friend, intruded not the troublesome officiousness of vociferous comfort. Though his acquaintance with Edwin Percy was comparatively transient, still he entertained for the family, of which he was the only remnant, sentiments of the sincerest regard and veneration. Sir Hugh recollected the emergency of the moment, and the cause they were to achieve that day, and he prepared to take a last lingering look at him, whose sire deputed him to his care. Suddenly the air resounded with noise and acclamation---a thousand thoughts floated in the brain of Sir Hugh Martindale, as he rushed out to ascertain the cause. On the threshold he was met by Sir John Corfe and Haviland, between whom the Earl of Marche appeared pale and dejected. He was observed to cast many an anxious look on the multitude who brought up the rear of this unexpected march. He was led into the room adjoining that where Edwin Percy slept; and, in a moment after, the apparently lifeless form of Emily Martindale was borne in by the stout and invincible Redsdale. All the feelings of which a bereaved parent's mind is susceptible, distracted Sir Hugh Martindale, as he beheld this unexpected vision.

"Emily!--my daughter Emily!--"

"Where is my father? where is Mortimer? what have they done to the Earl of Marche?" cried Emily, as her bewildered senses ruminated on the objects dearest to her heart.

The Earl of Marche was prevented, by the presence of her father, from flying to her relief. He was, indeed, weak through fatigue and loss of blood, and, in his present situation, ignorant of the fate of Percy---his life was by no means secure from danger.

Meanwhile, the situation of the King of England became less critical and embarrassed. The absence of his favorite, the Earl of Marche, created in his mind many uneasy suspicions; but it had the salutary effect of stimulating his energies, which, in general, were not the most brilliant or commanding. Those within the city gates, who were disposed for restlessness and mutiny, grew tired of their own infatuation; and numerous parties from the insurgent army had, during the night, forsaken the main body, and were kindly received by the royalists. It was determined by his majesty in council, that the attack upon the rebels should commence with the dawn of day; and the very unexpected precipitation of their movements was the cause of defeating the deep laid machinations of Lord Cobham. This nobleman had fortunately entrapped the Earl of Marche on his return, and he had no sooner despatched him, in company with Sir John Corfe and others, than the army of England, with the king at their head, burst on the astonished multitude with all the fury of revenge. The rebels themselves were unable to repair the palpable defect in their system, which had not sufficiently provided against unexpected exigencies. The rout was immediate and entire. Cobham effected his escape to the little retreat of Sir Hugh Martindale; but Corpue, Lampetre, and Froysard, were sacrificed on the spot. Their retainers were, in general, pardoned; but the most obstinate paid the same forfeit as their masters.

Henry's anxiety was now entirely directed to the fate of Mortimer. Sir Hugh and his guests had not yet learnt the news of defeat, when Cobham made his appearance. This nobleman rushed into the chamber where Edwin lay, the same inanimate form that presented itself to his early friend.

"He is dead," said Cobham, in despair, "where is the Earl of Marche?---bring hither that traitor to honor and piety! Worcester! Northumberland!" cried he in accents of heart-rending woe, corresponding to the situation of his circumstances.

Sir John Corfe led in the unfortunate nobleman, who received from the short poignard of Cobham an instant introduction to the world of spirits. The strong arm of this celebrated man effected the work of death at one tremendous blow, and the lifeless form of Frederick Mortimer fell on the blood-stained floor, the instrument of destruction still remaining deeply fixed in his wounded side. The piercing shriek of Emily Martindale, as she beheld his fall, aroused the unconscious Percy, whose deep repose, from the powerful influence of the draught, had been hitherto undisturbed. Starting from what had been considered the bed of death, his friends retired in dismay from the appalling spectacle. Emily, whose agitated frame had proved unequal to sustain the trying events of the morning, had but just recovered a degree of reason, when the introduction of the Earl of Marche to the room, where stood so many of the most powerful of his enemies, renewed the worst apprehensions. She endeavoured to conceal her presence behind some tapestry, which was plentifully arrayed around the apartment, when the unparalleled cruelty of Cobham, her father's friend, and the man she had been taught to honour, but the murderer of one who was to her life and happiness, deprived her at the same time of the few remains of shattered intellect. She threw herself on the dead body of her lover; drew from his slaughtered side the hated weapon, yet welcomed it to the recesses of her own heart. Percy, from weakness, was unable to rescue the idol of his affection from the ruin he beheld; and Sir Hugh Martindale, who had never comprehended his daughter's attachment, was struck with remorse and horror.

The awful tragedy was completed by the arrival of the king's party, with Arundel at their head. The room was filled with armed men---the strife was dreadful. The sacrifice of Sir Hugh's life prevented his lamentations for his child; and all the rest, who had enrolled their names in opposition to the government, except Cobham and Percy, were slain on the spot. Edwin Percy, when he awoke from a dreadful slumber, found himself the only survivor, in the midst of mutilated bodies. He wandered many years in poverty and obscurity, though his enemies could never discover his retreat. Cobham, a few years after these events, was arrested, hanged, and afterwards burnt. But although, by these decisive measures, an effectual stop was put to the power of the Lollards, in their interference with government, their principles became popular, and their numbers exceedingly multiplied. Thus ends the legend.

I will only add, that the ancient and noble building of Stanchawes was soon afterwards destroyed by fire, and has been since rebuilt, after a very indifferent model. The present proprietor of that domain is the gentleman to whom Xenophon and Tacitus are so much indebted for the best translations of their works into the English language.

A small tablet, the characters on which have been recently renewed, records in simple but affecting lines the unhappy fate of Emily Martindale. It will be shewn by the peasant who resides near the spot, and many a tear has moistened its humble inscription.

Aug. 18, 1826.

J. P.

LOVE IN TRUTH.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

1.

Love is not the playful gleams
Of beauty on the soul ;
Nor the wild and fevered streams
That Passion's eddies roll.

2.

Love is not the idle gaze
Of Fancy's imaged power ;
Nor the light and glowing praise
Of every dreamy hour.

3.

Love is not the honied tongue,
That tunes its unfelt lay ;
Nor the mellow flatt'ries sung
To soften---and betray.

4.

Love is not a fond disguise,
Veil'd round the buoyant heart ;
Nor the stealing flame of sighs,
That wantonly depart.

5.

Love is not th' impassion'd glow
That maddens o'er the cheek ;
Nor the tumid, vacant flow
Of words that *only* speak.

6.

Love is not the burning rush
Of languishing desire ;
Nor the fleet and changeful blush,
The herald of its fire.

7.

Love is not the ling'ring glance,
Shot from the roving eye ;
Nor the breathing lips that chance
To open in a sigh :---

8.

Love is that which charms and lives
To chastened fervor wrought ;
To the trusting bosom gives
Intensity of thought.

9.

'Tis th' elysium of the mind,
All beautiful and calm ;
Hope is centered and resigned,
As sorrow to a balm !

*Devonshire Street, Queen Square,
London.*

DEGRADED STATE OF THE DRAMA.

an habent spectacula---
Quod securus ames, quod que inde exerpere possis?

It is very possible to draw the general character of a people from the quality of their amusements. Now, although there are numbers of our countrymen, whose rigid code of morals forbids their participating in theatrical amusements, still the majority of the nation are frequenters of the drama—if this word may be *now* used. Were we to pursue this plan, and infer the character of the English from the present tone of their dramatical amusements, it would not be the most flattering one. We should say, that a nation that profusely patronises the crude, inane, and glittering *things* so rapidly produced, must be one void of purity of taste, and more partial to the buffoonery of gaudy tricks, than to energetical and glorious productions, swelling with the attributes of genius. We do not blame the authors of all the monotonous and sickening trash continually served up under the title of a “new comedy:”—poor devils! why should they not scribble, when scribbling is their support! They live on their jokes, and why should they not manufacture them when there is an ample reward awaiting their acceptance? This we will maintain, that, if innovations were discouraged at their onset, they would soon cease to “strut their hour;” if the play-going public had warmly censured the first species of showy nonsense, they would not have been troubled with similar attempts. But this was not the case; the British audiences, who peak themselves on their exquisite taste in *all things*, have dwindled their admiration for the sublime efforts of the mind, into an indiscriminating applause for unmeaning spectacles; whose credit exists in the pouting of an ugly mouth, the squint of a funny eye, or the palsied drollery of a performer’s head.

It is, we conceive, not in the least requisite for us to adduce examples of what we here complain of: those who are inclined to doubt the application of our censure, have only to refer to the theatrical records of the last year, to be convinced of stage degeneracy. Out of the dozens of novelties they have been to stare at, let them point out to us six regular, sensible, and correct plays, and we shall stare at *them*! Grant that two or three have been bolstered up with something besides a fine scene, a water-fall, and a fortress, what are they in comparison with their debased brethren? and were we disposed to be acrimoniously just, we should discover that even these specimens are replete with incoherences; and depend *too much* on the actor of the chief part. To talk about the legitimate, the classical drama, some will say, is nothing else but fastidious bickering:—indeed! fastidious bickering!—well, then, we will leave drama out of the question, and make our complaints against the *nummeries* dignified with that appellation.

Not in unison with the cold squeamishness of the continental

critics, do we press the necessity of preserving the unities, or damning those pieces where they are neglected—this is “*reductio ad absurdum*.” Shakespeare himself, frequently trampled on these bridles of genius and coercive tyrants. But surely it is reasonable to look for some attention to language and ideas—to thought and sentiment—to talent and its enthralling beauties! Do we see these ingredients in the recurring novelties so ridiculously patronised? Our opinion is, that the author seldom or never considers them deserving his attention. He is assured, from successful precedents, that it is possible to gull the audience by superficial, monotonous plausibilities; and, therefore, his principal aim is to adopt scenes and characters that may be eligible for a brilliant display of stage-trick.

We have not the most distant acquaintance with the author of Paul Pry, but cannot refrain from congratulating him on the splendid success of his comedy—it is the most delightful morsel of specious foolery we ever gazed upon: let no one in future presume to say, the author of Paul Pry is ignorant of the *public taste*. Let us also (now we are in the complimentary strain) congratulate Mr. Liston, the hero of this renowned farce, for his surprising and laudable exertions; his performance has added a dignity to trumpery, which the wisdom of this generation alone will be acute enough to discover. The success of Paul Pry will enable the investigators at once to perceive the state of the drama. If this be holding the mirror up to nature, we can only say, the *reflection* is a sorry spectacle. We heard it remarked, that the managers have been compelled to present trash to the public eye, or engage performers to play to empty benches! This we cannot believe; their whole business, of late years, has been altogether experimental; they have had no standard to guide their movements by; they have catered solely for the repletion of their pockets, and not for the legitimacy of the drama. Having produced a novelty well gilded with easy fooleries, and tasteless energies intended for attractions—they were astonished at their own impudence, and therefore followed the game up with spirit: whether this was the duty of their station, is little questionable. Able managers ought to be, as it were, the presidents over all the contingencies of the drama; they assume the office of caterers for the public amusement; and they degrade their high station when they condescend to support the ranting fancies of the vulgar, in preference to providing what is calculated to impart to them a correct taste, and purify theirs who already possess one. We are sensible that the public is a fickle animal, restive and difficult to preside over; but we maintain that judgment ought never to be sacrificed to whim, nor truth and sense to the policies of avarice.

Since it is of little use to complain without attempting to correct, we will *make an attempt* to designate a few plans, by which the impurities of the Stage might be removed, regretting, by the way, that no abler pen has been couched in this laudable service. At once then we affirm, that there needs a thorough and unrestricted reformation in every department connected with the Stage. Let the managers not neglect the fair meed of their arduous services; but, at the same time, they should not allow this darling consideration to overwhelm every other. When new plays are offered for their approval, let them inspect

the *merits of the play*, as well as the chances of profit; nor when they are unmarked by talent, beauty, and thought, let them be brought forward on the score of their eligibility for exciting a grin, introducing a showy scene, or advancing the *mouth-fame* of any monger of drolleries.

In this case, though *large* lettered puffs, in *large* play-bills, may chance to bring a crowded house, they are reprehended by the discriminating, as feeding folly, instead of "shooting it as it flies;" as purloining what little remains of the judgment of the populace, and converting it into a machine for aiding their own views, and theirs *alone*. By preserving the purities of the Stage, and restoring talent to its merited sphere; by patronising solid genius, instead of flimsy and baseless representatives; they will in time reform the abuses that have crept into the drama, and rendered what was originally intended an intellectual treat, a sullied bauble, for fools to gaze at;—in one word, *the drama will be itself in its native dignity, when it appeals to the heart as well as to the eye*,—when it conjures up the sympathies of the soul, as well as the risible nerves of the cheek. It is true, that our most renowned of Thespian fame no longer grace the boards, consecrated by their footsteps; but this mournful gap ought not to be made the prelude of delinquencies. We lay stress on the duty of a manager, because we are assured that he is, in a great measure, the "*arbiter morum*" in theatrical affairs. By his judgment and taste the *populace* are materially influenced. By not succumbing, therefore, to the entire instigations of self-interest, and curbing with a determined sway the least impertinent innovation, he will honor his station, and give it a lustre beyond the dignity of grovelling avarice to impart. Gladly shall we hail the day when stage reformation shall be completed; when the drama shall resume its wonted pertinences; and genius and talent recover the station which miserable quackery has so long and so unaccountably usurped.

Before we conclude, a few words on theatricals. Why do we hear the anathemas of the silliest pretender to morality and gentility thundered so profusely against the profession of a performer? the question is easily answered: *Many* of the actors are not contented with *stage* performances; they play too many of their *worst* characters, in the world, for them to attach respect to a profession which certainly claims it. We have, at present, by far too many *guilty Desdemonas* and *dissolute Lotharios* to stop the mouths of folly and presumption. Would that the performers would remember how much the dignity of a profession depends on the *character* of its professors!

M—y.

Reviews.

Lessons on Criticism, in answer to William Roscoe, Esq. F.R.S. &c.; and further Lessons in answer to a Quarterly Reviewer. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.—Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London, 1826. pp. 14 and 175, price 7s.

Although (in a preceding number) we have indulged in some general remarks on a subject which could not well prevent their recurrence, while this article was under our review, we must prevent any misconception, on the reader's part, of the object Mr. Bowles had in view in this publication, by informing him, that the intention of the author was *not* to furnish the world with an *abstract treatise*; for the arguments are strictly confined to rebutting the charges of Mr. Roscoe: and we may be allowed to add, that nothing else could excuse the tone of contempt and scorn adopted by our author, unless considered in direct retaliation of the insinuations and spirit of his opponent. The book is called "*Lessons*" *ironically*, as will appear from the following extract. In allusion to Mr. Roscoe's designation of him as the writer of "*sentimental sonnets*," he remarks,

"Now, sir, if I am not mistaken, before he lays down his pen, the 'writer of *sentimental sonnets*' will give the 'writer of the *Life of Lorenzo*,---the member of the Della Crusca Society of Florence!" aye, 'and the associate of the *FIRST CLASS* of the Royal Society of Literature,'---a *lesson* which he will remember during the remainder of his life," &c.

It does not appear to us necessary to enter into the nature of the controversy, which has evidently excited no little acrimony in its rage and warfare. Our readers are aware that the principles and talents, the partialities, the very besetting sins of Alexander Pope, Esq., through the adulatory stupidities of his admiring blunderers, have been eagerly detected, bandied, arraigned, and scrutinized in this latent age, although his spirit has long since fled to other realms, and he is now responsible to a higher tribunal, from which there is no appeal. The popularity of his writings, and the originality and strength of his genius, are sufficient to invite the inspection of the curious into what otherwise might have been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. Mr. Bowles, appreciating the good taste of the public, exclaims: "the public may well be tired of any thing more on the subject of Pope, or his poetry!" With

this conviction ourselves, we might have felt inclined to quarrel with him on the score of inconsistency; but we knew Mr. Roscoe's "*Letter*" was imperative on the feelings of human nature, and we excused Mr. Bowles's intrusion, notwithstanding we had been presented with his "*Final Appeal*."

The appearance of this work, under such circumstances, required no apology, though we are pleased with the delicacy of the introductory observations. Mr. Roscoe had charged Mr. Bowles with having promised Pope's narrative of the *method* by which his letters had been published, and his having substituted other documents in its place. This charge, Mr. Roscoe affirmed, had never been denied.

"Sir," replies Mr. Bowles, "I deny it indignantly! I have denied it proudly and indignantly!!" and referring to his "*Final Appeal*," p. 165, cites the following extract: "As to substitution, I indignantly disclaim a thought of the kind!" It is here Mr. Bowles assumes a more decided attitude, and advances with warmth, though disdaining to adopt such coarse weapons as those employed by his principal aggressor. He continues,

"I allude, indeed, to this charge *with reluctance*, not on account of any consciousness of doing what I am charged with, but on account of the only answer I am compelled to give. The above quotation (which embodied the charge) contains two direct falsehoods: the first, that I promised one document, and '*substituted* another!' And the other, 'that I have not ventured to deny this accusation!'" page 23. Mr. Bowles's answer is complete and satisfactory; but most severely does it reflect on the candour and uprightness of his opponent. He adds;

"I am deeply concerned to have been compelled to use such language to a gentleman whom I sincerely wished to respect. I should not have done so, if this had not been the *third* time the base charge had been advanced; *once* by Mr. Roscoe's *oracle*, and *twice* by *himself*. I have, therefore, no alternative but of answering the charge as I have done." *Note*, p. 25.

In vindication of his own sentiments, and in reply to Mr. Roscoe's, on the invariable principles of poetry, Mr. Bowles's remarks on Lord Byron's expression, that the "invariable principles of poetry was the most *modest* title that book was ever baptized

with," and rejoins—"it would have been more modest in his lordship to have used such expressions after he had shewn their weakness."

On this particular subject, however, it cannot be necessary that two excellent poets should agree; although our author should be persuaded in his own mind, that *he* is advocating principles, recognized from Longinus to Johnson, in poetical criticism. Mr. Bowles has certainly obtained a triumph; but the "artifice of opposition," against which he had to contend, will add more pertinacity than popularity to his genius. We do not hesitate to say, that the principles advocated by this author are such as we have ever held invincible to the attacks of bigotry or caprice: and we are quite satisfied with the manner in which Mr. Bowles has treated the futile reasonings of his opponent. If any thing in the shape of argument could have been summoned to the aid of a system replete with difficulties and absurdity, Mr. Bowles had a right to refer to the independent genius of the ancients.

Neque si quis scribat, uti nos
Sermone propiora, putes HUNC ESSE poetam.
Ipse cum sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
MAIOR SONATURUM.— Hor.

But we are much better pleased with a paraphrase of

"Ne quisquam NOCEAT CUPIDO MIHI PACIS!
AT ILLE
Qui me commoritur, (melius non tangere! clamo)
Flebit, et insignis TOTA cantabitur URBS,"
according to our author,—

"Assail not, as you love your souls,
The 'pertinacious' Parson Bowles;
For though the cockney critics flout him,
When he is rous'd, he lays about him;
Knocks Roscoe down, and in a trice
Scatters his wooden men and mice:
'Hitches' the doctor in a ditty,
And sings his *fame* through all the city."

Our limits prevent any analytical notice of the share of castigation intended for the Quarterly Reviewer. It is impossible for the unprejudiced to deny to Mr. Bowles the meed of warm approval for the spirited and staunch accomplishment of a task, by no means grateful or prepossessing. We give him credit for integrity of principle, and a critical judgment far beyond the attacks of unmeaning cavillers: and we cheerfully bear our testimony to the purity of his sentiments, and the manful dignity of his display. He has embodied, in a few simple and pointed words, a system of moral rectitude, by which he was anxious to regulate his writings; and after all the drossy calumnies that has been broached against him, including the heap of insinuations that we disdain to notice, we believe no one with impunity can charge him with a single deviation from a

rule of moral rectitude; which has established for himself a character of invincible uprightness, and secured the applause and esteem of all who have the happiness to know him. For ourselves, we cannot lay claim to any motives of private friendship; we are quite certain Mr. Bowles has never yet shaken the hand that wields the pen now devoted to the justice of the cause he advocates: but the writer is happy of the assurance, that hundreds as yet unknown to the talent of this country, but whose judgment is entitled to reverence, concur in acknowledging the debt due to his merits. The lines we alluded to are to be found p. 133.

"When I wrote the Life of Pope, I considered his character entrusted to me; and though truth obliged me not to conceal his manifest faults, visible through all his published writings, yet I thought it equally my duty, instead of exaggerating them, to seek on every side for grounds of extenuation!"

We will now take the liberty to conclude summarily with some pertinent remarks on the *prominences* of this critical warfare.—It appears to us that Bowles has, *in toto*, acquitted himself as a scholar and a gentleman. He has refused, with decent warmth, and a justifiable acrimony, the merciless insinuations, corrosive subtleties, and baseless arguments of opponents, whose *dirty* rage was even less reasonable than their flippant ignorance. Let the unprejudiced peruse the pages of Bowles's edition of Pope, and then—we pity their dullness and candor—who are unable to perceive that he discharged the functions of an editor with true impartiality, but liberal investigations. The idolizers of Pope have to thank their intemperate zeal for an exposure of errors, which otherwise might have been hid under the friendly covert of unsuspected disingenuousness. They persisted that Pope's morality bore a similarity to the sublimest of his poetry. Bowles did not pollute his writings with such shameless homage; and for this, Roscoe, with the bitterest animosity, presumes to call him "fiend." Now we assert, that none are more ready than ourselves to laud to the utmost, the talents of the elegant author of *Lorenzo*; but we apprehend that the possession of talents forms no excuse for the dastardism of scurrility, and the venom of personal abuse. We have heard many of the lumbering critics demand, "what had Bowles to do with Pope's moral character?" We like the sapience of this interrogation! Pope's *moral* character, too! they mean, we suppose, his immoral character. Our reply is, that so far from proving a cruel inquisitor into the *moral* character of Pope, Mr. Bowles was as concise as possible whenever the *character* of Pope began to totter; with an

amiable generosity, he preferred to be *brief*, where he might have been justified by a much ampler exposition. Of course, in his "Lessons," he has been compelled to validate where the pertest censures were levelled at his meaning; and to vindicate by vigorous examinations, what his defamers were blustered so much to confront by an appeal to his conscience. As to the budget of insensate hardness, and laboured monstrosities, of the Quarterly Reviewer, Mr. Bowles made him the wisest reply, when he said, "*mentiris impudissime.*" Let us add, that in the midst of the most acrimonious of his recriminations and repelling arguments, Mr. Bowles has not shewn the malevolent rage of the "fiend." But we assent to his opinion, that Mr. Roscoe, and his judicious crew, will in future learn to be cautious when they "play at Bowles."

A Treatise on Diet; with a view to establish, on practical grounds, a System of Rules for the Prevention and Cure of the Diseases incident to a disordered state of the Digestive Functions. By J. A. Paris, M.D. F.R.S. London, Underwood, 1826. 8vo. 307 pp.

We may be as invidious as we please in our comparisons between doctors and cooks; they are not only a highly respectable and talented part of society, but radically vitally useful ones.—What, if the medical and surgical art occasionally immolates a few unhealthy subjects, by the application of hazardous experiments, is it for this to be despised?—Are we to accustom the infant tongue to lisp its idle flippances against a body of men, because our grandams once upset quackery, or cured their own coughs? We avow ourselves no patrons of the flimsy proverbs worn out by the ancients, and whose renewal, in these days, only tends to annihilate the distinctions of art and science: but more of this elsewhere; come we direct to the work before us.

Volumes have been written on dietetics, but seldom volumes of sense and discrimination. Thus it has fared with the numerous works on digestion, &c.; nearly half of them are compilations of errors confuted, and errors committed; the other half has all the unintelligible theories of the former, added to learned jargon and sour disputations. Mr. Paris's volume is a luminous treatise, handled in a masterly manner, conspicuous alike for diction, removed from technical pedantry, and a sensible, interesting, development of error to be avoided, and applications to be administered; since the

majority of maladies originate in an improper and unwholesome diet, and in the selection of food (in which it is erroneous to suppose nature is the certain guide) depends the healthiness of the human frame, any observations, drawn from experience, must be valuable. Mr. Paris is already known by his work on pharmacology; hence, (to quote his own words) "he has been led from the study of the operation of medicines, to that of the digestion of aliment." Let no one who prefers the rosy hours of health, to the taming sickness of a disordered system, neglect the matter of his aliments: let him venerate the sanctities of the stomach—a very important machine, that will not passively endure the mingling poison of repletion, and indigestible luxuries. Mr. Hunter is quite pertinacious about the stomach, even as a word." "Some physiologists will have it, that the stomach is a mill; others, that it is a fomenting vat; others, again, that it is a stew-pan;—but in my view of the matter, it is neither a mill, a fermenting vat, nor a stew-pan;—but a stomach, gentlemen, a stomach."

Our plan is, when we have a good book set before us, to say little ourselves; but to allow it room for its own eloquence. When we are doomed to slumber through a bad one, we (to be very classical) *tergivers tale*, that is, we launch into proper censure with the hope of giving it its due! Mr. Paris's work we conceive to be one of pre-eminent utility; and therefore, consistently with our views, we have selected, with some attention, those extracts that combine sense, supported by energetical reasonings. It is necessary to remark, that the work is divided into three parts, containing separate headings, amply treating on distinct subjects.

Speaking of thirst, the author remarks, "the sensation of thirst appears to reside in the throat and fauces, as that of hunger does in the stomach; the desire for drink after long speaking, is analogous to thirst, but must not be confounded with it. The influence of salted food in exciting this sensation, is not well understood."

Some difference of opinion has existed with regard to the utility or mischief of exercise immediately after eating; the truth will be found to lie between the two extremes. Mr. Paris advises that we subscribe to the opinion of Hieronymus Cardanus; "trees live longer than animals, because they never stir from their places."

By cookery, alimentary substances undergo a two-fold change; their principles are *chemically* modified, and their textures mechanically changed.—Boiling: by this operation, the principles not properly soluble are rendered softer, more pulpy, and con-

sequently, easier of digestion; but the meat, at the same time, is deprived of some of its nutritive properties, by the removal of a portion of its soluble constituents.—Roasting: care should always be taken that the meat should not be over-done, nor ought it to be under-dressed, for although, in such a state, it may contain more nutriment, yet it will be less digestible on account of the density of its texture. Frying: this process is, perhaps, the most objectionable of all the culinary operations. The heat is applied through the medium of boiling oil, or fat, which is rendered empyreumatic, and, therefore, extremely liable to disagree with the stomach."

Under the head, Drinks, there is some interesting research.—"*Rain water*, when collected in the open fields, is certainly the purest natural water, being produced, as it were, by a natural distillation. When, however, it is collected near large towns, it derives some impregnation from the smoky and contaminated atmosphere through which it falls.—*River water*: this being derived from the conflux of numerous springs, with rain water, generally possesses considerable purity. There exists a popular belief that the water of the Thames is peculiarly adapted for the brewery of porter; it is only necessary to observe, that such water is NEVER used in the London Breweries.—*Tea*: in order to understand the value of the different arguments which have been adduced in support, or to the disparagement, of this beverage, it will be necessary to inquire into its composition. Two kinds of tea are imported into this country, distinguished by the epithets *black* and *green*; both contain astringent and narcotic principles, but in very different proportions; the latter producing by far the most powerful influence upon the nervous system. The salubrity of the infusion to the general mass of the community, is established on sufficient testimony to outweigh any argument founded on individual cases."

Do us the favor to be thanked, Mr. Paris, for this tribute to the virtues of tea. We write this Review after a potation of half-a-dozen cups, whose sides the strength of the infusion did "in dim suffusion veil." Delightful, balmy, steamy tea! cheerer of the spirits, and dispeller of creeping blue devils! we would not lose thy restorative preciousness for all the anathemas the wisest of the wise could thunder at thee,—but to return.

"Coffee: the custom of taking coffee immediately after dinner, as so universally practised by the French, no doubt must counteract the evil effects which the peculiar form of their diet is calculated to produce. Coffee, like tea, has certainly an antisephoric

effect on many individuals; it imparts an activity to the mind which is incompatible with sleep; but this will rarely occur if the beverage be taken for several hours before our accustomed period of repose."

The author is of opinion that fermented liquors, temperately used at reasonable hours, will never be injurious to adults. According to him, it is "mere rant and nonsense" to abuse spirit in every form, and the prolific source of diseases. "Mere rant and nonsense," "*hem Dave, valde astute!*" There is nothing going scarcely but "mere rant and nonsense." Your really sensible volume, Mr. Paris, will have a poor chance of sale, because it is not "mere rant and nonsense."

"Wine is more strictly and especially applied to express the fermented juice of the grape; although in common language it is used to denote that of *any* sub-acid fruit. The characteristic ingredient of all wines is alcohol; and the quantity of this, and the state of combination in which it exists, are the circumstances that include all interesting points of inquiry, and explain the relative effects which different wines produce upon the system. In a dietetic point of view, wines may be arranged into four classes: viz. 1, sweet wines; 2, sparkling or effervescing; 3, dry and light; 4, dry and strong. 1. Sweet wines contain the greatest proportion of extractive and saccharine matter, and generally the least ardent spirit, though this is often rather disguised than absent. 2. Sparkling wines. These are indebted for their characteristic properties to the presence of carbonic acid; they rapidly intoxicate, in consequence of the alcohol which is suspended in, or more probably in chemical combination with, the gas, being thus applied in a sudden and very divided state to a large extent of nervous surface. 3. Light wines. These are exemplified by the more esteemed German wines, as Hock, Rhenish, Mayne, Moselle, Necker, and Elzas, and those highly flavored wines, Burgundy, Claret, Hermitage, &c. &c. 4. Strong wines. The *sec* wine, prepared at Xeres in Spain, is called, according to our orthography, sherry, or sherry. In the manufacture of this wine, lime is added to the grapes."

"Fruits. The ripe peach is the most delicious, as well as one of the most digestible, of the stone fruits; the apricot is equally wholesome; but the nectarine is liable to disagree with some stomachs. Cherries are far less digestible; their pulpy texture and skins are not easily disposed of by the stomach; and as the smallest species contain a considerable excess of acid, they may be objectionable in some cases, and desirable in others. The apple species is not so dilute and watery as the foregoing fruits, and is less apt to pass into

a noxious state of fermentation; but its texture is firmer, and on that account is retained in the stomach, and often proves indigestible."

The true History of the State Prisoner, commonly called The Iron Mask. Extracted from documents in the French Archives, by the Hon. George Agar Ellis.—London. Murray, 1826. pp. 352.

Time is a great tell-tale. Actions which appear wrapped in mystery to those before whom they are performed, frequently lose all their importance when, after the lapse of a few years, the touchstone of unbiassed inquiry is applied to them. We see the wires by means of which the puppets that astonished our ancestors were made to play—we are admitted behind the scenes, and find that many a reputed Anne Page was nothing but "a great lubberly boy." A marvel of this description is cleared up by the pages before us. Every body has heard of the Man in the Iron Mask. Every young lady for fifty years past has had some favored pretender to the honors of four-and-twenty years confinement, and a celebrity which has lasted to the present time. The wildest and most fanciful conjectures have been entertained and supported. Rumour, not less conspicuous for distorting truth, than for inventing fables, has continually increased the mystery, and the abettors of some of the opinions which have at times been favored, have supported their arguments by all the strength of proof that could be furnished by a conjecture or an anagram. We must now, however, bid farewell to these "days of dear romance." M. Delort has broken the illusion, and succeeded in establishing, that "l'homme de Masque au Fer," was neither Fouquet, nor the Duke of Beaufort, nor the Count de Vermandois, nor the Duke of Monmouth, nor the elder or twin brother of Louis XIV., nor a son of Oliver Cromwell, nor an Armenian Patriarch, nor any other of the illustrious pretenders; but simply Count Hercules, Anthony Matthioli, a minister of the Duke of Mantua. This fact is incontrovertibly proved by means of letters preserved in the Archives of France, which contain an account of the whole transaction, and which M. Delort has been permitted to inspect and publish. Mr. Ellis's work contains a well written account of all the circumstances relating to Matthioli's imprisonment, and an appendix, in which the letters published by M. Delort are translated into English.

Matthioli appears, from the statement of Mr. Ellis, to have been "a ready Italian

adventurer," who in the first instance sold himself, and the interest of his master, the Duke of Mantua, to the King of France, and afterwards being dissatisfied with the price which his dishonor produced him, transferred his services to the Spaniards; and thus frustrated the object which Louis XIV. sought to achieve by his means, namely, the possession of Cassale, a paltry Italian town. The vindictive monarch determined to take the most signal vengeance for this act of treachery; and in order to execute his purpose, caused Matthioli to be inveighed into the French territory, under pretence of receiving a further sum of money, at a secret interview between him and the French plenipotentiary. He came to the appointed place on the 2nd of May, 1679, and was immediately put under arrest. The greatest secrecy was observed, "no one knowing the name of the rascal, not even the officers who assisted in arresting him;" and in order to perpetuate the mystery, the name of Lestang was given to him; "not a soul," remarks one of the letters, "knowing who he is." The reasons for observing so profound secrecy are thus explained by Mr. Ellis.

"These extraordinary precautions against discovery, and the one which appears to have been afterwards resorted to, of obliging him to wear a mask during his journeys, or when he saw any one, are not wonderful, when we reflect of the violent breach of the law of nations which has been committed by his imprisonment. Matthioli, at the time of his arrest, was actually the plenipotentiary of the Duke of Mantua, for concluding a treaty with the King of France; and for that very sovereign to kidnap him, and confine him in a dungeon, was certainly one of the most flagrant acts of violence that could be committed; one which, if known, would have had the most injurious effects upon the negotiations of Louis with other sovereigns; nay, would probably have indisposed other sovereigns from treating at all with him. It is here the Duke of Mantua was a prince, insignificant both in power and character; but if in this way right was allowed to overcome right, who could possibly tell whose turn would be the next? Besides, it was important for Louis that the Duke of Mantua should also be kept in good humour, the delivery of Casale not having been effected; nor is it to be supposed that he would have consented to give it up to the French monarch within two years of this period, had he had a suspicion of the way his diplomatic agent, and intended prime minister, had been treated. The same reasons for concealment existed till the death of Matthioli, since that event happened while Louis XIV. and the Duke of Mantua

were still alive, which accounts for his confinement continuing to be always solitary, and always secret."

"The arrest of Matthioli certainly appears to have been the effect of a vindictive feeling against him in the breast of Louis himself; for it is impossible to imagine that any minister would have ventured of his own free will upon a step by which so much was to be hazarded, and nothing in fact was to be gained. The act is only to be explained in this manner: that the monarch insisted upon his revenge, which the ministers were obliged to gratify; and at the same time, in order to prevent any ill consequences that might result from it, determined upon burying the whole transaction under the most impenetrable veil of mystery."

At first Matthioli was treated kindly; but St. Mars, his gaoler, was in a short time instructed, "*It is not the intention of the King that the Sieur de Lestang should be well treated; nor that, except the absolute necessities of life, you should give him anything that may make him pass his time agreeably.*"—Again, he was directed not to allow him to see a physician, "unless you know he is in absolute want of one."

When Matthioli had been confined about eleven months, St. Mars writes thus: "I am obliged, sir, to inform you, that the Sieur de Lestang is become like the monk I have the care of; that is to say, subject to fits of raving madness, from which the Sieur de Breuil also is not exempt."—Such are the results of solitary confinement!

Some time afterwards Matthioli desired to confess to a priest, when, at the suggestion of the humane St. Mars, he was, in the most cruel mockery, shut up with the jacobin monk, of whom mention is made in the letter just quoted, and whom long confinement had rendered insane. The account of this circumstance is the most striking passage in the book, and when coupled with the former letter, shews the consequences of solitary confinement in a most singular and horrible light. "Since you permitted me," says St. Mars, "to put Matthioli with the jacobin in the lower part of the tower, the aforesaid Matthioli was for four or five days in the belief that the jacobin was a man that I had placed with him to watch his actions. Matthioli, who is almost as mad as the jacobin, walked about with long strides, with his cloak over his nose, crying out that he was not a dupe, but that he knew more than he would say. The jacobin, who was always seated on his truckle bed, with his elbows resting upon his knees, looked at him gravely without listening to him. The Signor Matthioli remained always persuaded that it was a spy that had been placed

with him, till he was one day disturbed by the jacobin's getting down from his bed stark naked, and setting himself to preach without rhyme or reason, till he was tired. I and my lieutenants saw all their manœuvres through a hole over the door." We hope there are few men who could have beheld such "manœuvres" with the delight which seems to have animated St. Mars and his lieutenants.

After several removals, Matthioli was at length conveyed to the Bastille, from which death released him on the 19th of November, 1703, after confinement for a period of twenty-four years. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul at Paris, on the 20th of November, by the name of Marchiali. After his death, every precaution was taken to prevent the name and misfortunes of the unhappy prisoner from being discovered. "His clothes were burnt, as was also the furniture of the room;—the silver plate, the copper and the pewter, which had been used by him, were melted down; the walls of his chamber were first scraped, and then fresh whitewashed; the floor was new paved; the old ceiling was taken away, and renewed; the doors and windows were burnt; and every corner was searched in which it was thought any paper or linen, or other memorial of him, might be concealed." Thus cautious was the rancorous and mean-spirited tyrant, Louis XIV., that his memory should not be loaded with the disgrace of this act of arbitrary cruelty; but the curious eye of M. Delort has rendered all his precautions vain. The historian has now one more trait to add to the character of this distinguished monarch, who seems to have contemplated with dignified satisfaction the secret revenge which his arbitrary authority enabled him to take upon a poor wretch, who may perhaps have been almost as devoid of principle as Louis himself, but who had not the power to become so illustrious a villain.

M. P.

Truth; a Novel. By the author of Nothing.
3 vols. small 8vo. Lond. 1826. Hunt and Clarke.

To quote one of the author's own phrases in this mass of vapidities, we must say, "Dear sir, the human veil is much too flimsy here." Never did we wade through, with more disgust and wearisomeness, such an heterogeneous mixture of impiety and defiling machinations, bearing the name of a "novel." Such productions as these are sufficient to deter us even from the sight of a novel. If the author was so anxious to illumine the present generation, why did he not publish

the Deistical pages at the end of the third volume, instead of weaving them into the attractive form of a novel? But here was the villainous craft: a professed treatise on Deism would have been too bold---too conspicuously betraying the nauseate principles of a corrupted mind: it would have at once fixed the appropriate stigma on his vile attempt. He thought it more polite to insinuate, rather than peremptorily attack; and therefore served up a heroine of Deistical principles, but whose persecutions might interest and lessen the opprobrium of infidelity, by imparting a heroism to its assumption, and representing the delusions of fanaticism and bigotry in their most unamiable light. When we laid down the volumes, we felt the most indignant contempt for such despicable, bare-faced, attack on that which none but the dissolute or insane have ridiculed--we thought of the beautiful novels of Scott, and when we compared them (if a comparison were indeed possible) with this degenerate effort, how thoroughly we despised and pitied the author of such trash!

We have heard it remarked, that "Truth" was written to confront "Tremaine!!"---Omitting all considerations of plot, narrative, and description, it cannot approach Tremaine in dignity of argument, depth of reasoning, or vigor of intellect! it is what we should term, quite an abortion of impiety. We neither know, nor desire to know, the writer; and therefore our style of reprehension cannot be the result of any personal malevolence. When we commenced our "Review," we pledged ourselves to do our utmost to promote the interests of religion and virtue; and little should we deem ourselves the performers of a debt we owe the public, by lightly censuring such a production as "Truth."

Although we trust we are staunch Church of England men, we are not the narrow-minded bigots to condemn those who are not our partisans in every point of their creed. But, what is the purpose of the wretch, who sets himself down with all the dæmonical arrogance of malevolent satire, to inculcate opinions whose general adoption would be the introduction of every base degeneracy, anarchy, and wickedness! If he choose to be a Deist, why level his dastardly pen to win him converts, *merely because he* has disenthralled himself from the bonds of sanctity, and discovered himself too wise to accredit what the wisest, the best of men have revered? There is nothing, we conceive, more truly indicative of an impure heart, than a wish of *wantonly*, and with *no generous intent*, trampling on all that generations have regarded with awe. Let it be granted, that it is quite right that argument should be admitted equally on both sides of

a question; but, from an attentive perusal of these volumes, we are convinced that the writer's aim was to ridicule, rather than correct---to wither the roots of religion, rather than lop off, what *he* might have conceived, the useless branches. It requires little discrimination to draw the distinction between the reformer, and the mere revolutionary, whose heart can luxuriate among the sanguinary riots his rebellion creates. To be more plain; it appears to us that the author of "Truth" has endeavoured to mock, and defile with spleen, the hallowedness of piety and religion, by exhibiting a picture of enthusiastic professors, void of humanity, sense, and sympathy---his intent was not to cure religious enthusiasm, but to intimate the absurdity of any religion at all!---Glorious reformer!!

Previous to our extracting from this work, we will briefly remark on the manner in which it is executed, as regards the interest of the plot, and the pictures of character drawn there. We took up the volume with every wish to be pleased---we thought there was a fair chance from the nature of the title, not conceiving it to be a misnomer. But we were miserably disappointed.---The heroine is a Miss Evanshaw, the daughter of a "liberal episcopal," and a bigotted presbyterian." The greater part of the work is replete with monotonous discussions, idle petulances, and domestic squabbles. There is no *naivete* in description, no beauty of sentiment, and where there should be something to win the heart to the actions of the principal performers, we are presented with a careless bit of descriptive, and a long wearying train of soporiferous arguments, and stupid reasoning. Miss Evanshaw and her studies; Miss Evanshaw and her father; Miss Evanshaw and her silly mother;---thus, page after page draws on. We suppose the writer, like Narcissus, who became enamoured with his own shadow, was in love with the character he has imaged in Miss Evanshaw. The hero, Mr. Evanshaw, departs this life in a fit---a very *unnovel* sort of death:---we forgot to mention the beautiful way in which the reader is introduced to his Deistical heroine: Mrs. Evanshaw is delightfully delineated as wrangling with her husband, "one smiling June morning," on the propriety of making all the female servants fall on their knees, and return thanks for her safe deliverance in child-birth!! Is this intended as an oblique hit at the rite in the Church of England, called the Churching of Women?---we shall not *bore* our readers with any further analysis; let them, if they are inclined to doubt our assertions, read for themselves; when they have done so, perhaps they will think as we did, after we had con-

concluded our laborious prelection---the person who wrote this was tasteless and vapid; but he who wades through a perusal, is---a fool for his *unprofitable* trouble.

“Mrs. Graham composed herself and said, ‘I can easily suppose what must be the feelings of a man like Mr. Penfold, who has made it his duty to call souls to God, for short as I am of his excellence, my heart burns within me for your spiritual safety.’

“‘Surely, my dear Miss Evanshaw, you could not hear unmoved, may I not hope, unconvinced, the truths which came this night from the lips---I could almost say, of that inspired young man.’

“‘To be moved and to be convinced, are two very different things, Mrs. Graham. I will not deny that my feelings were now and then considerably worked upon---but what has *feeling* to do with conviction? Since I have heard him, and since you seem to wish it, I will tell you at large what effect he has produced.

“‘The first part of his discourse was an harangue upon the love of Christ, which was addressed to the heart, to the feelings, the passions, the fears, any thing but the head. God called us into existence, and even according to yourselves permitted, nay, fore-ordained those events which---But, no! I will not enter upon that endless subject---upon a subject, which, *with* and *without* revelation, has puzzled every country and every age, and has suggested all the modes of amelioration that have existed upon the face of the earth, and that do exist. I will not enter upon this, for, believe me, I am as much inclined to respect, at least to let alone your opinions, as you are to despise and revile mine. But I *will* say, that the language in which he talks of the love of Christ, is more like the ravings of a maniac than of a person who is filled with a sober, sensible gratitude towards his Creator and Preserver.

“‘His remarks on the general worldly connexion of mankind were very good, and had even some morality in them; but I disapprove in the lump his dissertation on what is generally termed love. Three or four sentences on each part of that subject would have been fully sufficient. But that which I saw moved you and others most, was precisely what called forth my unmixed, unqualified disapprobation. Are you aware, that the whole scope of his discourse, from beginning to end, was with a view to the grand winding up? I have no doubt that many people there imagined that his feelings cut short his sermon---no such thing. His apparent exhaustion was mere stage effect; he had come to the exact point at which it was best for him to stop. And what did the concluding and most impressive part of his

harangue tend to? as he said, ‘Mark me!’ it tended to lessen in our estimation the care of God over his creatures, and his disposition to be merciful.’

“‘Miss Evanshaw!’

“‘Indeed, Mrs. Graham, you may put what colour you choose upon the matter; but all that painting, that energy, that agony, go to prove that he, Mr. Penfold, is more solicitous about your or my soul than God.’

“‘Really, Miss Evanshaw, you are blasphemous!’

“‘No, Mrs. Graham; we have come from blasphemy. I have not words whereby to express my indignation at a fellow worm who will pretend, who has the presumption, to think that, without his fervor, his prayers, his tears, the most benevolent and merciful of Beings will, like Pluto of old, fork us down into a bottomless pit! And for what? Not for being thieves, liars, murderers. No! but merely upon the supposition that we do not pay proper homage to God in the shape of a belief, the chief merit of which seems to consist in the difficulty. I fear, nay, I hope, that, as a great man has said, ‘we liken God to ourselves, and hence attribute to him a portion of our own tyranny.’ In my short life I have uniformly observed, that man’s principal effort is to force the thinking of others. I believe that nine hundred men in a thousand would far rather have the free, or even forced, opinions of each acceded to them, than the chance of all the wealth that the whole nine hundred could ever possess. We have borrowed this mental tyranny, this damning quality, from ourselves, and given it to the Deity. But I think you spoke of feeling, when we set out upon this subject: let me retrace mine to-night, for it was unusual.

“‘Owing to the light I was placed in, it was some time before I could see your orator; and yet, I confess, indeed I am certain, that for a quarter of an hour I was under the influence of pious illusion, for, believe me, it is nothing else.

“‘First you are melted down by the silver tones of his voice in reading a hymn, which---but I shall say nothing of it. That is succeeded by strains of vocal music, which I declare I felt ten times more impressive than all the organs I ever listened to. I felt my whole soul subdued, melted down, and elevated by turns. It is true, you have not the high, exalted pitch given to your spirit that the grand notes of the organ impart; they raise your soul unequivocally to heaven; but the strains we heard to-night keep you hovering as it were between the joys of heaven and earth. This apparently simple music ceased, and he began his mellifluous prayer, still breathing love. I laid my hand on my

heart, and gasped for breath; it seemed as if I was beset by the ill-omened and overpowering perfume of violets, which is the fore-runner of death to the unhappy miner; and I internally exclaimed, 'No wonder, then, these poor people are deluded! My dear Mrs. Graham, is it possible that a person of your observation can be insensible to his refined art? Next time you hear him, observe his pauses; every one of them speaks a page of ordinary preaching; and above all, notice his insinuating, beseeching air; and this, I understand, is an attribute of the whole sect. Few, very few, of them have his personal advantages; but I have been told there is a peculiar art, by which they all seek the heart rather than the head. You have heard the vulgar proverb, 'Good wine needs no bush.' Truth needs no adventitious props; no varnish, no glazing.'

"You are very severe, Miss Evanshaw, and I may venture to say, unjust!"

"No, Mrs. Graham, not in my last position at any rate. Does it require any flowers of rhetoric to convince a man, that if he steal, or commit murder, he must forfeit his life? or that, should he escape the vigilance of justice, he will carry about with him his own punishment? Small oratory will suffice for this."

"My dear Miss Evanshaw, here again you come upon our ground, and you are again within reach of the olive branch. O! that you would accept the offer that is made to you—O! that you would plant the blessed emblem in your heart."

"I don't understand you; how do I come upon your ground?"

"Yes; you say, that the thief or murderer who escapes justice, still bears punishment (perhaps the worst) in his own breast. Now, although he do not lie by the hand of justice, still he is mortal: and what, even by your own admission, is to cheer him in the hour of death? How are the adamant chains of guilt to be broken? How is he to be assured of peace hereafter?"

"Mrs. Graham, I could answer your question to my own satisfaction, though probably, indeed certainly, not to yours; but my reply would cast me headlong into that subject upon which I have placed myself with entire submission in the hands of my respected tutor; and whatever my sentiments at present are, I shall give no utterance to them until my doubts are either cleared away, or until I am satisfied that there are points on which every mortal man must doubt while he exists; and that all he can do is to cast himself upon God with modest confidence. But should that be my ultimatum, I shall never foist my opinions upon any one, and never utter them at all but in self-defence, unless when I am thrown

off my guard by that most shocking of all impiety, which would narrow the mercy of the Deity within a circle suited to the impotent malice of man.' But——

"Miss Evanshaw!"

"Nay, hear me out. I say, that whatever diffidence I may in future feel on many points, I shall cherish, and never attempt to conceal, a thorough detestation of the wheeling arts I have this night witnessed."

"A person of integrity is apt to suspect equivocal data, if not unfair views, when there is much coaxing. Your husband is a lawyer; ask him whether it is the good or the bad cause which calls forth the art and sophistry of the pleader?"

"Miss Evanshaw, answer me one plain question: did he say any thing that is not true?"

"He said a great deal that he had no occasion to say at all. Perhaps you think, as many do, that the Song of Solomon is a true type of the Church. Would you wish to hear it read? or would it afford you any the smallest pleasure to read it to yourself? On one occasion I resolved to read *all* the Bible, and I forced myself through that most extraordinary piece of inspiration; but I know not the bribe that would tempt me to read it again. However, since you ask me in plain terms, I answer, that all he said is not true; and I say, considering the relation in which we stand to God, as his created children, that there is not, taking it in your own way, *more love than common, ordinary justice, in that love of Christ which was this night set forth in such glowing and inflated language.*"

"Mrs. Graham rose from her seat, her whole frame shook, and as her large expressive eyes flashed fire, she said,

"Miss Evanshaw, you force me to utter what I once thought I could never think. I rejoice that you are no longer my inmate, and I cannot be too thankful that my own ears heard all your instructions to my children; hence I am assured, that none of your baneful poison can have entered into their moral or spiritual system. We part, to meet no more." Again, p. 296,

"Why does reason say, let us obey these laws, for they are good? Because reason only was consulted in making them. And why? Because, in making laws, legislators have others, not themselves, in view. Why are we staggered by the mere predictions and effusions of prophets? Because unless when they are imposed on by enthusiasm, they had themselves in view, and lost sight of reason in wishing to give strength to their own pretensions. You tell me that human reason can carry man but a short way. I admit it. But why do we think the journey of reason short? Because man is not con-

tented with its proper range. Reason is equal to all the purposes of life; but it is because we cannot rest satisfied with its allotted sphere, that we lose ourselves, become a prey to the designing, or to those who are cheated by their own enthusiasm, and by an amiable but misdirected zeal. And what is it that leads man into this unprofitable range, which at once makes him the dupe of himself and of others? To answer that question at proper length, and as it ought, requires a very different pen from mine; but yet it may be briefly summed up in these words: 'He would know what is hid from his view; and he would fain be sure of that, which an inordinate love of self renders the first object of life, an eternal existence.' And what has he gained by this search after inscrutable things? He has gained several systems. The system of the farthest civilised East; the system of Arabia; and the system of Judea. Which of these is right? The last. Where then is the justice of God? Why is Hindostan, why is Arabia, (I say nothing of ancient Greece and Rome, and of all the savages upon earth) why are these in an error? Homer has made heaven and earth subservient to one shake of the ambrosial locks. Is our God less mighty? Let us yield the fall of man. Say that his perversity was uncontrollable; that he would eat the forbidden fruit, notwithstanding the fatherly care of God, and an express command. My dear sir, whither does this lead us? Could God not forgive this trespass? that which every child commits down to the present day. Could God make no allowance for the small chance which a soul oppressed by gross matter had against pure spirit? against the arch fiend whom heaven itself could not control! No; the justice of God was inflexible. Although he is amenable to none; although there was then no human society which lenity might cheat into farther crime, still, still there was no appeal from this severe justice.

"Divine wrath must be satisfied—divine wrath!!! My inmost soul groans at the sound. If the clergy knew how they make humanity in its every sense rebel, by their declamations on this subject; if they could but open their eyes, and see how it smells of priestcraft, they would, for the mere sake of that morality which is embodied in the system of Christ, abandon the theme. But to whom was this justice to be rendered? To God. And truly God took full measure to himself. Pray where was justice to man? Here was a spirit cumbered with flesh, beset by active senses all clamorous for gratification. Eye, taste, smell; curiosity, the offspring of the whole, tempt him. Nay, more, it was foreseen, pre-ordained, that man must eat

the forbidden morsel. Was it just, was it ordinary compassion, to create *one* being under such fatal circumstances, when he *must* err, and when rigid justice *must* be satisfied? Was the hand of God forced to the deed, or was he impelled by curiosity to see how this puppet, this thing of clay, would act? But how much less just, still how much less even humane, to create an endless continuity of being, all doomed, all fitted for destruction!!

"The world fancies that I have made a great sacrifice to folly or vice. Alas! how differently we estimate. If the value of money has been enhanced to me in respect to its use, from the manner in which I have been brought up, my mind has been proportionably enriched; therefore, I say that I have made *no* sacrifice, because I cannot consciously be robbed of that which distinguishes mind from matter.

"But I am ready to make all the sacrifice for the love of God that humanity can offer; and rather, a *thousand times rather, than believe such blasphemy, I would have my skin torn off with red hot pincers; I would have my flesh taken from my bones in atoms; and I would have every fibre in my body attenuated, while yet quivering with life, into threads finer than those of a spider's web.* Those sufferings would end in half a day, even though managed with the skill of a North American savage; but in the other case, I should burn with shame through eternity.

"But mercy was not asleep: there was a remedy, and it was speedily promised—*yea, in the very offspring of this most guilty and accursed woman.* It was impossible, it seems, that any thing not compounded of human nature could comprehend human weakness. I understand that. And beside, spirit could not be offered up in sacrifice, the object must be tangible to man. True; I admit that, and I think there is a consistency in that part of the system.

"My dear sir, you have reasoned well, and, like my beloved father, you have kept by Scripture. You *are*, he was, wise. Scripture must stand or fall by itself alone. Human wisdom, for any thing I know, is human craft. I am satisfied you have done all that man can do. You have turned up text upon text. You have pointed out the high turpitude of that offence, committed against the *sure living* voice of God, to the creature fresh from his hands. You have reconciled to me many things which appeared inconsistent, merely because I was ignorant of Eastern customs; and when I object to God's choice of favorites, you say what is true, and I admit it, that out of human nature God could not find perfection, and that the chosen depositories could not be any other

than the best to be met with in a rude age. I also admit, that had there been more perfection of character exhibited, we should have had more reason to respect the pen of fiction. But you can no more reconcile me to what I have stated above, than you can to the disproportion between God's wrath for Adam's transgression towards himself, and for the offences committed by man against man. Many, many instances of this may be adduced from Scripture; but a very few will point out what I mean. Take, for instance, Adam's mean shifting of his own delinquency upon Eve. A man of ordinary honor in our day would have said, 'Base wretch! do you screen yourself behind another? and that other, one whom your superior strength and priority in creation throws upon your protection? Were I as ungenerous as you, I would crush, in my anger, both the accused and the accuser.' But what is the fact? *The mean unmanly treachery, the equivocation, are passed by, and God resents only the injury done to himself, and he entails misery, hard, hard misery, upon the whole race of these two naked fools. Was it worth God's while thus to measure himself with man? with a creature who had not sense enough to know that he was naked, or, to speak plainly, who was the unstamped, unimpeached sheet of white paper!* It has been imagined by some, that man was at first in a state of high perfection, mentally and corporeally. This is groundless, I suppose, upon the assertion, 'in his own image made he him.' This, I have no hesitation in saying, was an assumption of man, to give himself consequence, and to place him in that relation which the legislator found or thought necessary for the purpose of moral weight. But I think the Bible does not say that man was altered. He fell from his primitive innocence. Alas! that is, in process of time he became more knowing and more vicious, until vice neutralized itself, and began to seek morality in various shapes. The very consciousness ascribed to our first parents of being naked, savours of human invention. There is no moral turpitude in being unclothed; and it is most unlikely that a sense of shame on this account should have been the very first consequence of their newly acquired knowledge. There was no intelligent being but God to look upon them; they had lately came from his hands; they were familiar (at least Adam was) with the sight of God; and more, he was like Adam; at least according to Scripture, we may fairly assume, that in his colloquial intercourse with man he was 'in the likeness of man.' Was God clothed? No. Why did the idea of clothes and of shame occur to Moses? Because, in process of time, heat or cold, as either happened to

be incommodious to man, forced him to a defence from those inconveniences. The cosmographer, not much used to the analysis of the mind and of the noble passions, naturally enough makes the first emotion to spring from what lay on the surface; but had he lived in the days of Plato, he would have made Adam's first emotions to be those of deep shame and grief for his disobedience. 'I was afraid, because I was naked!' If that really was the only fear he was alive to, supposing him capable of it, he was a mere stupid savage, scarcely discovering the notion of an enlightened man, farther than as an object of compassion and kindness: how much then beneath the wrath of omnipotence!! If it was not true, how came so flagrant a crime as that of falsehood to escape the pure eye of truth? Abraham's repeated falsehoods; his 'do unto Hagar what seems good in thy sight!' all pass by unnoticed. The reply to that is, 'women are not accounted of in the east.' Is that the language of a true God? But mark the inconsistency! So high is God's appreciation of truth, that Abraham's mere credence of his word, of the word of that Being, whose least impulsions could destroy the universe, is accounted to him for unparalleled righteousness---a righteousness that was never equalled until the Son of God came; in whom, after all, and to speak common, ordinary sense, righteousness was no merit.

"Man goes on. Four thousand years pass over his head. There is little or no intimation of a future state—a few passages are so construed, but most certainly in the Old Testament there is no express promulgation of a life beyond the grave. It is allowed at all hands, that the Jews expected in the predicted Messiah only a temporal King, that sort of monarch, who by powers natural, or the reverse, should raise them above all earthly nations. In that they were mistaken; and Christ promulgated not only a future state, but that his coming, and his being implicitly believed in as the Son of God, was essential to salvation, was of itself equal to the washing away of all guilt. What occurred to me when I was six years old, has never once been staggered in me since. It has kept its hold upon that which serves me for reason; upon that which gives me the power of judging and discriminating. If there is a defect in that reason and in that power, I cannot help it; but I feel it utterly impossible to part with the conviction, that if God suffered 4000 years to pass by without vouchsafing the means of salvation to mankind, he does not, cannot, appear to be an all-caring God. But when it does come, we are told it comes not to all. There is an *elect*, a chosen few; and so difficult is the Christian

pass, this al-sirat of India, that *'hardly the Elect itself can be saved.'* It does not appear that there is either peculiar merit in the elect, or peculiar demerit in the rejected; but such is the will of God. No human being will dispute his will; but I deny, utterly deny, the possibility of God so *willing*. Nothing you urged has for an instant shaken me on those two grand points, viz. the delay in the coming of salvation, and the dispensation of it when it did come. Neither will any human reasoning ever convince me, that God could be indifferent to the moral conduct of those he selected. His pitying error is precisely what we may expect; but in the character of a mere law-giver, he could not pass by the prevarication of Adam; the gross falsehoods and unmanly conduct of Abraham; the base partiality of Rebecca; and the tricks, the mean, odious, and often repeated tricks, of Jacob. *But these tricks were all necessary to the lineage of Christ !!!*

"My dear sir, the human veil is much too flimsy here. Look at the hardening of Pharaoh's heart! Look at the thefts of the Jewish women! but I must not enter upon that field. Neither can I enter upon the millions and millions of poor wretches who wait the mercy of God, the bread of life---of eternal life---to be doled out to them by missionaries. *Heavens! where is God, where is the all-seeing, and above all, the omnipotent God, while all this is acting? Is he asleep? 'No, he is a tyrant,' for such he has been*

proclaimed on earth---such he is proclaimed in thousands of pulpits on every first day of the week. Yes; they would have us believe that the eye of inspiration looked up to the azure vault, and exclaimed, 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him?' I exclaim, 'Why should he not be mindful of the thing that he called into existence---of the creature that he has made a sentient, thinking, improveable animal?'

"And pray what are the wonders of the heavens? Balls of fire giving light and heat to worlds such as our own. I say, that all these insensate balls of fire, and all these masses of earth, are not to be put in competition with one human, eternal soul. I say, better that these lights were all extinguished, better that these masses of clay were all consumed, than that one single soul should perish. Perish! did I say? If to perish mean to end, that were mercy! But no---cold-hearted priests assign myriads and myriads of past, present, and to come, to the bottomless pit, with as much indifference as it is said the Greek priests suffer little infants, when baptizing them in the cold Russian rivers, to slip through their fingers, and cry out, 'hand me past another!'"

From this exquisite *morceaux*, we leave our readers to decide for themselves; whether they be of our opinion or no, we shall not scruple to say, that if all this be "Truth,"---
"Truth" is a Lie!

FINE ARTS.

SPLENDID SPECIMEN OF CALLIGRAPHY.

A short period only has elapsed since Mr. Walter Paton astonished the admirers of taste, ingenuity, and consummate skill, by a specimen of penmanship, consecrated to the memory of the lamented Princess Charlotte. This same talented and indefatigable master of his art, has just produced another inimitable specimen of calligraphy, *fully equal to its predecessor in execution, though different in its design: it is entitled, "The memorable Speech of his Royal Highness, the Duke of York, &c., in the House of Lords, April 25th, 1825."* We regret our inability to describe, with adequate praise, this most beautiful piece of calligraphy: the graceful elegance of the sweeping flourishes, the admirable regularity of the minutest curves, and above all, the undeviating neatness and gentle brilliancy glowing over the whole superficies, are such as nothing but unwearied attention, and the most perfect hand, could have accomplished. It is both written and engraved by Mr. Paton! The miniature of the Duke of York is from the valuable portrait by Jackson; and is the Royal York to the very spirit of the tenderest touch; it has all the pensive but resolute dignity of his eloquent eye; the lustre of royalty gleaming over each feature, and the noble swell of his arching forehead;---in one word, it is the Duke in miniature, that seems to breathe its semblance. The memorable speech, worthy the heir to England's throne, is exquisitely written beneath the likeness, and will challenge the nicest eye to discover a rugged line, or a disproportionate stroke. Round the miniature there is a wreathing chaplet of the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, that would vie the luxuriating twine of nature in its beautiful disposal:---we could go on for pages in a strain of commendation, and after all, be unable to do justice to the numberless perfections of this splendid triumph of human ingenuity.

DOMESTIC AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c. &c.

DOMESTIC.

His Majesty has, during the present month, been in the enjoyment of excellent health, and all the amusements which Windsor and its neighbourhood can furnish.

The health of the Duke of York is a subject of considerable apprehension. His Royal Highness has left London for Brighton, accompanied by Sir Henry Halford. It is whispered about the west end of the town, that a certain R. H. has boasted that he anticipates being on the throne in two years. We cannot believe that any one of the present Royal Family could be so devoid of feeling---so lost to all sense of propriety, as to make such a remark. But if such a thing were unfortunately for the country to happen, it would be a curious subject of calculation to ascertain where the pride and self-importance of the Fitzes would stop. They already talk familiarly about "Our family."---Poor things!

A ludicrous circumstance occurred lately at Brompton Grove, the residence of Mr. Greenwood, with whom the Duke of York was staying. Some thieves got into the house, *locked His Royal Highness into his apartment*, and then proceeded to make off with the plate chest. They conveyed it into the garden, when they were alarmed, and ran off, carrying with them only a few spoons.

The erections in St. James's Park for his Majesty's Palace, and the Duke of York's residence, are proceeding rapidly. The latter is an extremely handsome square building, all the sides being uniform.---The former is to have a dome in the centre---we hope the taste that presided at Brighton, will not be permitted to interfere, or the building will be all domes. C---, talking of the Brighton Palace, said it looked as if St. Paul's had pupped. National taste forbid that it should pup again!

The triumphal arch to be erected at Hyde Park Corner is commenced, and will in all probability be a very splendid erection, and add much to the beauty of this entrance to London.

A remarkable instance of the *infallibility* of juries lately occurred at the Gloucester Assizes. Two actions were brought by a person named Smith for libel against two newspapers, one of whom had merely republished the account formerly inserted, and composed, by the other. The juries gave 100*l.* damages against the one who composed and first published the libel; and 400*l.*!! against the newspaper who merely copied it!!

Piazzi, the astronomer of Theolines, who discovered the planet Ceres, has just "shuffled off this mortal coil."

Macready is on his way to America; and Kean, the inconsistent exile of an inconsistent people, to the land that bore him.

William Wakefield, the accomplice in the woman-theft---a great deal worse than house-breaking---has decamped: a warrant has been issued for his apprehension.

LITERARY.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Ellis's second series of original letters, extracted from the library of the British Museum, is nearly ready for publication. We understand it will be fully as interesting as the former series---many very early letters have been discovered.

L. E. L.---This love-sighing poetess proves that there is an hypocrisy in poetical sentiment, as well as all other things. Every body, from her writings, would believe her enamoured of groves, fountains, &c.; instead of which, she is often heard to express the opinions of a tasteless, town-bred, unpoetical Miss. A friend once asked her, if she were not rapturously enamoured of rural arcades? "Pooh!" quoth she, "I never saw any other but Burlington Arcade!!"

Hallam, the author of "Middle Ages," we hear is about to produce a new work on English History.

Literary Remains, &c. &c. of that interesting character, General Wolfe, will soon make their appearance---from Mr. Murray's manufactory.

Edinburgh Review.---The Edinburgh Review is now reduced to the lash of the vulgarest abuse and pseudo criticism of the meanest country newspaper. We are too dull *exactly* to understand all this. It seems, some little altercation of a private matter occurred between that murderous critic, Jeffery, and Messrs. Longman and Co.; and for this, a meddling public immediately commenced a virulent attack on the "blue and yellow." But we forgot; public characters have no *private* concerns---the public must see and scrutinize all!

Elephantine acquirements.---Mr. Griffiths, the translator of "Cuvier's Animal Kingdom," has discovered that elephants have attained a knowledge of the "*meum*" and the "*tuum*." Oh! the march of knowledge, and spread of intellect!

Fecundity of Pigs.---Vauban has been at the pains to discover, that the product of a single sow in ten generations will be only six millions, four hundred, and thirty-four thousand, eight hundred, and thirty-eight pigs!

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF JOHN SCOTT, EARL OF ELDON, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It is one of the prerogatives of a great mind, to overleap the obstacles which put a stop to the career of the feeble and the faint-hearted. Whatever difficulties may obstruct the path to greatness; whatever impediments may be thrown in the way by lowness of birth, or the absence of wealth or connexions, there are men in every age who can surmount them all; and by the mere superiority of their understandings, can oblige the world to assign them the rank which is their due. Nature is of no party—her benefits are conferred upon no favored sect or class, but with a liberal and impartial hand she dispenses her gifts, as well amongst the poor as the rich; and in every station of society points out some, to the pre-eminence of whose intellect, their fellow-men are to pay deference. The illustrious nobleman whom we have selected for the subject of our present memoir, is of this class; and it will be our endeavour to shew how richly he merits the dignities to which he has made his way.

William Scott, an agent for the sale of coals, or coal-fitter, as it is termed, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had three sons: Henry, the eldest, was a merchant at Newcastle; William, the second, was bred to the civil law, and is now Lord Stowell; John, the third son, who was born in the year 1750, is the subject of our memoir, and the present Earl of Eldon.

After receiving the rudiments of learning at a Grammar School in Newcastle, John Scott repaired to Oxford, where he completed his education, and was entered a student of the Middle Temple in Hilary Term, 1772. Here he pursued his studies with great application; and after the usual noviciate, was called to the bar in the year 1776. His attention was principally devoted to the practice of the Courts of Equity; but for several years after his call to the bar, with a timidity natural to his character, he shunned as much as possible appearing even at the Chancery bar as a pleader, and confined himself almost entirely to the business of an equity draughtsman, in which he was reputed extremely able. This pursuit he soon found too sedentary: the confinement affected his health, and he determined to quit the bar, for which he imagined himself unfit, and pursue some mode of life in which less boldness and decision of character, less self-confidence and assurance, were necessary. It is said that he even went so far as to sell his chambers, and take leave of several of his acquaintances; and that he was only tempted to do violence to his feelings, and return to the practice of the profession in which he has since been so eminently successful, by the earnest and urgent intreaties of his friends. Upon his return, he no longer declined to appear in court; he had determined to adhere to the law, and now sought every opportunity of distinguishing himself: the consequence of which was, that he soon acquired a very extensive practice, and great reputation as an able lawyer and excellent advocate.

As a draughtsman, Mr. Scott was distinguished by neatness and

accuracy: every thing was arranged in a correct and orderly manner, and expressed in the most appropriate language. The same character distinguished him as a speaker. The following description of his mode of pleading is given in a publication bearing date in 1790*.

"His speaking is of that subtle, correct, and deliberate kind, that has more the appearance of written, than of oral, eloquence. He branches forth his arguments into different heads and divisions, and pursues the respective parts through all their various ramifications with such methodical accuracy, that argument seems to rise out of argument, and conclusion from conclusion, in the most regular and natural progression; so that those who are not acquainted with his practice, would suspect that he had studied and prepared his speeches with the most diligent attention; while others who are better acquainted with the business of the courts, feel their admiration and surprise increased from the knowledge, that a man of his extensive business so far from studying what he shall say, can scarce find time to glance his eye over the numerous papers that come before him. He is also particularly distinguished for his aptitude and ingenuity of reply. His systematic mind seems to methodise with inconceivable rapidity the arguments of his opponents. In the short space of time between the pleadings of his adversary and his reply, every thing seems digested and disposed; and his mode of replication seems planned in the nicest order. He will frequently take up the concluding argument of his opponent; or at other times seize upon some observation which has fallen in the middle of the adverse speech. Here he will begin his attack; and proceeding by his usual clear and deliberate method, pursue one regular chain of reasoning, till he has confuted, or at least replied to, every proposition advanced against him."

The urbanity of manners and diffidence for which Mr. Scott was distinguished, added to his abilities as a lawyer, drew upon him the attention of Lord Chancellor Thurlow; who, although not much celebrated for politeness himself, appears to have been pleased with that quality in others. Very shortly after Mr. Scott's appearance at the bar, the Chancellor honored him with his countenance in practice in a manner extremely unusual with him; and at one time in particular, while Mr. Scott was but rising into notice, Lord Thurlow having been particularly pleased with his pleading, and having paid him the most marked attention during all the time he was speaking, desired at the breaking up of the court to speak with him in private. Mr. Scott instantly obeyed the unexpected summons, and they retired together. The Chancellor congratulated him on his rising merit, and offered him a Mastership in Chancery then vacant; at the same time observing, that he did not press him to accept it, since in all probability he might in time do better. Encouraged by the success that had hitherto attended his efforts at the bar, and by the kind manner in which the Chancellor had shewn him this mark of his favor, Mr. Scott politely declined the offer, and wisely trusted to his fortune and industry for the attainment of still higher honors.

The event proved this determination to be judicious; his business continued to increase rapidly, and in a few years Mr. Scott had more briefs than any counsel at the bar. In 1783, a patent of precedence was granted him, by which he became entitled to all the honors of the silk gown, and ranked with the King's counsel. In the same year he was introduced into Parliament, being returned for the Borough of Weobly, in Herefordshire.

From the first, Mr. Scott attached himself to the party of Mr. Pitt, who was his personal friend, and with whom he always remained

* *Strictures on the Lives of Eminent Lawyers*, 8vo. 1790, p. 203.

upon the most intimate and cordial terms. That distinguished statesman is said to have entertained the very highest respect for him; and in many instances relied with implicit confidence upon his judgment and ability.

As a Parliamentary speaker, Mr. Scott's merit was considered inferior to his professional abilities as a pleader. There was a want of that warmth and animation—that bold declamatory vehemence, that distinguish the Senatorial from the Forensic Orator. His speeches were always shrewd and clear—addressed to the understanding rather than the fancy—impressive, but not sufficiently animated.

It is not our intention to follow Mr. Scott at large through his Parliamentary career. The acts of Mr. Pitt's administration, in unison with which he always acted, are part of the history of our country, and to it we must refer.

On the 28th of June, 1788, Mr. Scott was appointed Solicitor-General, and was knighted—an honor which it appears he was desirous of declining, but it was insisted upon by His Majesty*. Only one instance had then occurred of a Solicitor-General being knighted since 1723. Shortly after this time, His Majesty's first illness occurred, and the country was in consequence much agitated upon the Regency question. The Bill introduced by Mr. Pitt on that occasion, was drawn by Sir John Scott; to whom also are attributed the line of conduct adopted by the Minister, and the truly constitutional doctrines for which he contended.

Sir John Scott's progress towards the highest honors was certain, but gradual. His merit continually developed itself, and familiarity with the forms of business, a habit of public speaking, and acquaintance with his own powers, wore away the diffidence by which he had formerly been oppressed. On the 13th of February, 1793, he was appointed Attorney-General, which office he held for six years. During that time, which all men know was one of the most turbulent periods this country ever saw—when French politics and French principles threatened to overturn our constitution, and reduce us to the same dreadful state of anarchy and dissension which was presented by revolutionized France, Sir John Scott was obliged, by his official situation, to indict various members of the Corresponding Societies. In the performance of this duty, which, to use his own words, "he had been commanded to execute, and the execution of which appeared to him to be absolutely necessary," it could not be expected that his conduct should please all parties; but whoever peruses his speech upon that occasion, will find nothing harsh, nothing malignant, nothing that bears with undue severity upon the conduct of the prisoners. It is a bold and masterly exposition of the law of treason, and a clear statement of the immense mass of evidence to be adduced in support of the indictment. The intricacy and difficulty of the case may be imagined from the fact, that the speech to which we refer, the greater part of which consists merely of a statement of facts, occupied ~~nine~~ hours in the delivery. This occurred in November, 1794.

* George III. his Court and Family, vol. ii. p. 79.

On the 18th of July, 1799, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, on the resignation of Sir James Byre; and at the same time was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Eldon, of Eldon, in the county of Durham.

Lord Eldon did not long continue in the Court of Common Pleas. Early in 1801, the resignation of Lord Roslyn opened his way to the custody of the great seal, which was committed to his care on the 14th of April, in that year. The death of Mr. Pitt, and the consequent change of administration, produced his resignation in February, 1806; but upon the return of Mr. Pitt's friends to power, in March, 1807, Lord Eldon was again appointed Chancellor, from which time he has continued in the uninterrupted exercise of the duties of that great office down to the present day.

His Lordship was married early in life, and long before his talents had begun to display themselves, to Elizabeth, daughter of Aubone Surtees, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a gentleman of large property. The marriage is said to have displeased Mr. Surtees, who was incensed that his daughter should have allied herself to a man so little known, and so little thought of, as John Scott! The calculations of those who look upon present wealth as the only criterion of excellence, are often extremely erroneous, but very seldom so much so as in the instance before us. Mr. Surtees will, in a short time, be remembered only as the father-in-law of that John Scott, to whom he thought himself so far superior. The celebrity of his son-in-law will do for him more than his own wealth or importance—it will prevent him from being forgotten. The issue of Lord Eldon were two sons and two daughters. John, the eldest son, was formerly M.P. for Boroughbridge; he married, August 22, 1804, Henrietta Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., and died December 24, 1806, leaving one son, born the same month in which his father died. Mr. John Scott's widow, on the 7th of July, 1811, married William Farrer, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, now a Master in Chancery. William Henry John Scott, Lord Eldon's second son, is a Commissioner of Bankrupts, M.P. and F.R.S. Elizabeth, his eldest daughter, married on the 27th of November, 1807, George Stanley Repton, Esq., youngest son of the late Humphrey Repton, Esq. of Hare Street, in the county of Essex, and Abysham, in the county of Norfolk. Frances, his youngest daughter, is, we believe, unmarried.

At the time of his present Majesty's coronation, in July, 1821, Lord Eldon was advanced in the peerage to the dignity of Earl of Eldon.

In personal appearance, Lord Eldon is every thing that could be expected in a supreme Judge: the dignity of manner and aspect which sit so easily upon him, the deep thought which every line of his countenance betrays, the furrowed brow, "the huge eye-brows, overhanging eyes that seem to regard more what is taking place within than around them, the flexibility of muscle, joined with the sternness of the first Brutus, the fulness without bloatedness, the deep marks of venerable age, all speak the man most calculated to fill the high office of a Judge*."

* Property Lawyer, vol. i. p. 98.

In private life, we have been informed, his Lordship is distinguished by politeness and affability, unassuming amongst his friends, and easy of access to strangers.

When Lord Eldon was first appointed to preside over the Court of Chancery, it is related that his Majesty, George the Third, presented him with a watch and seal. The latter bore the figures of Justice and Religion, which were engraved under the particular directions of the King. "Let not Justice have any bandage over her eyes, as she is usually painted," said his Majesty, "Justice ought not to be blind, but should be able to see every thing." When the watch was given to the Chancellor, it was accompanied by this address: "I hope, my Lord, that all your decisions will be given under the constant influence of Justice and Religion*." Such was the high commission which this nobleman received, and posterity will eagerly inquire whether he fulfilled the duty which was thus thrown upon him. We are persuaded that the answer of all those who examine the matter with attention and impartiality, will be in the affirmative. We know the Chancellor has been assailed in a manner the most extraordinary and disgraceful; we are aware that libel, reproach, and ridicule, have all been thrown upon him with an unsparing hand; his very virtues have been derided, and his character and conduct attacked in every way that the ingenuity of the most despicable assailants could devise. The minds of men have been inflamed against him by the grossest misrepresentation: under the pretence of giving the public at large information upon subjects which are strictly professional, and therefore unknown even to persons of education and respectability, under this most plausible pretence, charges wholly destitute of truth have been insinuated, and the character of this most excellent Judge attacked in a manner, and with a degree of illiberality, which we believe entirely unparalleled. Notwithstanding all the prejudice that has been raised by these unworthy means, we fearlessly assert, and hope in the sequel to prove, that Lord Eldon is a Judge whose integrity is without blemish, and whose abilities and conduct in his high and holy office no one can with propriety call in question.

If any thing could induce us to consider the unrestricted liberty of the press to be an evil, it would be the gross and scandalous abuse to which we find it every day perverted. Every thing that the malevolent fancies of evil-minded men can suggest, finds its way immediately through the medium of the public press to many thousand persons, of whom the greater part receive without scruple, and believe without inquiry, whatever these daily misleaders of public opinion choose to promulgate. There is a sort of magic in the pompous manner in which these self-constituted Judges fulminate their anathemas: half mankind seem to imagine that whatever is in print, must be true; the charm would be broken if readers would continually hold in remembrance that these men, who so lord it over the public mind, are in every respect like themselves, except that their judgment is less honest. Some editors are obliged to support particular opinions, because their masters are corrupt; others partake in the corruption themselves; few have any pretensions to

* George III. his Court and Family, p. 80.

honesty, candour, or impartiality. Sometimes, indeed, we find them, or some of them, protesting against immorality, but that is only when they do not share the profit; let them participate in the golden harvest to be procured by a demoralizing exhibition, and these very men will become exhibitors. When Velluti was produced upon the English stage, many of the daily newspapers animadverted upon his appearance with great severity; but in a few weeks afterwards, the same newspapers gratified the public appetite for indecency, by a detail of all the disgusting depravity that came to light upon the commission of lunacy against Franks. The hope of profit blinded their eyes, they reaped an advantage by the obscene details, and that justified the publication.

No one has been more exposed to the virulence of the public press than Lord Eldon. Publications, as various in merit as in size, reviews, magazines, and newspapers, have daily and weekly gratified their own spleen, and the public lust after scandal, by attacks upon this nobleman, many of them founded upon statements which are decidedly untrue, and supported by arguments which nothing but malignity could suggest. Amongst the daily newspapers to which these observations refer, "The Morning Chronicle" has pre-eminently distinguished itself. It has outstripped all others in this race of infamy; but it is gratifying to learn that the public indignation has, at length, begun to manifest itself, and the sale of this iniquitous journal has decreased. We may, perhaps, in the sequel, make particular reference to some of the slanderous mis-statements which have appeared in the daily papers; but we shall purposely omit any further notice of the Chronicle. The rancorous and persevering hostility in which it has indulged, defeats its own object, and sufficiently disgusts every candid and liberal mind. That Leviathan of newspapers, "The Times," is another to which our remarks apply; although less gross, less palpably unjust, than some others, it is perhaps on that account more dangerous. Sometimes the poison is administered in a subtle sarcasm, which is rather insinuated than expressed; sometimes we find it in bold mockery of those feelings which do credit to the Judge, and the man; and sometimes, relying on the want of general information upon the subject, they broadly assert a barefaced lie, and draw from it their unhallowed conclusions.

One of the many libels which these malicious calumniators have propagated, is, that the friends of Earl Eldon are desirous that his conduct should not be inquired into. The Times of May 22, 1826, asserts,

"We are told, 'you must not dare inquire into the conduct of Lord Eldon.' This same servility, this paltry whining, may promote the job of the day; our rights and comforts as a nation may, for a year or two, be sacrificed to personal soreness or cupidity: but what will after ages think of the virtue and manhood of their ancestors? Every one, it seems, is, in the seaman's language, to be over-hauled, except the presiding nobleman."

This charge is altogether untrue. We profess ourselves Lord Eldon's friends; we cannot boast the friendship of intimacy, or connexion, we know nothing of him save as a Judge; we have to thank him for no favor, we owe him no gratitude; but as the friends of justice, we are his friends; as the enemies of illiberality and prejudice, we are his friends; and for ourselves, we say, as all who know him would say, let his conduct and his character as a Judge be inquired into—let them be sifted thoroughly; there is not any thing that it is necessary

to conceal. Lord Eldon needs no other vindication against the vile calumnies which have been aimed at him, than his own conduct furnishes. Scrutinize, then, as you will, try Lord Eldon, by every test that ingenuity can devise—let there be no bounds to the examination, save those which are placed around every inquiry by the principles of natural justice. If, in the course of the investigation, defects be discovered in the system of the court over which he presides, blame him not for them; it would be as reasonable to condemn the husbandman for the natural sterility of the soil which it is his duty to till. If, with change of times and change of circumstances, evil has crept into an institution, the fundamental principles of which are unexceptionable; if it be shewn that the Court of Chancery, like all human institutions, is defective and incomplete, and that the vast increase of business has, of late years, occasioned a proportionate delay in the conclusion of suits,—let these things be attributed to their proper causes. Lord Eldon did not frame the constitution of the court, and therefore, is not answerable for its defects; neither is it his duty, nor within his power, to amend it from time to time. The rules by which the administration of justice in our courts of law and equity is regulated, are part of the law of the land, and the Judges can no more alter them, than they can suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, or repeal Magna Charta. That part of the Chancellor's duty which is exercised in the court over which he presides, is “to do right to all manner of people, poor and rich, according to the laws and usages of this realm;” and in examining his conduct in the Court of Chancery, the only question ought to be, “has he fulfilled this oath?” His assailants have, indeed, endeavoured to judge him in a different manner; but this cannot be surprising—their whole conduct towards him is the very extreme of injustice. They would insinuate, that Lord Eldon ought to have amended the defects of the Court of Chancery. “It is inconceivable,” says ‘The Times’ of March 22, 1826, in reference to some alterations suggested in the report of the Commissioners appointed by His Majesty to inquire into the practice of the Court of Chancery, “it is inconceivable how a Judge, possessing the *absolute* power which Lord Eldon has now possessed for a quarter of a century in the Court of Chancery, should have suffered such a practice as is here stigmatized to exist, or should have suffered himself to be concluded by such rules.” The exaggeration in this fair specimen of the most moderate of their remarks, is apparent. The Commissioners have not “stigmatized” any practice, but have, in the instance referred to, merely suggested an alteration in the time allowed to the parties for taking various preliminary proceedings. Lord Eldon has not possessed any “absolute power” over the Court of Chancery, and has never “suffered *himself* to be concluded” by the rules referred to, which relate to stages of the suit, long previous to the hearing by the Chancellor. If Lord Eldon had been desirous of re-modelling the practice of the Court of Chancery, all he could have done would have been to have applied to the legislature on the subject; that he has never done so, is not a subject of blame; it was not imperative upon him that he should do so; it was not part of his judicial duty; if his Lordship had thought alteration advisable, it was a matter of choice whether he should propose it, or not; and if blame attaches to Lord

Eldon, for not having chosen to attempt the Herculean labour, blame attaches equally upon every lawyer in either the House of Lords, or Commons, any one of whom might have as great an acquaintance with the subject, had more time to give to it, and could have introduced a bill as well, as the Lord Chancellor. The truth is, that Lord Eldon, in consequence of his judicial situation, was the very last person who ought to have done any thing of the sort, and so these candid opponents would have discovered, if his Lordship had attempted any alteration. What would have been the outcry then? It would have been, that his Lordship was not satisfied with the situation which Lords Bacon, Somers, Thurlow, Ashburton, and a long list of illustrious men, had filled without murmur—that the practice which they had not attempted to alter, did not content Lord Eldon, who must needs constitute a new court to please his own fancy, and suit his own convenience. It has been the policy of the law to disjoin, as much as possible, the judicial from the legislative functions: a policy most wise and prudent; and Lord Eldon has only acted in conformity with that policy in abstaining from interference with the established regulations of that great office, the functions of which form peculiar features of our constitution, and certainly ought, in no case, to be altered by that very person, to whom, by the acceptance of the office, is committed the task of their preservation. But the true meaning of the attacks upon this illustrious nobleman, is that which appears in the above extract from *The Times*—he has held the seals—“his dynasty,” as it is termed, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 77, which, both in elegance and spirit, can be compared to nothing but its fellow articles in *The Times*: “his dynasty” has continued for nearly a “quarter of a century.” No doubt this is a very provoking fact to those hungry lawyers who are anxiously looking for the time when the scale of justice shall drop from Lord Eldon’s hand: but God forbid! that ever our country should be so unfortunate as to have even its lowest judicial seat occupied by any one who has shewn so little sense of the very rudiments of justice, as to join in the unprincipled outcry against a Judge, who, when he shall be hereafter known only by his decisions, will be regarded as one of the brightest ornaments the law of England can boast.

The complaints against the Court of Chancery on account of the delay and expense, are by no means new, they are well known to have existed for the last *two hundred* years. In No. 59 of the *Quarterly Review*, it is shewn, that these things have been objected against that Court during “the most enlightened days of our history, and the most illustrious periods of our law;” from the time of Lord Bacon to the present day, they have been constant and fertile sources of complaint. Without doubt, these things deserve minute investigation, they ought to be inquired into, and as far as is consistent with a due regard to the administration of justice, alleviated and reduced. That there will not be, at all times, some persons found to complain, we cannot hope; there must be delay to a certain extent, in order to secure justice, and we suppose whilst there is any delay, there will be a Mr. Williams to complain of it. Blackstone remarks, *Com. 3, 423*,

“Delays in the conduct of a suit arise from liberty, property, civility, commerce, and an extent of populous territory, which, whenever we are willing to exchange for tyranny,

poverty, barbarism, idleness, and a barren desert, we may then enjoy the same dispatch of causes, that is so highly extolled in some foreign countries. But common sense, and a little experience, will convince us, that more time and circumspection are requisite in causes where the suitors have valuable and permanent rights to lose, than where their property is trivial and precarious, and what the law gives them to-day, may be seized by their prince to-morrow. In Turkey, says Montesquieu, (*Spirit of L. b. vi. ch. ii.*) where little regard is shewn to the lives or fortunes of the subjects, all causes are quickly decided: the Bashaw, on a summary hearing, orders which party he pleases to be bastinadoed, and then sends them about their business. But in free states, the trouble, expense, and delays of judicial proceedings, are the price that every subject pays for his liberty; and in all governments, he adds, the formalities of law increase in proportion to the value which is set on the honor, the fortune, the liberty, and the life of the subject."

All persons who have examined the subject with any degree of attention, coincide in these sentiments; and it is only "ignorance, or a partial acquaintance with the subject, that has led many persons to believe that a suit in equity may be brought within narrower limits than is really consistent with the perfect administration of justice." Chancery Report, p. 9. Whilst, however, there exist *any delays* which may be properly done away with, so far from endeavouring to put a stop to complaint, we would ourselves complain: but it should not be of the Judge, but of the Court; we would complain as has been formerly done, we would endeavour to shew the impropriety by argument, and solicit the interference of the legislature; we would not disgrace ourselves as the party now in opposition have done, by unjustly turning that into a personal complaint against the Judge, which ought to be directed against the constitution of the Court, or the part of its practice which is defective. We say, the opposition have disgraced themselves; and does it not appear that they have done so? They pretend to be the friends of liberality—the enemies and opposers of every thing that is harsh, unjust, or oppressive: hear them speak, and one would think they were the only men of feeling our country could boast, and that their pure benevolence reached to every corner of the globe; they hold themselves up as the refuge of the destitute and afflicted. But what feeling, what sense of propriety, what deference to age, what justice, what common honesty, have they exhibited in their conduct towards the Lord Chancellor? Let an illustrious man of their own party—one who, were he now alive, would frown with indignation upon their degraded ranks; let Sir Samuel Romilly shew, by the difference of his opinion, what we ought to think of their conduct.

"Sir Samuel Romilly conceived *no blame could attach, or be intended, to the Lord Chancellor; if there did, he could scarcely bring himself to vote for the motion.* He would say of that noble Lord, that there never was a man in the Court of Chancery who more endeared himself to the bar, or exhibited more humane attention to the suitors. There never presided in that Court a man of more deep and various learning in his profession; and in anxiety to do justice, that Court had never seen, he would not say the superior, but the equal, of the Lord Chancellor. If he had a fault, it was an over-anxiety to do justice." *Vide "The Times," March 8, 1811.*

The following opinion of another gentleman, given upon oath before the Commissioners appointed by His Majesty, is pretty nearly to the same purport: Mr. Montagu, it may be necessary to say, has been at the Chancery bar four-and-twenty years.

"Basil Montagu, Esq., examined July 22, 1825. I hope, that in thus speaking of the Lord Chancellor's Court, I may not be supposed to be speaking of the Lord Chancellor, or to attribute to him these defects, any more than I thought the defects of the Commissioners' Court should be ascribed to the Commissioners. I cannot but think it *most unjust* to confound the Court with the Judge. There is a spirit of improvement now moving upon this

country, which ought not, as it appears to me, to be impeded by personality. Permanent defects in a Court may, perhaps, generally be traced to the constitution of the Court; that is not to the Judge, but to society. The real causes of these delays are, (I conceive) because the business of the Court has increased for centuries, until it has become too extensive."

In a subsequent part of the same examination, Mr. Montagu says,

"I have no disposition to praise the Chancellor, or any man living, more than I ought. I am much mistaken if there are any two men in the country who differ more in their views of society, than the Lord Chancellor and myself. I almost always thought, and acted, and I am rejoiced at the recollection of it, with Sir Samuel Romilly: but speaking of the Lord Chancellor as a Judge, I should be most ungrateful if I did not feel his kindness to me for near twenty years, and (as I think) to the whole of his profession during his long judicial life. I should think most ill of myself, if I did not look up with the greatest respect to his extensive knowledge and extraordinary powers: dilating his sight so as to view the whole of every subject, and contracting it so as not to suffer the most minute object to escape. I should be most unjust if I did not acknowledge his patience to hear; his charity to hope; and his anxiety to do justice to every suitor of the Court. I trust, therefore, I shall be protected from the supposition that I wish to ascribe the faults of the Court to the Judge."

And yet this same Judge, this man of whom his most decided opponents have thus confessed their veneration and respect, has been declared by a political quack, sitting on the same bench with the successors of Sir S. Romilly in the House of Commons—we blush for our country and for human nature, when we record that this same man has been declared to be "*a curse to his country!*" The poor, insignificant mountebank should be informed, that

"Even-handed Justice

Returns th' ingredients of his poison'd chalice

To his own lips."

We have now shewn, we hope, satisfactorily, that the delays of the Court of Chancery, so far as they arise from the constitution of the Court, or the mode of proceedings adopted therein, are not at all imputable to the Judge; but, on the contrary, in the opinion of good men, furnish no ground whatever for any imputation upon his talents or conduct. But the assailants of Lord Eldon, not satisfied with charging against him personally all these delays, would also lead the public to suppose, that in consequence of a peculiar infirmity of disposition, his Lordship is prevented from deciding the questions that come before him; and that to this cause is to be attributed the accumulation of business in the Court of Chancery. This charge, like all the others, is exaggerated and untrue. So far from the accumulation of business in that Court arising from any such cause, the fact is, as we hope to shew to demonstration, that if the number of decisions given by the present Lord Chancellor in any one period of time, be compared with those given by previous Chancellors during a like period, it will be found that he has given twice, and in some instances three times, as many decisions as any of them. It is preposterous, therefore, to tell us that the accumulation arises from his doubtful and undeciding disposition: "the real causes," as Mr. Montagu says, in the evidence we have before quoted, "are, because the business of the Court has increased for centuries, until it has become too extensive." This was to be expected—increase of population, increase of wealth, increase of trade, all point to an increase of business in the Court of Chancery.

"Since the year 1750, our merchants, traders, and manufacturers, have increased almost beyond calculation in number, in the direct value of their commercial transactions, and in the variety and extent of their operation; the population at large has doubled; the peerage

nearly doubled; the gentry, as far as can be ascertained from the numbers educated in the universities, and attached to the professions, trebled; the commercial classes probably more than trebled; and the Barristers, who are to conduct the affairs of all these classes in the courts, at least doubled.*” Can these changes have taken place without occasioning a great increase of business in all the courts, and amongst them in the Court of Chancery? In 1750, the funded property invested in the name of the Accountant-General, amounted to £1,700,000; and 1016 accounts were opened at the Bank of England. In the year 1825, the amount of property invested had increased to £39,000,000, and the number of accounts to 8,460. Does not this shew an increase, we do not say a corresponding increase, for there are often many accounts in one cause, and the value of the stake, in some causes, is much greater than in others; but is it not fair to conclude, that as the amount of property in question, and the number of separate accounts, have increased so amazingly, the quantum of business has also considerably augmented? But the amount of increase can, in some instances, be shewn. Lord Hardwicke, in twenty years, issued 14,000 Commissions of Bankrupt: Lord Eldon, in twenty years, issued 40,000. And within the last twenty years, it would appear that the proceedings in Chancery have been at least doubled.

In the years 1799, 1800, 1801.

Bills filed in the Court of Chancery.	Pleas entered.	Demurrers entered.	Lunacy Petitions.	Bankrupt Petitions set down for hearing.
4021	12	53	390	744
<i>In the years 1821, 1822, 1823.</i>				
8826	114	156	929	1667

These things all shew clearly the immense increase of business even in twenty years; and, would our limits allow us, we could bring forward a variety of other calculations all tending to the same end. But the question still remains, has Lord Eldon exerted himself as much as his predecessors? or has the country to deplore an imbecile, inattentive Judge with increasing duties? The following statement of the number of decisions will shew. The first four refer to Lord Hardwicke, who held the seals in what has been termed “the golden age” of the Court of Chancery.

Lord Hardwicke in 3 years gave 12,378 Judgments in Chancery.
 Lord Eldon 20,973

Lord Hardwicke in 11 years, 11 months made 1398 Orders in Bankruptcy.
 Lord Eldon in 11 years, 4 months 3168

Lord Hardwicke in 9 years made 410 Orders in Lunacy.
 Lord Eldon 2372

Lord Hardwicke in 20 years decided 235 Appeals to the House of Lords.
 Lord Eldon 469

Lord Northington in 10 years 136

Lord Eldon 397

* Vide Quarterly Review, No. 59, p. 281, for the proof of these assertions. We are indebted to this article for a variety of data, and much valuable matter.

Lord Camden in 4 years	69	Appeals to the House of Lords.
Lord Eldon	214
<hr/>		
Lord Apsley in 8 years.....	172
Lord Eldon	325
<hr/>		
Lord Thurlow in 14 years	196
Lord Eldon	453
<hr/>		
Lord Roalyn in 8 years	122
Lord Eldon	325

We may, perhaps, be told, for the purpose of reducing Lord Eldon's merit in deciding so many appeals, that the House of Lords, during his Chancellorship, has given more time to appeals. No doubt it has done so. Lord Eldon is a Judge of the most unwearied patience, and wherever he presides, an exemplary attention and due time will be given to the administration of justice; but, notwithstanding all his patience and attention, we find a far greater number of these most important causes have been determined by him, than by any of his predecessors. Besides, if Lord Eldon's time was taken up in the House of Lords, he was of course absent from the Court of Chancery; business there was unattended to; but do we find that he has in consequence done less in that court than those who have gone before him? On the contrary, he has done nearly twice as much business as Lord Hardwicke*.

These facts sufficiently shew, that the outcry which has been raised by his Lordship's traducers, as to his want of decision and his doubtfulness, are entirely unfounded. The business he has done, disproves all the fine theories which his enemies have invented; but which, if true to the extent they desire us to believe, do not shew the Chancellor to be so culpable as they would infer. The fact upon which this part of their attack is founded, is that there sometimes intervenes a considerable space of time between the hearing of a motion or a petition, and the pronouncing of the Chancellor's judgment. We have proved that it is not the case to any prejudicial extent, otherwise the great mass of business which the Chancellor dispatches would not be got through. That there are particular cases in which delay does happen, we will not deny; and when it does happen, it may be attributed partly to the nature of the proceedings in the Court of Chancery, and the difficulty of forming a correct judgment upon cases as they are presented to the Chancellor; partly to the extreme importance of correctness in the Chancellor's decisions, and the consequent anxiety which every honest Judge must feel to decide according to justice; and partly to the multiplicity of the Chancellor's engagements. There has been an endeavour (Times, May 24, 1826) to make the public believe that judgments in the Court of Chancery, may be formed as easily as judgments in the Courts of Common Law, but this only betrays an ignorance of the subject. There is an essential difference between them. In the former, the decision is grounded entirely upon the *visd voce* statements; the facts to be determined are reduced by means of pleading to single points; and the jury, after weighing the evidence which is delivered to them in open court, return a simple answer, equivalent to "yes," or "no." In Courts of Equity, on the contrary, nothing is *visd voce* but the

* Quarterly Review, No. 59, p. 287.

statements of counsel; every thing is in writing; the bill of complaint preferred by the plaintiff, the answer of the defendant, the examination of the witnesses, and in the case of motions or petitions, the evidence on both sides, all are written, and remain in every stage of the suit capable of continual reference. In order, therefore, to form a correct decision, a decision founded upon an intimate knowledge of the facts, it is necessary to be well acquainted with the contents of these written documents. The necessity of this is admitted by all who have examined the subject. In the evidence of Mr. Thomas Hamilton, in the Chancery Report, page 96, we find:

Q. Does it not frequently happen that motions come on to be discussed on very contradictory affidavits? Yes.

Q. Do not such affidavits require much examination before a satisfactory judgment can be given upon them? Yes, they do.

Q. Do not these long motions happen peculiarly before the Chancellor? Yes, I do not hear of long motions any where else.

Q. In the disputed bankrupt petitions, does not the same circumstance arise, that there is much matter contained in the contradictory affidavits, which requires being sifted? Yes, a great deal which a Judge cannot properly dispose of by hearing or reading them in court. Great injustice is, in my opinion, frequently done to suitors by the Judge not sufficiently examining the affidavits and other documents.

Q. Has not the peculiar habit of the Chancellor for the examination of papers and affidavits, and other documents, in causes, in complicated causes, been the means of bringing subjects before him, that the parties may have the benefit of that laborious examination? Certainly.

And yet this habit of the Chancellor, so useful, so necessary to complete justice, has been turned into a matter of ridicule against him, and forms one ground of complaint! No doubt many of these complainants would decide with less trouble, and more speedily.

"Fools will rush in where angels fear to tread."

Mr. Montagu, in reference to the same subject, observes, Chancery Report, page 411,

"The Lord Chancellor has said, and I believe the fact to be, that it was always the practice of the Lord Chancellors, and the very intention and spirit of the legislature in Bankruptcy, that the Court of Appeal ought itself to examine carefully all the facts, before any further inquiry takes place, not only to avoid the expense, but to prevent the delay. This of course, in the pressure of business upon the Lord Chancellor, occupies a great time, and requires most minute attention, if justice is to be done. Of the labour of forming a correct judgment upon controverted facts, as stated in affidavits upon Bankrupt petitions, often full of irrelevant, mixed with relevant, matter, it is scarcely possible for any person not conversant with Bankruptcy business to form an estimate. I can only say, now it occurs to me, that I have at this moment a petition, in which I happen to be counsel with Mr. Beames, so extensive with respect to facts, that although I received twenty guineas with my brief, I said at a consultation where Mr. Beames was present last week, that I would rather give ten guineas more to return it. It is quite unavoidable: therefore, if the Lord Chancellor is right (as I believe him to be) in the opinion of his duty in the administration of this part of the Bankrupt laws, he ought to delay and deliberate before he decides, for he can in no other way with respect to those questions decide justly."

These things shew the difficulty, but the causes are not less important than difficult. It will be remembered that Lord Eldon's is a Court of Appeal, and in some cases the last Court of Appeal: his decisions are final, and very often include judgments upon the interests of widows, orphans, infants—persons whose rights every good man must feel peculiarly anxious to leave uninjured. "Every day," says Mr. Bell, "convinces me of the arduous situation of a Judge, and the caution requisite when the property (I am not now speaking of criminal jurisdiction) of his fellow-subjects, and especially of widows, orphans, and other unprotected persons, are at stake, and anxious, as he necessarily must be, to obtain full information before he decides a case."

Mr. Montagu, in reference to this part of the subject, states, *Chancery Report*, p. 411,

"The second reason why those causes appear to me to require great caution is, that in Bankruptcy there is no further appeal from the Lord Chancellor, which, to an anxious mind, must I conceive necessarily require mature deliberation. The third cause appears to me to be partly the constitution of the Chancellor's mind, and his anxiety to decide justly; as an instance of which, I beg to mention the case of *ex parte Blackburn*, which I have stated to have been in the paper last year, relating to some transactions so many years back. I argued this case (I think I may say two or three times), and I certainly never was in my life more satisfied with my own argument than I was in that case. I mentioned it again and again to the court, but I could not obtain judgment. At last, the Lord Chancellor stated that he had been deliberating upon the case for many hours during the night, and that there was one point which had escaped me in my argument, to which he wished to direct my attention; and he was pleased to direct my attention to it, and to desire it to be reargued; and upon rearguing it, I was satisfied that he was right, and I was wrong; and whatever may have been the cause of the delay, the consequence has been, that he has prevented the injustice which I should have persuaded him to have committed. I beg also to mention another case, *ex parte Leigh*, which will be found in Glyn and Jameson, 264, the case of a *habeas corpus*, where, to my knowledge, the prisoner was detained illegally upon an affidavit upon detainers for debt by a Mr. Claughton (I think for £10,000). The Court of King's Bench refused to discharge him. I presented a petition to the Chancellor on behalf of the bankrupt, being convinced that the decision of the Court of King's Bench was erroneous; and it being in the case of the liberty of a prisoner, the Chancellor heard it immediately, and took the trouble of applying to the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and after deliberation, thought it his duty to reverse the judgment, and to order him to be discharged; and but for this care and deliberation, I am satisfied he would have been in prison at this moment, as I know the hostility between these parties is continuing to this very day. There is a petition in the paper between them coming on at these sittings. I am so convinced of the Lord Chancellor's caution and sense of justice, that notwithstanding some resistance, I have always insisted upon the right given to prisoners by the *Habeas Corpus Act* to select their own Judge, which I trust will never be diminished, and have selected the Lord Chancellor in preference to all the Judges. With the pressure of business upon the Lord Chancellor, and his anxiety, it is (I conceive) very difficult for him to decide expeditiously; and if any part of the blame is to attach to the Lord Chancellor, it is (I conceive) only this anxiety (*ultra-anxiety*, if I may so say) to decide justly."

And who can wonder that the Chancellor is anxious to decide justly? or who, except a blind and determined enemy, can blame him for it? and yet this is the cause of all the outcry! A supreme Judge—a man who is in himself a Court of Appeal of the last resort—whose breath can raise to fortune, or reduce to beggary—whose sentence may decide the fate of myriads perhaps yet unborn—who is the protector of the fatherless, and those "who have none to help"—who is the guardian of the persons and property of those to whom nature has denied, or from whom she has taken, that best of gifts, our reason—who is moreover burthened with an increase of business, which has accumulated for centuries, and whose various duties we have not space even to enumerate—this Judge is anxious to do that which he is bound to do by oath—to decide justly: his conscience will not permit him to give a decree, the justice of which he has not ascertained; and this anxiety is urged against him as a crime—is made a subject of ridicule and reproach. The present age is distinguished for many marvellous discoveries, and this may be reckoned not the least important—that anxiety in a Judge to avoid injustice, is a crime! Oh! what an infinite distance does this anxiety place between this excellent man, and those who so perseveringly assail him! He is so firm in his principles—he regards so sacredly his high and important duties, that *ae dares not do an injustice*: whilst they attack him with all the weapons that can be furnished by slander and malevolence, and endeavour to degrade in

the estimation of the public one who, "if he has a fault," to use Sir S. Romilly's words, it is merely *an excess of virtue*. No instance can furnish a more striking illustration of the words of our late admired Bard:

"He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below."

We shall close this article, which has already extended far beyond our prescribed limits, by noticing two of the infamous slanders to which we have so often referred. We select these, not because they are the worst—by no means; but because we know the public has been much misled by them. The first relates to the Report of the Chancery Commissioners, the credit of which has been studiously assailed. It is well known, that in consequence of the outcry made by a certain party against the Court of Chancery, His Majesty, *upon the advice of the Chancellor*, directed certain persons, well versed in the subject, to investigate the causes of complaint. One would naturally suppose this at once silenced all clamour; but they who think so, know little of the conduct of the persons to whom we refer. They are like children who cry for certain playthings, and when they have them, immediately throw them aside and cry for others. But the Commissioners proceeded with their task—the subject was thoroughly investigated, and their report, with a variety of suggested alterations, laid before Parliament. But mark the malevolence always pointing against Lord Eldon: the Report was declared to be ineffectual, and it was insinuated that he had managed the whole matter in such a way, as to screen himself, and keep the public in the dark. The Times of May 22, 1826, contains the following paragraph, which for beauty of diction, ingenuity of illustration, for kindness, liberality, or good feeling, can never be surpassed.

"That Commission indeed was planted by the very hand which ought to have been tied up from all interference with it. Lord Eldon planted the young tree, and twisted it into the shape that best pleased him, and beamed on it with his approving countenance; or, as we have been informed, watered it when necessary with his tears!"

The only answer we shall give to this exquisite *morceau*, is an extract from a speech of Dr. Lushington, one of the Commissioners, extracted from the Report of it in *The Times paper* of May 19, 1826, *only three days before* the appearance of this beautifully figurative passage: "And first with regard to the conduct of the Lord Chancellor. He (Dr. Lushington) did but discharge a debt of justice to that individual, when he said, that from the beginning to the end of the investigation he had given the most material assistance to the Commissioners. He did not deliver his opinions to them as dogmas, but allowed those who doubted of their correctness to investigate them thoroughly, affording them every explanation which they required, and that too in a manner which left on his (Dr. Lushington's) mind a most favorable impression with regard to the learning, intelligence, and integrity of that noble Lord. So far from ever seeking to check inquiry, he had done every thing to promote and forward it."

We shall make no remarks upon the exactness with which the two accounts agree!

One question agitated before the Commissioners was, whether matters in Bankruptcy could be taken away from the Lord Chancellor; and they have reported, in conformity with the opinion of the most

intelligent witnesses, that they cannot. In allusion to this subject we find in *The Times* of March 10, 1826,

"Nobody wants Lord Eldon to retain the Bankrupt business, *although* it puts about £15 in his pocket for each commission." Again we are told on May 22, 1826:

"The Bankruptcy business ought to be given elsewhere: *but the story goes*, that the noble Lord would 'rather die than surrender it,' and with some reason truly, if the fees were to follow the work, since each commission brings the Chancellor £15 in money, if we are well informed; and on inspection of the Gazette since last October, the profit to this venerable nobleman from that source can hardly be less than £1000 per week."

We make no doubt "the story" to which reference is made above, is just as much worthy of credit as the subsequent part of the sentence;—and both of them perhaps derived from the impure imagination of the heartless writer. The truth is, that the whole charge for a Commission of Bankrupt is £5. 2s. 8d. of which we cannot state how much is the Chancellor's fee, but we know that part, and perhaps a great part, of it is paid to the present Lord Thurlow, who is Clerk of the Hanaper. No one but such a conjurer as the editor of *The Times* would imagine that "£15 in money" could be got by either Lord Eldon or Lord Thurlow out of £5. 2s. 8d.!—these are specimens of the accuracy and good feeling which these libellers can boast; and of the manner in which they manufacture pretended facts in order to support their arguments:—were it not for the lamentable influence which statements like these have upon the public mind, we should not have condescended to give them so much of our notice. A few years we are aware will alter all these things—in a few years the rancorous clamours which some have raised for hate, and some for hire, will be all forgotten, and the name of Lord Eldon will assume its proper station in the history of our country. In the mean time, we should study to repress that libellous spirit which is abroad amongst us: it is the boast of our times, that we have extended the boundaries of knowledge, and added many subjects to its empire: but we should be careful lest, whilst we bestow infinite pains upon the head, we suffer from the depravity of the heart. All our enlarged powers—all our vast accumulations of newly-discovered learning, will add little to the honor, the happiness, or the welfare of mankind, if they are unaccompanied by a portion of that spirit, whose office it is to promote "peace on earth, and good-will amongst men." To hold up any man to the scorn or ridicule of his fellow men, by means of untruth or misrepresentation, is a gross and scandalous offence—an offence not merely against the individual, but against society, and society should evince its indignation by thrusting from its bosom the hypocrite who profanes the name of Christian, by a worse than heathen immorality. To expect entire unanimity, would be fruitless and ridiculous; but surely a difference of opinion may be entertained without animosity—may be expressed without rancour. In the instance before us there has been a display of much irritated—nay, even exasperated, feeling; but we are satisfied that a little calm consideration, although it might not work a change of opinion, would alter the mode of expressing it. At any event, posterity will do Lord Eldon justice; and we hope, trust, and believe, that when hereafter his conduct comes to be inquired into by unbiassed and impartial investigators, it will be declared that his honors were won by no sacrifice of principle, were worn with dignity, and when relinquished, were without a stain.

M. P.

GEMS OF POETRY*.

No. II.

— ἄλκον ἄλκον

Κλυταῖς ἐπὶ τῇ ροαίῳ ἐξίχεται ζυγόν. PINDAR.

I propose in this number of your Magazine to treat your readers with some delightful specimens of the rich and exuberant fancy of THOMAS MOORE. They will form a singular contrast to the extracts from the author of the "Excursion." Few poets are more opposed to each other, in the peculiar characteristics of their genius, than MOORE and WORDSWORTH. Of this there will be sufficient evidence, if the extracts now given from the former, and those from the latter inserted in the Inspector for September, be critically compared. The productions of WORDSWORTH are in general distinguished by great profundity of thought, lofty imagination, Miltonic harmony, and (in his best passages) by a chaste simplicity of sentiment and expression not often met with in the literature of the present day. The poems of MOORE are remarkable for the most luxurious profusion of delicious sounds, sparkling imagery, and resplendent diction. But these two distinguished poets are more obviously opposed in the nature of their peculiar errors, on which, however, it will not be necessary for me to expatiate. I shall, therefore, proceed at once to the pleasant task I have undertaken. The following exquisite passages are from Lalla Rookh.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

"Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!"

A CALM AT SEA.

"How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the Land and Sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers,
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When, 'stead of one, unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassel breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;

* ERRATA, in GEMS, No. 1.—Page 371, near the bottom, "Thoughts that DO often lie too deep for tears."
Page 372, "The intellectual POWER,"
under the head, "Hopes, Youth, and Age," "OR a spider's web adorning."
Page 374, under the head, "Description of a beautiful Youth," "By a brook side or solitary TARN."

And e'en that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heavens
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest!"

DESCRIPTION OF A YOUNG HERO.

"Yon warrior Youth, advancing from the crowd,
With silver bow, with belt of brodered crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,
So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
Like War's wild planet in a summer sky!"

DESCRIPTIONS OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

—"Young MIRZALA's blue eyes,
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;
AROUTA's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,
Have magic in their pressure; ZEEBA's lute,
And LILLA's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot,
Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep!"

THE DANCE.

"Awhile they dance before him, then divide
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun!"

MOKANNA STRIVING TO RALLY HIS SCATTERED TROOPS.

"In vain MOKANNA, 'midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky!"

THE RETREAT.

"Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
For human force, hurries ev'n him along;
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
Of flying thousands,—he is borne away;
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forced flight, is—murdering as he goes!
As the grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
Surprises in some parched ravine at night,
Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay!"

FICKLENESS OF LOVE.

"Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And Sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! Love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness 'round all they said;

'Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,---or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever!"

The excellence of the above extracts must be sufficiently obvious to the duller reader. Indeed, the beauties of Moore are so well and generally understood, that they do not require the notice of criticism. As I have expressed my intention, however, to give specimens of the living poets, I cannot possibly neglect the most popular minstrel of the day.

D. L. R.

AN ESSAY ON GLOVES:—THEIR ORIGIN, &c.

"Excuse my glove."

"Excuse *my glove*," and hand too, reader, for as I have no innate idea of thy existence, thou art little better to me than a sort of non-entity*. But though I cannot offer thee my glove or hand, I may write something that may please thee, respecting that decent and comfortable hand-coverer, called, in Mr. Walker's Critical Dictionary, a glove.

Gloves are as various in their kinds as the hands which they shield. The sleek and lily white one, stretched, like the parchment of a drum, on a symmetrical and pretty, neat, female hand, is hardly to be "excused;" it is almost worth a squeeze of the silky hand beneath it. The lilac, the rose-tinted and light saffron-coloured one, is also a very agreeable and comely representative for the fingers. Nor must the modest, sensible, grave-looking black one be unnoticed in my glove catalogue. It is a very meritorious piece of manual furniture, and its universal adoption is the best proof of this—it ought to be nominated the "Glove King," or "Glovular Monarch." There are, besides, two or three more hand-coverers honored with the name of gloves—the thick buckskin, the dirty, muggy-tinted one, and numerous others. Let me, however, pay a tribute to the nice, genial, easy, and warm one for the winter—the wool-lined one. Thou paragon of gloves! oft have I blessed thee for the warmth thou hast imparted to my benumbed fingers as the frost nipped them when first sallying out in the cold and icy morning! How delightful it is to have this kind companion for our poor dumb and passive fingers! They slide into their respective cases as if by instinct. We can only compare the beatitude of encasing the hand into a wool-lined glove, to slipping under the blankets of a warm bed on a winter's night. I never could reconcile myself to those coarse worsted ones, all cranny and tickling, creating a hot wretchedness in the hand, without imparting any gradual and consoling warmth. To me, when I behold them slumbering lazily on any person's hands, I am much inclined to mistake them for the remains of an old worsted stocking, converted into a glove representative. I am also a poor admirer of those lanky ones which creep up the lady's arm so inelegantly

* See Locke.

avaricious of the flesh. I can see little use in them, except it be to conceal the fading colors of a freckled skin; or to cover over any visible distortion of the bones, or slighter aberration from delicacy.

There was a time when gloves (except on particular and important occasions) were deemed a distinguishing attribute in the accoutrements of gentility. But the citizens soon learn to rival the courtiers, and the servant will ape the eccentricities of his master. They are now as common as the leather-dressers could pray for. The paper fingers of the puny infant; the glossy white and nicely modelled hands of the flippant boarding-school Miss; the bony one of the waltzing *exquisite*; and the clean Sunday one of the hardy labourer, and spruce apprentice, are at different times alike adorned with the comely appurtenance of a glove. Rank never has, or will, effect a constant monopoly—not even the buffooneries which are, alas! but too often its *only* concomitants, will be preserved from the mimicry of inferiors.

The word glove, most are aware, is derived from the Saxon, *Glofe*. Concerning the date of its origin there has been much speculation. Some biblical scholars maintain, that in the 108th psalm, where the royal prophet declares he will cast his shoe over Edom; and, also in Ruth, iv. 7, where the custom is mentioned of one man taking off his *shoe*, and presenting it as a token of redemption to his neighbour, it is rendered by the Chaldaic paraphrast, *Glove*; Causabon concurs in this opinion, because the word is explained in the Talmud Lexicon, *the clothing of the hand*. Xenophon, in describing the degeneracy of the Persians, after the death of Cyrus, exhibits as a proof, that not content with covering their body, hands, and feet, they guarded the very tips of their fingers with shaggy *finger-coverers*, gloves*. In the venerable pages of Homer, we read of Laërtes gardening with gloves on his hands to shield them from the thorns. Varro proves their antiquity among the Romans. In his second book "*De Re Rusticâ*," he remarks, that olives gathered by the naked hand are better flavored than those gathered with gloves. Athenæus, a grammarian of Naucratis, in his ingenious work, called "*Deipnosophistæ*," relates of a gluttonous monster, that he always came to table with gloves on his hands, that he might be able to devour the meat ere it cooled, and surpass all the rest of the company. What has been already said, is a proof that gloves were not unknown to the ancients; but their adoption among them was a precedent of mollient manners, and corrupting luxuries. *Musonius Rufus*, a Stoic philosopher in the reign of Vespasian, proclaims it a "shame that persons in health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings;" but in time they were considered by them as a convenience. Pliny, in mentioning his journey to Vesuvius, says that his secretary wrote his observations with gloves on his hand to shield them from the cold. At the commencement of the 9th century, gloves became so universal, that the Church regulated that part of the dress. In *Lewis Debonnaire's* time, the counsel of Aix ordered that the monks should only wear gloves made of sheep-skin. Pictures and monuments demonstrate

* Ἀλλὰ μὴ καὶ ἐν τῇ χιμῶνι οὐ μόνον κεφαλῇ καὶ σῶμα καὶ πόδας ἀρκεῖ αὐτοῖς ἐσκιπᾶσθαι ἀλλὰ καὶ περὶ ἀκραις ταῖς χερσὶ χιρῖδας δασείας καὶ δακτυλῶδας ἔχουσιν. Zenoph. Cyrop.

the alteration time has made in their shape. But there appears to me general analogy in degeneration: men's bodies and minds have become small, and gloves, like other portions of apparel, have dwindled into a *minified* form, to be reconciled with the effeminate, unmanly hands which wear them.

In various ages gloves have been appropriated to various uses. They have been employed in the ceremony of *investitures*, and in conferring *dignities*. In the year 1002, the Bishops of Paderborn and Moncero were put into the possession of their fees by the receiving a *glove*. Favin observes, that the custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of the Kings of France, (which still subsists) is derived from the Oriental practice of investiture by a *glove*.

The depriving a person of gloves, was formerly a mark of divesting him of his office. In Edward the Second's time, the Earl of Carlisle was impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, and was condemned to die as a traitor: "His spurs," says Walsingham, "were cut off with a hatchet, and his *gloves* and shoes were taken off;" &c. Another use of gloves, it is well known, was in a duel: he who threw one down, was thereby understood to give defiance; he who took it up, accepted the challenge.

Time changes the institutions of policy and society, equally with the social character of nations. Single combat was originally instituted for a trial of innocence, similar to the ordeal of fire and water; but in the lapse of time it was practised in the decisions of right and property. The custom of challenging by glove, existed to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Spelman gives an account of a duel appointed to be fought in Tothill-fields, in the year 1751. The dispute was concerning some lands in Kent. The parties appeared in court, and demanded single combat. One of them threw down his *glove*, which the other immediately took up, carried off on his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed: but her majesty adjusted the quarrel. Derived from these combats is the ceremony of challenging by a *glove*, at the coronation of the Kings of England; on which occasion, a delegated champion of his majesty enters Westminster Hall, well mounted and armed, and proclaims he is ready to maintain the prince's title to the crown, by single combat. After this, he throws down his *glove* or gauntlet in token of defiance. At the present day, the Germans on receiving an affront send a glove as a challenge to the offender. Another very ancient use of *gloves* was for carrying the *hawk*. There is a monument of Philip the First of France yet remaining, on which he is represented at length on his tomb, holding a glove in his hand. In Germany it is a very old custom, that whosoever enters the stables of a prince, or great man, with his gloves on his hands, is obliged to forfeit them, or redeem them by a fee to the servants. This is still practised in France, and a late king never failed to pull off one of his *gloves* on that occasion.

We meet with the term, *glove-money*, in records of antiquity, by which is to be understood, money given to servants to buy *gloves*, and this, doubtless, was the origin of saying, *I give a pair of gloves*, to signify, making a present for some favor or service. Among the moderns, it is usual for a lady on her marriage to present her friends and acquaintance

with a pair of white *gloves*; and for the relatives of a deceased person to give a *black* pair to the parson and the *funeral* visitors—*very frequently* what these fictitious-mourners come for.

Thus having dismissed the historical part of our subject, we shall resume our remarks of a more domestic and social nature.

There is a great deal in the fit of a glove, both in reference to its appearance and comfort. Gloves, when clumsily drawn over the fingers, make an ugly hand still more uncouth; and a delicate one, to lose its symmetry. I have observed gloves on some people's hands, whose loose, rough, and unsightly shape seems more appropriate for the covering a horse's hoof, or lion's paw, than the human hand; on them it is a slovenly wrapper, better used in polishing silver candlesticks than encasing fingers. On the other hand, a glove of glossy texture, (supposing the weather to be seasonable) firm in its composition, beautifully elastic in its polished stretch, and enveloping every joint of the fingers in a soft and yielding manner, is a very decorous ornament to the hand. Beneath its silky spread, we may perceive the round swell of the flesh, whose rising contour gives the effect of the beautiful*. Much, of course, depends on the hand itself. If regular and systematically moulded, each finger branching from the knuckles in equal divisions, and preserving a smooth, circular, mould, till it tapers into the nail; on such a hand a glove will look handsome. But all are not blessed with fine formed hands; many have fingers crooked like stags' horns, and knotty like the branches of trees; others fat and bunched, admirably calculated to serve the office of pugilistic gloves. To these people, my advice is, to deposit their manual incumbances within the warm sanctuary of their breeches pockets. Talking of fitting, we must pay our respects to the wearing as well. What is the reason that some "awkward squads" push their hands into them with such irritability and passionate haste? I have often been disgusted to see these uncivilized creatures take a nice, compact, and tender pair of new gloves, and cram their fists into them with as much force as would be necessary to ram a cannon. They should slide their hands in as gently and quietly as they would rub down a favorite mare, or smooth some favorite damsel's pretty cheeks. Why one glove is to be carried in the hand, and another to be left on, is still more inexplicable. It is one of those fooleries in fashion, whose whimsicality and unmeaning foppishness are equally absurd. What a charming figure an intolerable long lamp-post, *quasi, a modern exquisite*, appears, when striding along the street, puffed in his face as pie-crust, with pinched shape, and holding one glove loosely in his right hand, swinging to his motion, and fanning his alabaster little finger, graced with a thick gold ring, and resembling, in size, the wick of a mould candle! how I dislike the spectacle of such living mummies†!

* See Burke.

† The classical reader will immediately recal here the description of the Roman dandy in Juv., Sat. 1, the effeminate Crispinus,

"The slave-born, slave-bred, vagabond of Nile."

"Tyriaa humero revocante lacernas,
Ventilet astirum digitis sudantibus aurum."

The reason of the saying, "excuse my glove," when a rencontre takes place in the street, deserves inquiry. The most obvious reason is, that a grasp of the hand is far more expressive of good fellowship and friendship, than the bare squeeze of the glove; and therefore, when this is omitted, an apology is necessary to excuse the removal of the glove. From this, it would seem, that there is a mystic union between the hand and the heart. When a lady marries, the parson joins the hands of the bride and bridegroom, as a token of united hearts and united destinies. In the squeeze of a beautiful female's hand, moist and soft as refined velvet, there is an exquisite thrill arising from the touch, that creates an agreeable commotion in the senses of the man: and who is there that has not said more by hastily pressing the little mellow hand of his mistress, than hours of eloquence could have effected? How many a beau, when accompanying some favorite from a ball to her home, has felt a delightful warmth steal over his bosom when he meaningly pressed her hand, and gently sighed, "good night!"—he meant, "may I hope to continue our acquaintance." As for the young lady—why, rely on it, she trips up to her bed-room, and concludes the relation of the evening's pleasure by adding, that "Mr. ——— most politely saw her home, and gave her *such* a squeeze in the hand when he said good night!" I have now entered upon a subject which, were it opportune, I could luxuriate in—but "*parva parvum decent*," i. e. little more will suffice.

There are actually few people who possess the decent acquirement of "shaking hands" in a pleasing manner. Some bolt up to you, and thrust out their paw as if they intended to break your ribs, when they bawl out, "ah! how d'ye do?—excuse my glove." Yes, I have often thought, when dogged by such creatures—"and you along with it." Some, again, advance to you with arms swinging with an impetus equal to the paddles of a steam-packet, and while their manner appears to threaten you into a "somerset," they, too, exclaim, "how d'ye do?—glad to see ye—*excuse my glove*." Lastly, there are others whose icy formal countenance and reluctant movement of the arm, when they accost you, is scarcely preferable to the boisterous violence of the preceding. These last advance their hand with the same unwillingness as they would when forced to discharge the vulgar and *ungentlemanly* office of "settling an accmpt." Is it then necessary for me to mention the manner to be observed in shaking hands, &c.? Why, let me see—I may as well conclude by doing so, and then say good by to the reader. Advance with an *honest* smile, then, on your face, and a benevolent glow in your eye, and stretching your own boldly and willingly, but not in a tremendous bustle, give your friend's hand the grasp of a friend; but do not let him have reason to wry his features, when he is freed from its hold. In like manner, easily and unaffectedly, when you are too late for dinner, or an appointment, squeeze his hand, and say, "excuse my glove."

BOB LOGIC.

THE PORTFOLIO.—No. 2.

ELLEN MAXWELL.

"Who," said I, "is that young woman dressed in black, and standing alone by the side of the cliff?"

"That is Ellen Maxwell," replied my friend Milner; "poor girl! every body pities and respects her. I have known her since she was an infant. You who see her now, can scarcely imagine what a sweet child she was, when many years ago she used to play round her old father's knee, as he sat at his cottage door enjoying the luxury of a pipe. You can hardly conceive that the cheek now so pale, then vied with the rose in colour; and the poor shattered being before us was the personification of health and beauty. She dislikes interruption; let us therefore pass on, and I will relate to you the particulars of her story. Observe how wildly she seems to search along the horizon; and how her attention is caught by the least speck that appears upon the ocean."

Her veil was disposed in such a manner that I could scarcely see her countenance, although we passed close by her side. I have since, however, had frequent opportunities of observing it minutely. Grief has given a prominence to her features, which in her better days it is probable they did not possess; but there are still the remains of a well-formed face—one which may easily be imagined to have been invested with considerable beauty. At present, its great peculiarity is, excessive paleness. I never saw any thing more nearly approaching to the hue of death—even her lips are blanched. Her face presents nothing that seems to live, except a full, dark, inquisitive eye; which of course adds by the force of contrast to the consumptive appearance of her cheek. The singularity is also increased by some ringlets of dark brown, which hang carelessly down both sides of her face, and have an effect something similar to the dark shades of Rembrandt's pictures.

"Her father, whose name is Adamson," said Mr. Milner, "has lived here for many years, and formerly carried on the trade of a cooper. In a sea-port town, what little money is realized by tradesmen, is usually vested in shipping; and Adamson, who was a careful man, soon became a considerable ship-proprietor. His speculations were extremely successful; and after a few years, he gave up business, and retired with his wife, and Ellen, his only child, to a small house just without the town.

"His connexion with the shipping interest of course rendered his family acquainted with many seafaring men, and amongst them no one was a greater favorite than Edward Maxwell. Indeed Ned was a general favorite. Bred to the sea from his childhood—inured to hardships and fatigue—nursed, as it were, upon the ocean, and educated amidst storms, he had acquired all the careless hilarity, the good-nature, the contempt of danger, which form essential ingredients in the character of a sailor. Amongst those of his own sex and class in society, Ned was esteemed a most important personage; who knew latitudes and longitudes, shoals and rocks, straits and bays, streams and currents, better than he did? or, who could laugh more heartily, tell a more excellent joke, sing a merrier song, or give a better toast, than he could? But these were not all his qualifications. The 'auld wife' was delighted to place a chair in the 'ingle nook' for Ned Maxwell, whose adventures were an inexhaustible source of pleasure. It is true he had once been the mischievous boy who used to strip her apple trees; torment the cat, the dog, the poultry, and the pigeons; stop the clock; and play a thousand other annoying tricks; but all these follies had been redeemed by the present of a parrot, a bird of Paradise, or a Chinese fan; and besides, he had mended his manners by several voyages to Greenland, and a shipwreck amongst the Patagonians. But the persons in the world by whom Ned was the most admired, were all the little boys and girls who could syllable his name. There was no end of the wonders he told them; and he taught the boys to swim, to skait, and to box; and he rigged their ships, and built pigeon-houses for them; and baited their hooks, and brought them lines. Amongst the girls, he was in high repute as an operator upon the legs and arms of dolls; and above all, he gave them beautiful feathers, and sang 'such funny songs.' But it would be impossible to sum up half the merits of this good-humoured fellow. At his approach, every face was lighted up with pleasure: the old, the young, the merry and the sad, the simple and the wise, all rejoiced to shake him by the hand, or see him cross the threshold. Wherever he came, mirth was predominant: the invalid forgot his pains, and the workman his occupation, to listen to the marvels which Ned Maxwell could unfold. His presence seemed to make a continual holiday.

"No one can more easily touch the heart of a female, than he who is gifted with the art of speaking well. The accomplished gallant, whose most valued qualification is the selection of a tailor; whose ingenuity displays itself in the tie of his neckcloth; who can

tread the mazes of a quadrille, give his arm with a good grace at its conclusion, and prattle small talk between the sets; such a man—even such a man—must yield at discretion if his competitor be one who can address their common mistress in the language of truth and nature. The rule is applicable to all classes of society, and displayed itself with peculiar force in the instance of Edward Maxwell. Many and many were the lasses who, to use a common but not unmeaning phrase, ‘set their caps’ at this merry sailor; and envy dictated not a few ill-natured remarks when it became known that he had passed every evening for a whole week in the society of Ellen at Master Adamson’s. The disappointed candidates for the situation of Mrs. Maxwell, joined in an expression of astonishment that such a ‘pert slut’ as Ellen Adamson could have found any favor with one, whose affections had been laid siege to by themselves; and each of them began to discover that Ned was not by any means either so good-looking, or so good-natured, as he had been previously considered. Thus they endeavoured to console themselves, whilst the sailor and his chosen were as happy as ever were two young hearts united by the most disinterested affection. Often did I meet them in their rambles at sun-set in the green lanes which surround the town, or strolling by the sea-shore to watch the fishing boats as they passed across the stream of light which the full moon shed upon the ocean. Such scenes, and such times, are peculiarly sacred to affection—they soften the heart, and render it capable of the noblest feelings. The selfish and unfeeling may dispute, may deny, if they please; but there is a pleasure felt by those whose young hearts are linked by mutual sympathy, to which the world can afford no parallel. It is a pleasure in which the mere worldling, or the guilty, can have no share. They cannot imagine what their degraded natures will not permit them to become partakers of; but the delight is not the less real, because it is too pure to be shared by the unworthy.

“The course of true love,” it is said, ‘never did run smooth,’ and those of whom I am now speaking furnished no exception to the general rule. Mr. Adamson, who is a good-hearted, worthy man, desired nothing more than to promote the happiness of his daughter, and therefore never directly opposed her intimacy with Edward Maxwell; but Mrs. A. was the ruler of the family, and she, good woman, entertained very high notions about the dignity of her connexions, and the purity of her blood, both which she thought were cogent reasons why Ellen should not follow her own inclination in the choice of a husband. ‘Only think, sir,’ she remarked to me, when I once spoke to her upon the subject, ‘only think what Mrs. Corrymahdel of Smalcoat Hall, who is my mother’s third cousin by the half blood, would say if she were to hear that our only heir had married a man who is no better than a mere sailor, as a body may say. Only think, sir.’ It was in vain to urge that if either the occupation of Ned Maxwell or his poverty furnished an objection, it was in the power of the Adamsons, who were really wealthy people, to remove them both. Mrs. Adamson declared that she had no notion that her property should go to enrich a young fellow, whose right to it she, for one, could not discover. I told her, that by so doing she would secure the comfort and happiness of her daughter, and by that means add to her own. ‘Pooh! pooh!’ was her answer, ‘I can’t see but what Ellen is comfortable enough at home, and somebody else will turn up in a little time, and put this young fellow out of her head. He will be off to sea shortly you know.’ Arguments like these prevailed, but with most singular inconsistency—Ned was still permitted, under the authority of the father, to visit at the house, whilst Mrs. Adamson’s determined opposition proclaimed that, with the consent of Ellen’s parents, they could never be united.

“Maxwell was, at this time, mate of a merchant vessel trading to the Indies, and of course was obliged to be occasionally absent for a long space of time. But the affections of the youthful pair were too firmly fixed to be removed by absence or opposition. At length, about three years ago, upon Ned’s return from one of his voyages, a very advantageous offer was made him by a highly respectable merchant and banking firm, who were desirous of obtaining his assistance, which was peculiarly valuable on account of his intimate acquaintance with commercial transactions. A few hundred pounds were necessary to complete this arrangement, which would at once have secured his respectability, and have removed the objection to him as being ‘a mere sailor.’ Ned, whose parents died long ago, had no friends who could assist him, and in consequence I, and some other mutual friends, applied to the Adamsons upon the subject. I verily believe old Adamson would have advanced the requisite amount at once, but Mrs. A., as I before told you, was commander-in-chief, and no persuasions we could use at all removed her objections. I know enough of their affairs to be well aware that the money would not have intrenched at all upon their mode of living—in fact, it would have been merely so much taken from their superfluous wealth; but Mrs. A. stubbornly persisted in withholding her consent, although every one could perceive how much, not merely the happiness, but even the health, of her daughter was concerned in the

decisions: avarice, or some worse passion, had closed her ears and eyes, and Ned was in consequence obliged to decline the offer.

"The firm to which I have referred, then offered him the command of a vessel destined for the Baltic trade, which they were at that time building. Nothing but his affection for Ellen could have induced Ned to think of quitting the sea as a profession; and when he found himself unable to accomplish the first arrangement, he did not hesitate a moment to agree to the second. The ship was soon completed and launched, and in the course of a few months was fit for sea; but in the meantime Maxwell had obtained Ellen's consent to become his wife. It was useless to expect the consent of her parents—they did not ask it. He took a small house upon the cliff, commanding a view of the harbour and bay, and upon a fine morning, in the latter end of August, the ceremony of the church united them indissolubly.

"Scarcely had the marriage been celebrated, when some intelligence arrived which caused the sailing of the vessel to be very unexpectedly expedited—a few days only were allowed to complete the ship's lading, and at the end of a week Ned was obliged to leave his wife—alone, and exposed to all the anger of her parents. I can scarcely imagine a situation more desolate; but the poor girl bore it extremely well. She accompanied her husband to the ship—remained on board until every thing was prepared for sailing, and when the gallant fellow conducted the stately vessel through the harbour, and its sails were for the first time spread out to the wind, I accompanied her to the top of the cliff, from whence we watched his progress until darkness hid him from our sight. I then conducted her home—she had hitherto been calm and tranquil, but when we entered the lonely apartment, to which a residence of a few days had given no attraction, and which indeed could be scarcely called her home—nature could be controlled no longer—she sunk into a chair, and burst into tears. Some neighbours rendered her their assistance, and she was indebted to strangers for those offices of kindness and consolation, which mistaken pride and unmanly compliance prevented her from receiving at the hands of her natural comforters.

"The Adamsons were at first extremely angry, and refused to see either of the offenders; but when they found that Ellen was left alone, her father first, and after some time her mother, condescended to be reconciled to her. The feeling of the latter was indeed any thing but cordial—often and often have I heard her cut the poor girl to the heart by the most thoughtless, if not the most unfeeling, remarks. She seemed to feel pleasure in reminding Ellen that she had, as the worthy lady expressed it, 'thrown herself away' upon 'a mere sailor,' instead of obtaining a husband of much higher rank in society, as she might have done. Not content with remarks at once directed to Ellen herself, she never scrupled to remind her visitors, even in Ellen's presence, that the degradation which had been brought upon 'her family' by Mrs. Maxwell's marriage, was not with her consent, and it was merely because she was a poor, foolish, fond woman, that she countenanced at all a daughter who had acted so disobediently. I often stood in need of all my patience, and all my prudence, to forbear crying aloud against the barbarity of thus bruising the broken reed.

"Maxwell's return was expected in about two months; and as the termination of that period approached, the anxiety of Ellen may be imagined. Even those who cannot feel—if there be any such—may fancy how she marked every variation of the wind; how eagerly she watched every ship that entered the bay, and listened to the intelligence and conjectures of seafaring men. The two months elapsed, but the ship did not arrive: two more passed away, but there was no intelligence—no ship. Every day rendered Ellen's anxiety more dreadful. The equinoctial hurricanes arrived: they passed: winter succeeded, and wind, and rain, and snow contended for the mastery: still the ship came not. A few months more brought spring, and with it all Ellen's hope revived. The breaking heart will cling long and fondly to any favorite idea; and she, poor thing, imagined that her lover's vessel might by possibility have been detained by the frost in the northern regions, to which its course was directed. During the winter, the notion was encouraged by her friends, and she entertained it; but day followed day, each, like its predecessor, bringing no tidings; until at length the summer sun shone brightly upon the ripening harvest: it was then that every fibre of the poor girl's heart seemed broken—she gave herself up to despair.

"For a long time there was no hope that her life would be preserved; but the skill of her medical attendants, and the kind and unwearied attention of her father, succeeded in partly overcoming the malady. Of her mother, I will say nothing, as it pleased God to take her from the world shortly after her daughter's illness commenced—let us hope that she did not carry her unrelenting, unforgiving disposition to the grave. Upon the death of his wife, old Adamson removed to the cottage in which his daughter resided, and has continued to live there up to the present time. His assiduity in watching over her health, is extreme: every thing is procured that wealth can purchase, or wit devise, in order if possible to cheer her drooping spirits—the old man's only occupation seems to be to gratify,

and if possible to prevent, his daughter's wishes. At present, her health is considered pretty good, but her mind is strangely weakened. She still imagines that Maxwell will return; and every day, and sometimes twice and even three times a day, either alone or accompanied by her father, she takes her stand upon the cliff where we saw her, and anxiously surveys the expanse of sea, in the vain hope of seeing her Edward return. Her chief amusement is the reading of such books as *Peter Wilkins*, and *Robinson Crusoe*; and from them she has caught the idea that the object of her choice is still alive upon some desolate island. Nothing delights her more than to relate any story of extraordinary preservation from shipwreck: she listens with the most fixed attention, and at the conclusion seems in her own mind to place Maxwell in the situation of the person preserved, and imagines that the story has particular reference to him. When I was last at her residence, she took me aside, and whispered in my ear that she was 'almost certain' we should see Maxwell soon, for he was always so ingenious that he would soon build a boat; only, said she, with a deep sigh, 'it is such a long way to come.' Oh! it is melancholy to see the ruin which ill-judging pride, and mis-timed parsimony, have brought upon this once lovely creature. I never approach the house without feeling my heart crushed as it were within me.

"No ray of intelligence has ever been thrown upon the darkness which hangs over the fate of Maxwell and his ship. He never reached the Baltic; and there can be little doubt but that the ship must have foundered at sea; but whether in consequence of the shifting of the cargo, or of any defect in the construction of the new vessel, or from what other cause, will in all probability remain for ever unknown. Ellen's melancholy story is known to most people about here; and the unfortunate girl is in consequence treated every where with kindness and respect. Her approach seems to spread universal sadness; and old and young, rich and poor, all pay the tribute of a sigh to the misfortunes of 'poor Ellen Maxwell.'"

MAURICE PENN.

TWILIGHT.

The Sun has sunk behind the western hills,
 Their rugged tops his last faint rays illumine;
 From dark'ning flowers, the evening dew distils,
 Around the wanderer's path, a sweet perfume,
 Betraying still the birth-place of their bloom;
 The amorous Bee bids farewell to the Rose,
 And hastes its honied treasure to entomb
 Within its secret cell; and there repose,
 Till the blue sky in morning splendour glows.

Oh! who could think, to gaze on this still scene,
 The deep'ning shade, and the scarce waving flowers,
 That here the restless foot of man had been,
 Or that rude revel e'er disturb'd these bowers,
 To the lone mourner dear in twilight hours;
 When nought is heard, save the low-pealing knell,
 Ambition prone to daunt, howe'er it towers,
 The proudest heart may beat with gentler swell,
 Thus warn'd to bid its soaring hopes farewell."

E. B.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ANCIENT LYRIC POETS.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

No. II.* — FROM ANACREON.

THE PORTRAIT.

Γράφει χίλος, οἷα Πειθοῦς,
 Προκαλούμενοι φίλημα.
 Τρυφεροῦ δ' ἴσω γυνίου
 Περὶ Λυγδίνῃ τραχύλῃ
 Χάριτις πετούντο πάσαι.

Aac. 28.

Master of the Rhodian art,
 Prince of painters to the heart !
 Paint my absent Love for me,
 While I tell her form to thee.
 First, we'll have her flaxen hair,
 With its soft and jetty glare ;
 If thy skill can so assume,
 Paint it breathing moist perfume :
 O'er her ripely-glowing cheek
 Let her forehead, white and sleek,
 Through the shady ringlets shine,
 Nestling there in glossy twine.
 Neither lose, nor trace with art,
 Where her eyebrows nicely part---
 Like her own, their fringed swoop
 Must o'er th' arching eye-lids droop.
 Make her eyes of burning beams,
 Rayful as their living gleams ;
 Like Minerva's, rich and blue,
 With swimming fire, like Venus' too.
 Next, paint her juicy cheek, and nose,
 Mingling ivory with the rose :
 Seducing lips, whose ruby glare
 Seems to sue a riffer there.
 'Neath her chin's voluptuous fold,
 Let her neck rise fair and bold ;
 Round its swan-like symmetry,
 All the Graces nimbly fly.
 Last, robe her in a fine-wove dress,
 Of the violet's loveliness :
 Let her alabaster skin
 Show the maiden charms within.
 Stop:---there's life upon her cheek !
 Perhaps the image soon will speak !

Sept. 11, 1826.

* I have, as in No. 1 of the Translations (see No. 3 of *The Inspector*), endeavoured to be as literal as possible. There is, however, in Anacreon a tenderness---so many of those *molles delicias*---which no *English* translation can perfectly imitate. I believe there are many translations of this beautiful piece ; but in attempting mine, I had nothing but the Greek before me, that I might be as original as I could.

TRUE CHARACTER OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

It has been the custom of historians, when writing of Charles XII., to regard him as little better than a madman: as one in whom reckless ambition usurped the place of every better feeling—whose valour was rashness, and whose magnanimity was impulse: one who was alike regardless of the true interests of his country, and the repose of mankind. Such a character by no means does justice to this extraordinary man. It will be our present object to unfold his true pretensions, to have a space allotted to him in the immortal records which preserve the achievements of illustrious men.

Fired, in early youth, from the perusal of the lives of Alexander and Cæsar, (monarchs whom, as Voltaire says, he emulated in all but their vices) he evinced not many signs of extraordinary abilities, until the memorable conspiracy of the three northern powers kindled the latent energies which slumbered in his bosom, and roused his soul to action. It is here worthy of remark, that although he hesitated not to avow his determination never to involve his subjects in an unjust war, he declared his fixed determination of subjugating his enemies, and no potentate who ever existed, could have struggled more arduously to effect his purpose. To follow Charles in his career of victory, would perhaps be only going needlessly over the ground of history; but a few of the steps by which his arms rose to a pinnacle of greatness, only equalled by a late celebrated despot, may be recapitulated with advantage. The siege and capture of Copenhagen seemed the animating spur to Charles's ambition, and formed the commencement of a series of brilliant campaigns almost unprecedented in the annals of military renown. Since the times of Ninus, Semiramis, and Sesostris, in the infant ages of the world, more extensive scenes of warfare may have sometimes occurred; but never were the arms of a victorious chieftain crowned with a more rapid series of success, never did they carry more terror in their progress. For the space of nine years he traversed Poland, Lithuania, Livonia, and Saxony, and approached so near to the capital of Germany, as to excite much consternation in the inhabitants. The rapidity of his marches rather resembled, it is said, an excursion through the dominions of an ally, than an advance through an enemy's country, surrounded by hostile armies. His movements in Saxony and Poland were indeed unprecedented in the history of campaigns, nor have they been equalled in any subsequent age. Wherever the forces of his rival appeared, they were attacked and vanquished by the King of Sweden before the main body of his troops had time to engage. No rivers could slacken or stem his progress; no barriers could impede for a single day the march of his troops. Like Alexander at the passage of the Granicus, he threw himself at the head of his horse, into the widest streams, although the enemy stood on the opposite shore drawn up in great force to receive him. Nothing could withstand the activity of his movements, or the impetuosity of his charges; when unhorsed in the midst of the enemy's ranks, he fought on foot; and wherever he turned his steps, victory decided in his favor. But the fortune of Charles proved at length inconstant, and one disastrous campaign completed his downfall. Fixed, unalterably, in his determination of dethroning his ancient rival, the Czar, he advanced, whilst the year was already declining, into Russia, unmindful that he must not only stem the opposition of his enemies, but also wage an unequal conflict with the elements. His good fortune accompanied him in his passage over the Boristow and the Deana; and he at length drove the Muscovites back upon the shores of the Boristenes, which they passed with the utmost precipitation. The memorable chastisement which Charles had formerly inflicted upon them at Narva, was not forgotten, and so great was their haste to escape from his victorious arms, that their march rather resembled a rout than a retreat. The Russians, however, made it their policy to lay waste the country, and Charles soon found himself reduced to the extremity of famine. Incredible difficulties and hardships, from this time, awaited him. His reinforcements of ammunition and men were every where attacked; his artillery sunk in swamps and morasses, and large bodies of his troops rendered ineffective through excessive cold, until his evil genius accomplished his ruin at Pultowa, leaving behind him a memorable lesson to the ambition of princes, never to suffer an uninterrupted series of long success to tempt them to an entire neglect of the dictates of prudence.

Led by that invincible and extravagant courage, which animated him confidently to anticipate victory where all mankind, except himself, would have predicted defeat and ruin, what shall we say of the character of Charles? What are his pretensions to that heroic grandeur of soul—that elevation and disinterestedness of thinking, which have, in former ages, distinguished those who led the armies of the ancient republics? Had the King of Sweden conquered at Pultowa, supposing his conduct to have previously been precisely the

same, there is no question but his character would have occupied a very different place in history. Success seems often necessary, in order to furnish forth the character of the consummate hero; and here was the most disastrous failure. This failure, as it accomplished his utter ruin, seemed likewise to throw a bias over the minds of the chroniclers of his period, whose sentiment we may suppose in turn influenced the future historian. Thus have his most glorious achievements (if indeed the epithet glorious may be allowed to the laurelled achievements of conquerors) been tarnished; and his sun which set in that fatal battle, thrown even in its memory under an eclipse, from which it has not emerged. I am not desirous of being considered professedly as an apologist for the character of Charles XII., but I would fain attempt to view this very extraordinary man as he ought to be viewed by history.

As a mere military character, his name stands on the very highest ground. In personal valour, intrepid and heroic, almost beyond all other conquerors who ever existed; by a peculiar arrangement of the human mind, his ambition secured not so much for the enlargement of empire, or the lust of territorial possession, as the wisdom, or the vanity, (for the sentiment partakes of both) of rising above every monarch of the civilised world. His was the proud satisfaction of giving away crowns to those who appeared to merit them. Animated by this feeling, which placed him on a summit of greater elevation than almost all other warlike potentates, who have usually more interested aims, he might be said to have looked down on "low ambition," as forming the ordinary ingredient of the "pride of kings," and to rise proportionably to a scale, on which, with very few exceptions, he may be said to stand alone. Magnanimous as well as brave:—if there have been few his equals in intrepidity, there have been, perhaps, still fewer who have preserved that high-reaching tone of moral and disinterested sentiment, which taught him through life to hold dangers and personal hardships in utter contempt. His aim appears to have been not so much to attain riches and honors, as a character of heroism, rarely preceded in the annals of fame. A mighty stake was pending upon the success of his arms, and the eyes of all Europe were intently fixed upon their progress. Viewing his conquests, as we must, in the light of a system of retaliation, more than as the result of unprovoked aggression, we are also compelled to admit that, if the heroism of Charles was a *monie*, (and what other arrangement of moral thinking produced Alexander, Cæsar, or Tamertam?) it was one which combined, in a very uncommon degree, that elevation of views, that grandeur of soul, which, whenever it is met with, is (probably from its rare occurrence) instantly eulogised and admired. With all reasonable allowances, therefore, for his inflexibility of temper, which, however, no more merits to be branded with the epithet of obstinacy, than the same feeling in many other despotic heroes, his sudden caprices, and the rash acts, something akin to knight errantry, to which they often precipitated him, his just pretensions as a military conqueror stand on the highest ground; but the disasters which ruined all his hopes at Pultowa, and threw his glory under a cloud, proved that, even with the monarch, whose name had struck terror through continental Europe; who, at the head of a few Swedes, humbled the House of Austria; who dictated laws to the King of Denmark in his capital; who gave away the crown of Poland; and drove away the Czar of Muscovy, as a fugitive, to a precipitate retreat, whenever he chose to shew himself; that even with such a monarch, a continued series of success is requisite, in order to preserve those laurels from fading which his valor had won, but which adversity is sometimes apt to tarnish.

Charles has also laboured under an imputation of insensibility of character, that is, (for we suppose it amounts to this) that he shared not the moral affections in common with the great heroes of other times. But, having glanced at his career of action, and his motives of action, (as far as motives can be apparent) if we advert to his private conduct and deportment, he does not yield in the display of human sympathies, or in generosity of feeling, to those whom history has more loudly panegyrized.

After the battle of Narva, where his youthful, and perhaps his most brilliant, laurels were won, Charles received the most distinguished general officers of the Russian Empire, who crowded to surrender at his feet with as easy a politeness, and as obliging an air, as if he had been paying them honors at an entertainment at his own Court. With a generosity impolitic in itself, yet honorable to his character, he conducted the subalterns who had fought against him across the river Narva, to their respective homes; thus releasing without ransom, and without conditions, a host that still outnumbered his own little army more than eight to one. He returned the general officers their swords, supplied them with money, and treated them with every mark of civility—a deportment which he maintained with so little of ostentation, and so unusual a modesty, that his enemies were struck with astonishment at a tone of thinking which they could not appreciate, while his friends knew how to admire that generous spirit in a monarch which disdained to insult the fallen fortunes of an adversary.

After having overthrown the King of Poland in the plains of Clisson, and when he was approaching Cracow as a conqueror, the citizens had the tefnerity to shut their gates against him : he quickly took the city by storm ; but so far from evincing a vindictive spirit against the inhabitants, that, as far as their personal safety was concerned, he treated them with great humanity.

In that same battle when the brave Duke of Holstein was killed, Charles was no sooner informed of his death, than he covered his face with his hands, and was observed to shed tears ; although this tribute was short, as, recovering himself, he immediately, at the head of his cavalry, spurred into the thickest ranks of the enemy.

Two more instances may suffice.—In his private interviews with the envoys and ambassadors of foreign courts, (and most of the European States crowded to do him homage) he treated them with open and unsuspecting intimacy, although he occasionally delivered himself in public with the haughtiness of a conqueror.

Of a similar character was his demeanour during his extraordinary visit to Augustus at Dresden ; unattended, and in a manner defenceless, he treated him with all the confidence and generous warmth of an ally and brother. These were certainly no proofs of insensibility ; on the contrary, were the sure indications of a generosity of spirit, to which few conquerors have any pretensions.

For the rest,—in temperance, moderation, and simplicity of life, and the constancy with which he adhered to that rigid economy which he deemed consistent with the character he had assumed, he excelled, perhaps, all other conquerors. In this respect, he might have looked down with proud superiority upon his rival Peter, whose irregularities in hours of leisure, were by no means the least among the exceptionable parts of his character ; but unlike Hannibal at Capua, the King of Sweden remained stationary, with his army, a whole year in the heart of Saxony, dictating laws to various courts, strictly, in every particular, observing the same regimen as though he were encompassed with dangers, and already in the face of a most powerful enemy. He rose, we are told, at four each morning, drank no wine, sat at table but a quarter of an hour, exercised his troops every day, and, under circumstances in which other monarchs would have relaxed, “knew,” as Voltaire has expressed it, “no other pleasure but that of making Europe tremble.”

Such was Charles, at least such he must be viewed by the discriminative observer of character, as it develops itself in the several ways of human action. The career of his glory, however, was to be terminated in the midst of these laurels, which he so honestly won from his adversaries. His ardour in surmounting difficulties, his contempt of dangers, his generous disregard of personal comforts, and that greatness of thinking which animated and inspired him on most occasions, coupled with the soaring nature of his aims and ends, and his invincible resolution and fortitude, concur to give him the ascendancy we have been disposed to assign to him. Magnanimous, generous, and brave, his character (except in the case of the unfortunate Patteul) stands untarnished by the imputation of cruelty ; and, if he afterwards contended for the dominion, he certainly must be allowed, during the former part of his career, to have fought for liberty. Alexander, in his career of victory, was the aggressor, and fought solely for dominion ; but the King of Macedon's fortune accompanied him to the last, yet was he guilty of as many extravagant acts of temerity as the King of Sweden. Had Alexander sustained an utter defeat at Arbela, when the posture of his affairs, with regard to victory, was as fortunate as Charles' when he drove the Czar before him in his dominions, his campaigns would probably as abruptly have terminated. But, whereas the former had opposed to him an emervated host, encumbered with gold and silver, and glittering with all the pageantry of the east ; the latter had to contend with a disciplined army, with troops inured to service and every hardship, and commanded by Peter the Great. Charles the Fifth, of the Empire, abdicated a throne to whose dignity and splendour he had essentially contributed ; but Charles the Twelfth, by a singular elevation of soul, shewed a contempt for honors and dignities whilst he was disposing of thrones, and must be owned, in this particular, to stand without a parallel.

ALCIPHON.

Melkham.

MORNING.

How fair and gay
 The scene appears !
 The red sun cheers
 The rising day.
 The dewy mountain,
 The crystal fountain,
 Are glittering bright
 In orient light !

The lark that floats
 Serene on high,
 And fills the sky
 With cheerful notes ;

The shepherds singing,
 The light bells ringing,
 In union sweet
 The morning greet.

Oh ! who could rove
 At such an hour,
 By shrub and flower,
 In mead or grove,
 Without revealing
 Responsive feeling,
 While Nature's voice
 Bids man rejoice.

D. L. R.

SONNET

ON VIEWING A MINIATURE.

Ah ! dear resemblance ! now my bosom friend !
 Phantom of her no more ! of her I love !
 With whom I'd gladly soar to realms above,
 Where lovers meet in bliss that knows no end ;
 And where their beings with their wishes blend.
 Her smile was such as seraphs might approve,
 Her eyes with sparkling lustre oft did rove
 O'er evening's spangled arch, and might contend
 To rival day, as they outshone the night.
 Ah ! fondly teasing phantom ! hence away !
 Or call from yon bright sphere of orient light
 One tender glance, one transitory ray,
 To cheer my pensive mind and aching sight,
 And yield with hope a dark and lingering day.

IMPROMPTU

ON PARTING WITH SOME FRIENDS.

Fill high the goblet ere we part,
 Crown it with a sparkling brim ;
 A health will cheer the mourner's heart,
 While you say, farewell ! to him.

Many a pulse his heart will beat,
 Many sighs of absence pain :---
 But when in song and glee you meet,
 Drink his image home again !

Renew the smiles of other years,
 That fellowship that bound us ;
 The meeting bliss---the honest tears,
 That parting shed around us !

Then fill the goblet ere we part,
 Crown it with a sparkling brim ;
 A health will cheer the mourner's heart,
 While you say, farewell ! to him.

M.

MODERN DANDIES, OR NEUTRAL TINTS, FOR 1828.

"'Pon honor."

Neither Cuvier, nor Goldsmith, nor any other naturalist, has mentioned in his work an animal of the dandy genus; and yet it deserves a place in the list of Dame Nature's prolific offspring, as being a singular compound of brute-like imbecility, and reasonable faculties. Perhaps the greatest resemblance of this animal is the Orang-ou-tang, that rambles the wilds and deserts, and is remarkably attached to mimicry, and every kind of apish assumption; it is also frequently known to discharge the functions of women after a salutary taming and refinement. In this latter case, the striking resemblance between the monkey and the dandy must be immediately acknowledged; although the *female* accomplishments, and adapted modifications, are superior in the latter to those of the former. But we will exile all allegory, and jocular imaginings, and really become somewhat serious; for we are on a very sensitive and *delicate* subject, by far too important to be lightly spoken of—it shall have its *due* from me.

When Juvenal wrote his fiery satires, and fulminated them against the luxurious cruelties of Nero, and the gormandizing depravities of his successor, Domitian, Rome was considered as the most voluptuous retreat of vice, effeminacy, and every enervating passion: luxury and affluence even committing more ravages on the state, than war could ever have effected*. Among the enumerated effeminences, the disgusting modes of dress are described with becoming detestation; but I doubt (allowing for the advanced state of society, its polish, and its tact of elegant refinement, and, above all, the different institutions of religion) if the Romans then produced a more debased set of soft, strait-laced, waxen images, intended for men, than does the present most glorious century. The Roman rakes appeared to preserve some modest *quantum* of sense and discernment amid their wildest freaks of degeneracy; but those who grace our country, add to the profligacy of the rake, the conceited fopperies and senseless idiocy of the dandy!—" *monstrum horrendum!*" As it may be urged that every age produces its monsters; that fashion and dress in the present times, by no means equal the fantastic vacillations, and grotesque caprices, of our fashionable ancestors, it will not be impolitic just to recur to a few of their follies in habiliments; their dress may be less tasteless, but it will not be found of so lascivious a cast as that which graces the "*exquisites*" of the day.

The origin of many fashions, Mr. D'Israeli properly remarks, was an endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventors. Patches were invented in Edward the VIth's time by a foreign lady, who thus ingeniously covered an ugly wen in her neck. Charles the VIIth of

*—"Sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur orbem."

France introduced long coats to hide his crooked calves. Shoes of an outrageous length were invented by Henry Platanet, to hide a protuberance in his foot. On the contrary, others have invented fashions to bedeck their peculiar charms with additional grace. Isabella of Bavaria, whose alabaster skin was greatly admired, introduced the fashion of unbaring the shoulders and part of the neck.

Fashions have often been reversed in their use at different times. Bags were *originally* worn in France only *en dishabille* and visits of ceremony; the hair was fastened with a ribbon, and "spread like a meteor" over the shoulders. The present fashion is exactly the reverse:—The ladies' polls resemble—excuse the resemblance, it is too apposite to be omitted—the hinder parts of a little bantum cock! In 1735, hats were not worn; and what is termed a *chapeau de bras*, was used instead. In 1745, the fashionables wore hats no great deal larger than china slop-basons: in 1755, they wore an exceeding large one, as may be seen in Jeffery's curious "Collection of Habits," &c.

Long beards and bushy mustachios were formerly quite the rage; and Queen Eleanor was much disgusted with Louis VII. for cropping his head, and shaving his beard. But some have entertained a respect for hairy charms, founded on something beyond an acquiescence with the reigning fashion. In a book called the "Elements of Education," published in 1640, it is remarked, "I have a favorable opinion of that young gentleman who is *curious in fine mustachios*; the time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them is no lost time, for the more he contemplates his mustachios, the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by *masculine and courageous notions*!" The author would not be of this opinion exactly, were he in existence now, and could see the unmanly creatures who stick their bushy mustachios on their faces, to appear—what?—military!! Few of them would have the courage of Gulliver to attack a room full of mice and cats. But more of this presently, after a few other words on departed fashion.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign, it was fashionable for *gentlemen* to bury themselves in breeches of a ridiculous size. The bucks (there were no "*exquisites*" then) resembled images, with their heads peeping from a sack. The ladies, who never degenerate from the follies of the opposite sex, in their turn invented large hoop farthingales. We are indebted to that flimsy nation, the French, for the introduction of many fashions. The reign of Charles II. abounded with French fashions, although the Puritans severely censured them, by observing the reverse of all they condemned. "When courtiers wore monstrous wigs, they cut their hair short; when they adopted hats with broad plumes, they clapt on round black caps, and screwed up their pale religious faces; and when shoe-buckles were revived, they wore strings to their shoes." A satirist thus describes a buck of thirty years gone. "A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too high for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings, but no legs; a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of sixpence, on a block not worth a farthing." From this curious memorial of human follies it will be seen, that amid all the buffooneries of past days, there was not so many *squeezing, moulding, and enervating* arts practised, as

there are by the beaux which grace our Bond Streets, and other resorts of foplings and monkeys.

I have chosen to denominate the dandies of the day, "Neutral Tints," because they partake of the shades of *male and female* characters:—all the bouncing imperiousness of the one, without its honorable hardihood—all the mock and wheedling effeminacies of the other, without its natural blandishments. They are the most nauseous compound of vanity, conceit, impudence, and stupidity. I would by far prefer the spectacle of a bear or elephant attempting to admire himself before a mirror, to coming in contact with a regular trained dandy, armed all over with external foppishness, and whose head, like his pocket, is seldom filled but with *borrowed goods*. However, I have been unfortunate enough to come in contact with exquisites, and think I can contrive to paint one that shall be no bad representation of the original.

You may tell a dandy at a great distance, from the positive strut and pliant movements of his person. Swelling like an air-tight bladder, with his nose pointed like an astronomer's when gazing at heaven's luminaries, he approaches you in the confidence of full-blown and all-convincing personal attributes: he does not deign to cast a glance at you; but you must mark his distance from you, nor presume to restrain his swagger, by not keeping out of his way, or a frown that would grace a sultan's brow, announces his offended dignity, and the twirl of a stick, straight as his body, threatens one of your eyes if you remove not from its direction. A dandy is never comfortably at ease, although his glossy demeanour, and the voluble twist of his limbs, would feign convince you so. There is not any thing about the animal that is not studied and assumed: he is made of patchwork, and every patch requires attention; in short, a complete piece of mechanism, composed of every thing but common sense and understanding.

First, we will begin with the *thing's* head and face. The head is well plastered with ointments and oils, and may be compared to an oily lump of lead, covered over with a wig: so much is the oil used, that the "Macassar" man is indebted to dandies' pates for his fortune and greasy celebrity. Of course, every hair has had the nicest manual and brush-skill bestowed on it; and moulded to the different positions with as much care as Canova would have shaped the drapery of the Graces. When Nature has denied a handsome covering of hair, or if she has given them one of a bad colour, or stubborn thickness, an artificial bunch of ringlets is worn instead*. These ringlets, according as fashion governs the position of the hat, protrude either on both sides, or else they swell forth on the one, while the hat is cocked on the other to allow them full display:—so much for the hairy regulations. A thorough-bred dandy's face, were it not for the difference in size, would do for an infant's instead of a man's. It is smoothed, polished, and painted into a flummy humid softness; unhealthy in its appearance, and equally sickly in its temperament, though smirched with rouge, and

* A false front of hair actually fell from a fopling's head some time since in Hyde Park. If the head had fallen with it, society would have had no reason to lament the loss of an empty cranium.

richly pampered with cosmetics. To me, it always appears a bloodless fleshy masque from a visage-manufactory, and ready to burst like the shining skin of a ripe apple. So many artificial applications to the skin of the face, generally produce pustules, and similar annoying excrescences: but there is a remedy!—court-plaster, neatly shaped into ovals, circles, or squares, will conceal all; nay, these black conveniences are of themselves considered as *interesting* accompaniments to the charms of the visage. A dandy's dress is, like all else belonging to him; intended to attract, by the gracefulness of its fit, and the superficial beauties of its composition. But mercy on us! who, but one of the dandy genus, would submit to the tortures of wearing it, and the toilsome minuteness in putting it on? In order to appear shapely, and, as *he* thinks, irresistibly comely and engaging to the ladies, he must be encased in a pair of stays! Hear it, ye gods! a *man* pinched into a pair of stays!! How much more becoming would be a strait waistcoat! These stays, as dandies and *non-dandies* know (for we *must* mark distinctions), are contrived for tapering the waist in a shape very thin and elegantly round, in order to effect a symmetrical contrast between the smallness of the waist, and the protrusion of the hip. Then for his boots:—why they are generally as tight and binding as Chinese shoes. A dandy will tacitly endure tortures to sport a foot “elegant and small.”

To complete the external accoutrements of the dandy, he generally hangs from his neck a quizzing-glass: this is worn not to assist his blindness, (though dandies are generally blind enough) but to *consummate the fop!*—that he may quiz the ladies as they pass; as if they were a vulgar piece of curiosity. What a graceful image a tall six-foot creature looks, standing on the tip of his toe, bending his pasteboard back a little forward, and his outstretched neck, to stare at a woman!—what a jackanapes! I almost forgot the snuff-box: this, too, is rarely dispensed with; the lid is generally painted with indecorous figures, to indicate the owner's *taste!*

There is, however, one virtue with dandies—consistency: Their minds, supposing them of the *real breed*—and I allude to none but these—are of like stamp with their dress and person; showy, taudry, and calculated to attract the admiration of the silly and indiscriminate. A man of sense and feeling could not be punished more than by being doomed to pass a *complete hour* with a band of exquisites. In principles, they are for the most part ruffians; in heart, rakes, seducers, and swindling profligates. Their conversation is either a tissue of obscenities, lascivious jokes, disgusting allusions, and indelicate puns; or else it consists of thundering threats against “that fellow,” torrents of abuse and idle scurrilities against “that *rosca!*” or rapturous communications concerning “fresh game.” I could make the picture more complete; but time and paper would be badly employed. I have painted them strongly enough for their image to be recognised; and I think most who read this article will agree with me, that modern dandies are not bad specimens of the absurdities and follies of a luxurious age. So much for “Neutral Tints for 1826.” R. M.

A DAUGHTER'S APOSTROPHE TO A DEPARTED MOTHER.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

1.

If gentle spirits rapt away
To their unclouded sphere,
May hear affection fondly pray,
Or see a mourner's tear;

2.

Pure spirit! floating realms of love,
Beyond this earthy wild,
Shed down sweet influence from above,
To bless thine orphan child!

3.

As oft at pensive eve I roam,
Thine image comes to me;
While fancy paints the tranquil home,
And sighs---remember thee?

4.

The smile that rambled o'er thy cheek,
And shamed the pang of art,
The mellow tones I heard thee speak,
Still linger round my heart.

5.

The glowing welcome of thine eye,
The fondness of thy fear,
The meek-borne anguish in thy sigh,
The pity in thy tear---

6.

The soft reluctance in that frown
That won me e'er it changed;
The glance that bowed the spirit down,
When buoyantly it ranged---

7.

The lips that charmed each maiden woe,
And bade the smile to play;
Nor left the burning tears to flow,
But kissed them all away!--

8.

Oh! these, and all thy sweeter love,
Shed round my childhood's days,
Oft bear me to that home above
Where thine elysium lays:--

9.

If thou canst hear my orphan prayer,
My weeping fondness see,
Thou know'st I sigh to enter *There*,
And be at rest with thee!

MY BIRTH-PLACE.

" Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends, thy woods and streams were left."

SCOTT.

The love of our country has justly enough been celebrated and admired in every age and clime. In its praise, orators have exerted their eloquence, and poets employed the fire and winningness of verse. But, if patriotism be a virtue so laudable, surely the more unobtrusive, yet milder, love of our birth-place, which is merely a gentle modification of the same passion, is worthy of nearly the same praise. It is deduced from the same origin, and nourished by a similar fervor of feeling. Our country, in fact, may be compared to some heathen temple—our birth-place to the idol that is worshipped within it. The sentiments which bind us to both, are established by reason, and hallowed by observance, and both are usually connected with each other. The latter, however, predominates where the former, owing to the absence of necessity, is almost dormant. The latter stimulates those whom, on account of their confined sphere of action, and from the want of excitement, the former but very seldom effectually reaches. For mine own part, I dare say I have my due share of patriotic affection, but I always was, and still am, particularly attached to the place of my birth; nor has that partiality been weakened by the intervention of time, or other incidental circumstances:

" Like sunshine broken in the rill,
Tho' turn'd aside, 'tis sunshine still."

Never shall I forget the grief which I suffered when I was first called away from it. I bade it adieu with a lover's fondness, and my mind was weighed down by heavy forebodings and saddening apprehensions, which not even the gay prospects around me, nor the still more brilliant anticipations in which I had indulged, could altogether counterbalance. Time, of course, softened this poignant feeling, but still the remembrance of my native village, its sports and pastimes, haunted my waking, and sometimes my sleeping hours, and, with mingled eagerness and anxiety, I looked forward to the day when I should see it again. That day at length arrived, and I will not attempt to describe the emotions I experienced, when I did once more behold the land of my fathers. Each countenance was recognised with pleasure—each ready hand spontaneously grasped, for joy makes us forget distinctions, and when the mind is excited we become regardless of the shackles of custom, and the affectation of fashion. After I had remained a short hour or two in the house, where my eyes first beheld the light, I visited every well-remembered spot. Some were endeared by recollections of joys that were gone, ay! and some by sorrows that were past; but the former thrilled my soul, like the sounds of very pleasant music—the latter merely touched it, like the last faint dying echo of the same harmony. I sought every walk, through which I had perambulated in my days of childish recklessness and boyish hardihood, and along which I had sauntered in the cheerful, yet contemplative, hours of youth, when fancy floats on airy wings, like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud, and the mind yields to unsubstantial and illusive anticipations. Each successive varying view of flowery meadows, relieved by stagnant pools, and the windings of the murmuring river—of wood-crowned heights, and shadowy vales—of distant mountains, and the nearer cottages, was looked at with augmented gratification and deepened sensations. Many "a grown-up school boy" can easily guess how I felt, when I saw, after so long an absence, the renowned spot where I had pored over and thumbed my horn-book, and learned the ingenious art of forming pot-hooks, and making (I should say trying to make) straight strokes. But my ancient master, "so skilled to rule," was no more: that arm was nerveless, and that voice mute, that used to chastise the truant, and rouse the sluggard. Nor were the church-yard and church itself forgotten. They are places which I always visit, wherever I go; it was not, therefore, probable that I should neglect them when attached to so endeared a place. They were visited at an appropriate time—they were visited in the evening, on the close of a fine summer day, when the aspect of nature is neither lively nor gloomy, but delicate and beautiful, and withal as soft as that genuine seat of tenderness, a woman's heart—when the landscape around seems, as it were,

the engender meditation, and to sympathize with human woe. Not to dwell any longer on my own partiality for my birth-place, every part of it, and every scene around it, were rendered pleasing by retrospection: and now, casting aside what may be termed egotism and vanity, I may safely assert, that the same feelings actuate every bosom in a greater or less degree, and that this principle is not only vivid, but enduring—not only ardent and independent, but pure and exalted. To the peasant, his sequestered village contains happiness itself; and to the citizen, the bustle of a crowded place conveys the same sentiment:

“Where’er we roam,
Our first, best country is at home.”

In almost every case, a departure from the place of our birth for any length of time is grievous and saddening—the return to it is generally agreeable; or if sorrow have intervened, and misfortune meanwhile been busy, it breeds a melancholy species of pleasure. Nor need we wonder at this; it is frequently the hereditary abode of our ancestors and parents—their scenes are usually the witnesses of our earliest enjoyments: there our expanding affections are exercised, our habits moulded—and there, though after-times or events may change them, our inclinations, tempers, and passions, are for the most part developed. All long to spend their declining years where their infant ones were passed, and fondly hope that at last they may mingle their dust with that dear to them in times gone by, in that peaceful, quiet church-yard, which they used to reverence and admire. To this, however, I look forward, though I fear even that last sad satisfaction will be denied me; for never, most probably, shall I revisit my native place,

“That spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot, than all the rest;”

or behold the landscape, that beamed so brightly on the morning I departed from it.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

No. I.

THE BETRAYED.

“Plus ægri ex habitu viri, quam ex adventu voluptatis capi.”

PLAUT. AMPHIT.

Thy treachery wounded more than love did charm!

We need not resort to the unenlightened periods of society, or the more enthusiastic ages of chivalry and romance, for pictures of misery to lament over, or for sorry tales to excite the sympathy of a tear. If the nineteenth century be removed from the abrupt brutalities of former times, it daily produces characters of a polished ferocity, whose basis, however concealed by a refined superstructure, is founded on the same depraved principles which wanted in the breast of a barbarian. But such is the gloss of *unfeeling* fashion, so indiscriminating is its censure and applause, that the gentle victim is often crushed with contempt, while the destroyer goes unreprieved, and—shame on the truth that corroborates the assertion—frequently caressed!

Custom not only reconciles depravity to the opinions of men, but it hardens at the same time the tenderest sympathies of humanity. What I am about to relate, is no occurrence of romantic creation; it passes frequently before our eyes; we hear the melancholy circumstances, and sometimes deign to throw a glance of pity when it crosses us in our ramblings; but few, very few, are there, so moulded to the gentle

attributes of benevolence, as to apply reprehension where it is *most merited*, and drop a tear of mercy over the destinies of the betrayed.

It would be something beyond an excusable weakness for me to *advocate* the cause of indiscretion, however I might condole with the sufferer; silence in this case would be the most charitable tenderness: but where is the man who thinks, and does not regret to observe the little distinction *now* paid in the maledictions and judgments pronounced over the frailties of humanity?—I allude more particularly to those of women. In their most deplorable aberrations, *they* ought to awaken, at least, a feeling allied to pity, and his heart must be made of very stern stuff, who does not mollify resentment on beholding *her* remorse. When a man commits an act of flagrancy, he has energies to support him, and resources for a refuge, to which women can never retreat. They, from the laws which govern their sex, are condemned to bear a more solitary lot:—embosomed in the secrecy of anguish, repentance must work its renovation, or despair rankle on an aching heart. Notwithstanding their comparative loneliness of fortune, when the young and innocent, the impassioned creature of deep and fervid love, deviates from the ways of virtue, how harsh and unmodified are the censures of either sex on the fallen sister! as if the stabs of treachery were not of *themselves* ample wounds for her ill-fated lot.

When women love, they are the most pliable and submissive creatures imaginable. They have fixed their doating bosom's affection on an object, and it at once becomes the idol of its inmost sigh—they partake of a fancied union, and anticipate its luxuries—to their fond hearts a beloved one is their world, where all that is delightful, all that is charming, is centered. When present, they fondle their gazes to his meeting eyes; when absent, they recal his image, and idolize the visionary resemblance. It is thus that we may account for the unfortunates whose lavish and trusting fondness meets with a villain who is base enough to betray it. Seldom is it that any woman endowed with the sentiments of virtue, ever dreams of seduction when *first* she fixes her affections: she cannot anticipate an event, the innocence of her heart, and the admiration for her lover, equally rejects. How is it then that we hear of so many frail victims? With very rare exceptions, it is the man who is the cause of female ruin. By the tenderest acquiescence to all her little whims and playful fancies, by constant professions of love and sentiment, and an overweening delicacy in the least performances of Love's offices, he gradually identifies himself with her he professes to adore: his love overpowers her every other consideration, but the tenderest anxiety to oblige, observe, and gratify him. Like a beautiful path decked with flowers, but that conducts a careless passenger to a precipice, she roams unsuspectingly in the path of love, nor dreams of concluding it in misery: till lost to the vigilance of reason and prudence, in an unguarded and unexpected moment, she yields to her lover, who, like the snake winding itself round the object he poisons, consummates her love in shame and disgrace.

But are there to be no degrees of punishment? Is the deluded to suffer alike with the wilful offender? Is the maid that is wrecked by the villainies of a treacherous seducer, deserted when she should be befriended, blasted by the cold-hearted machinations of pretended love,

hopeless, wretched, and forsaken—is such a stricken deer to be hunted down with calumny, taunt, and censure, equally with the most wanton of her sex? Let the experience of life reply, and it will appear, that the severest censure is generally without mitigation applied to both. Nor is this all: the injustice extends more cruelly still. The man, the cowardly deserter of the object he has blighted, loses neither honor, credit, or renown by his conduct; few will be his censures received from the more prudish members of society; by the majority he will be in a manner caressed for what is termed gallantry, and even the slight reprehensions he receives, will be founded on secret applause. The seducer, like others, has his vanity, and the triumphs of seduction greatly tend to enlarge it. Among the fashionable and gay, he will now be considered as possessed of those enviable qualifications for murdering the happiness of the woman he avows to love: he will be the “naughty man,” and not the “reckless villain.” And where is the lonely victim of his treachery? why, probably sinking into despair, while he is careering in the splendour of dissipation, deserted by her friends, condemned by the rudest, severest censors of human frailty: frowned on by the virtuous, who have never erred, because never tempted; and rejected from the sweet converse of those who would befriend, but tremble for their own fame, in shielding an unfortunate, an outcast, from the world that should bless her young days—the grave is anticipated as the sole, though dark and gloomy, repose from sorrow. Will the rigid proclaim all this a dream of romance? Let it be remembered, I am speaking of women of finely-moulded soul, and hearts beyond the meaner cast:—it is not overdrawn!

Few have been the years of my pilgrimage in the world; but fortune placed me at an early age in scenes of active life, and bade me face their dangers, while my peers have fondled their hours away in the socialities of friendship and domestic peace. It will not, therefore, be surprising that, as an observer of men and manners, I have not witnessed the prejudices and absurdities of life, without drawing conclusions: the result has been, that the censure of the world is similar to its applause—lavished where it is undeserved, and withheld where it should be bestowed. The tale which I am about to relate is no uncommon one, but it is *from life*, and every circumstance will be detailed with truth; many a reader may perchance recognize a similar case in his own experience—he will be the best to sympathize with its relation.

Eliza was born of a most respectable family, nay, of one that might lay claims to some antiquity, if the records of heraldry can aught proclaim it. But her father was of so meek a nature, that he despised it all, and laughed at the pageantries of the proud of this world. He was himself of a Hampshire family, whose sons might proudly say, “my forefathers were honest men.” He was, *originally*, bred as a solicitor, and served part of his time to that profession; but some difference with his master occasioned an abrupt departure, and in consequence of his father’s misfortune, he was then compelled to relinquish a profession for which his strict integrity and sagacity eminently qualified him, and pass the remainder of his life in the conductorship of an extensive mercantile concern, in which he lived to see the menial under him,

become a partner: such was the grateful reward of forty years' faithful services! As the old gentleman is now released from the cares of this world, for the blessedness of a pure one, I will indulge myself with a memorial of his character, which was certainly removed from the beaten track. He had his foibles, but they were the result of weakness played upon by guile, and not the spirit of depravity: many will think his conduct too severe to his daughter, and so it was, but he lived to repent his harshness, and one fault must not conceal numberless virtues. Like his father before him, no one could be more upright and sincere by principle, no one valued honesty more in all its branches, and more despised the meanness of craft. He was humble and pliant in his nature; far too much so, as it frequently gained a sneer instead of applause, and gave the vulgarlest plebeian an opportunity to claim an equality. Many have I seen, with not half the title to original gentility, as it is called, curl up their puny graces, and rank themselves his superiors, merely because their external show appeared so. But he was the man of mind, the gentleman in its true dignity, for "a' that and a' that." Seated in his parlor, with his aged elbows resting on a little round table, his silvered locks drooping o'er his furrowed cheeks, and the spectacles crossing his weak eyes, he looked a picture of what is venerable. Often have the young left his presence with admiration for his sound and deep theological erudition, his close discrimination, the eloquence of his reasoning, and the sage observations quivering from his lips. His delight it was, to ruminate over the pages of our old divines. He was also a lover of Masonry, and ranked high in its mysteries. Many a brother lives to speak of his learning, and the high respect he was honored with from the brotherhood. I speak not with unreasonable or *single* applause. When he took the chair as a representative over any grand assembly, there were bursts of eloquence in his diction, that would have graced the highest dignitaries of the church. Many will ask, why, if this be true, was he not more known, more spoken of in his present character? the reason is evident. He was too humble and modest to obtrude on the notice of those who immediately surrounded him: his mind was his world, and the lowliness of his deportment and dress, gave the possessor of wealth and show, the meanest-sprung upstart, an opportunity to flicker, to jeer, and apparently to surpass him. However, he has been some time gathered to the tomb of his forefathers, and never, "take him all in all," was funeral hymn chanted over an exalted spirit in a meeker tenement.

Life opened each day of Eliza's early years with prospects as fair and calm as modest hope could desire. I know little of her mother; but if her disposition was like that of her daughter's, she was blessed with a nature that might enjoy happiness, and make others sympathize with it. As an only child, she received all those tender regards generally paid under such circumstances. Her father's love was even carried to an excess of indulgence:—but that made change the more poignant, as lowering clouds seem more gloomy after a long uninterrupted sunshine! She owed her education partly to his tuition, and was by him regularly initiated into the necessary paths of a female's education;—but I will not begin this period of her life. At ten years old, she was bereft of a mother, an age when most a daughter requires her fondest solitudes. Even to this day a tear starts from her eye when

Fancy renews the parting scene. Her father's mind was deeply imbued with principles of piety; religion was ever to him a hallowed theme. It is not strange, then, that he should kneel round the bed of his dying wife, and while the wanness of ebbing life was cooling her fevered cheek, and the eye gently shut never to be unclosed again, that he, with his daughter by his side, breathed a prayer to heaven to welcome in its entrance there. I mention this because it was a scene his daughter often related; and there are impressions received at a death-bed, which no after-time can destroy. Thus was it with her; in the bittered hours of forsaken misery, she has found a solace no one else could bestow.

Many years after her mother's decease rolled on calmly as ever; if possible, she shared an increased love from her father; but a change was soon to come. He married again, and from the hour of a mother-in-law's entrance, Eliza's happiness was lost. An ill-tempered, usurping, envious woman, she could not brook a rival, although it were a father's affection for his child. That she was enabled to blunt the feelings of the husband, was surprising; and here it was his usual fortitude gave way to the machinations of her jealousy. But it was hard for a *daughter* to see a father's love day by day grow cold; to mark those eyes that used to beam so fondly on her, turn and frown; and hear that voice that once was mellowed by tenderness, censorious and reproving when error did not merit it. Nature had planted no servile soul in Eliza,—she bore while the spirit could endure the contumelies of envy and parental harshness: but a lasting tyranny was beyond forbearance; and at twenty she fled from the roof that should have shielded her from the storms of fortune—from those who should have been the kindest guardians. Thus forlornly situated, and cast on the world, with no protection but an ingenious heart and soul that scorned a meanness, though it were to purchase a speedy recompence, it is easy to conceive the perils that surrounded her, which were increased by the simplicity of her manner, and that gay recklessness which ever accompanies inexperience. Those who knew her at that period, remember her to have been an interesting and attractive girl, though not beautiful. Her hair, which was glossy in its texture, and luxuriously profuse, wantoned round a finely formed head, supported by a neck quite of the patrician mould: its contour was remarkably correct; and when the head was obliquely turned, looked classic and graceful. Her complexion was not the fairest, but her features were firm though feminine, and her eye beamed with a sweet intelligence, and a pensive sadness, that betrayed the workings of the soul. A prettier mouth could not be desired, and when she conversed, there was a curl about the opened lips that added to the charm of a row of teeth, white and chastely regular. Such was she *then!* and many sorry friends will assent to this portrait; but sorrow has obliterated the smiles of beauty, and the oft-shed tear of woe has left melancholy—deep-rooted melancholy, over the whole visage. Eliza's face is now the emblem of her heart; you cannot look at it without interpreting thoughts. That placid wanness and mournful dignity, which sorrow leaves behind, when its bitterness is past, is easily discoverable in it; a glance would tell the stranger, she had been Misfortune's stricken child! I have spoken of her person, because it is

unnatural not to associate the body and mind, for the union is too mystical to be separated.

Disliking the cold restrictions of a governess in a school, to which she was compelled to retreat, Eliza came to S——, and opened a female seminary, for which her talents and her patient zeal well qualified her. Fortune was favorable, and her reputation and respectability were daily advancing. Some of her pupils were the daughters of people of rank, and each day appeared to welcome in new patronage and friends. Her perseverance was rewarded; her attention unwearied, and calumny could not hint a slander against her name. It is not easy to conceive a more commendable character than she evinced in the world at that time: driven from home, she was founding her own little fortune, and acquiring an honorable independence. Happiness appeared to return, but, alas! it was but a lingering smile, which vanished ere it could be enjoyed.

Eliza was far from being an anchorite; if any thing, she had too much of that *naïvete* about her, which, instead of alluring kindness, is but too often the betrayer of innocence, or else willingly considered the semblance of gaiety too imprudent to be harmless. Her sprightliness was only imprudent in not allowing her to conceal a sentiment, or disguise a feeling: it was that lively buoyancy of youth and imagination, that scorns the icy restraints of the formalist and the hypocrite; and which is oftener the herald of purity of soul, than the studied conduct of a prudent reserve.

Like most young ladies of her age, Eliza was surrounded by beaux, lovers, and gallants, who swore love as much as they could, and spoke a great many fine things they did not intend to perform. But we all know what the passing attachment of a flirtation is;—a sudden fit of love, originating in a quadrille, or a tender glance, translated into an offspring of passion. There is nothing serious on either side; and when the lady allows one to be an escort, another to see her home, or her hand at a dance—this is the beginning, middle, and end. There was *one*, however, I believe, who really loved and esteemed her; a man in a superior sphere, and very eminent in his professional rank. Even after her misfortune he would have married her; but a noble pride on her part, shrank from the offer. Thus have I sketched her life up to her twenty-fourth year, when hope, fancy, and youth were all her own; beloved by many, respected by all, and possessing a heart whose light and joyous pulse the pangs of early woe or shame had not yet abated: a year to come, and youth, home, happiness, and innocence, were all destroyed!

It is melancholy to think on the momentous events which arise from the trifling fortuities of life: melancholy in retrospect, because we *then* perceive the facility with which we might have avoided them. A casual meeting with a stranger was the date of Eliza's future miseries. Her domestic arrangements obliged her to dine at the table of one of her pupil's friends. Attending there as customary, she met one day with two strangers, apparently gentlemen, and whose conversation was lively, witty, and agreeable, abounding in all those meretricious brilliances so adapted to charm the imagination of woman, and blind her discernment

from discovering the principles of the heart. There was a curious coincidence attached to them; both were of like profession, very similar in manner and deportment, and to crown the resemblance, each of their names commenced with the same initial letter. A repeated rencontre at the same house, ended in the formation of an attachment from one; and for several months, a sort of a courtship was continued; not that Eliza's was exactly affection, but that timid and volatile reluctance which often precedes the woman's acceptance of the man. For his companion, (strange as the issue may appear) she, at that time, did not entertain one feeling of respect. There was a presumption in his manner, and an assumed consequence in his whole deportment, that seemed to declare his certainty of conquest, which created a coldness on her side, while it attached little amiableness to his character. This coldness was increased, by his once attempting to kiss her cheek, and meeting a very smart repulse for his rudeness.

Several months glided by, and Eliza was still her own mistress, though gradually becoming attached to her professed suitor. It happened that business called him and his friend to London; and after a few weeks' absence, the latter returned alone, his companion having chanced to be detained. It was now his work of villany, the long-plotted guilt, began to operate. To complete the sketch, it will be necessary briefly to delineate him.

R——, for thus I shall designate him, was at that time generally recognized as a "great favorite among the ladies!" and then frequently associated in the higher circles. If a very ancient name, and an honorable descent, could justify the appellation of a gentleman, R—— might be called one; his father, who ought to have been the inheritor of a splendid fortune, by the commission of some fault, was deprived of his inheritance, and thus his family was reduced when he died, leaving a son to the care of an aged and infirm mother, with a very limited income. The family name was partly changed, and under this one did R—— appear in his public character. A wild fancy, at an early age, had persuaded him to adopt a profession, which, though in many respects competent in abilities, his lofty temper, and a pride that would not crouch even to seasonable control, did not yield him any permanent happiness. At this time, however, he was basking under the sunshine of popular favor; was uncommonly genteel and neat in his dress, insinuating in his manner, and generally considered a fine, if not a handsome, man.

It would seem that the recollection of his repulse had been a thorn to his pride: be it as he may, he counterfeited well, and commenced his addresses with an art so depraved and unworthy, that it spoke an old practitioner. There is nothing so badly fortified in the female character as her vanity—it is impregnable on every side, and needs but a feeble attack to kindle its flame of resentment. R—— contrived to obtain an interview with Eliza, and by some communications respecting his friend, and relative to herself, he at once poisoned the growing affection for the former. This guilty meanness was the more easily successful, as Eliza had not received any letter from him since his absence; and in Love's spring-tide season, it is easy to conceive such a failure very hazardous, and that it would be considered by the lady as an unpardonable slight. I remarked above, that R—— was an insinuating

man, and this he proved to be; for nothing but an insinuating deportment, coupled to an unabating observance of those numberless and most delicate attentions, which never fail to tempt, if not to attach, a woman's affection, could have obtained him her regard. Two months ago, and he neither shared her esteem, or engaged one affectionate thought:—poor human hearts! how easily are they changed, duped, and betrayed! What his private informations were, may be suspected, although I am too ignorant to state them; they at least were forcible enough to win Eliza from his friend, and fix her to himself. What honorable principle did *he* possess, who could thus stoop to treachery, and wilfully machinate against a woman, to blight her young days with misery and shame!! He afterwards attempted to deny this with the basest cowardice, and was unmanly enough to try to shift the blame from himself: this is cursing the lamb we have butchered! stamping on the strewn flower, after we have rifled its bloom and beauty! But there was an undeniable proof against him—his friend and he were divided in their intimacy for years after.

His boundless professions of regard, his assiduous, tender, and winning attentions, and above all, his apparent candour and manly suavity of disposition, by degrees won the affections of Eliza, and where cold indifference had previously existed, gave birth to warm, sincere, and devoted love. Doubtless, like the rest of her sex, she was gratified with the homage of a lover, and in her fond imagination could not perceive his real aim—could not suspect a betrayer lurking under the amiable gloss of esteem and impassionate fondness. At the onset, villany was so enveloped in smiles, that it required a keener eye than that of love, to pierce through their dazzling radiance. Never is a woman less circumspect than when in love. Every object is viewed in the fairest semblance; and amid the glowing emotions of affectionate confidence and regard, she seldom hesitates to analyze character, or endeavour to trace deficiencies to condemn, with the same readiness that she discovers perfections to admire. Never is the steady hand of a parent, or the resolute counsels of friendship, more required to guide her movements, and teach her to discriminate between sincerity and duplicity—between love in reality, and guile rapt up in a luring disguise. Had such a one been near poor Eliza at this time, many a future pang and tearful hour would she have escaped. But there was none near her to caution and direct her choice. She certainly had discernment strong enough at other times to govern her actions, and foresee their consequences; but *then* she was in love! She had also many acquaintances and friendly connexions, but these are seldom sufficiently interested to risk resentment by speaking the truth, or sincere enough to impart advice when love is the operator. In fact, it is easy to fancy that *they* were pleased to congratulate Eliza, and compliment her on her *beaux*; and in return, to perceive her blushes, and listen to her praises when she pictured him to them.

By this time the reader must have anticipated the result. I have chosen to conduct him slowly to it, that he might form the truer judgment, and thence mark the difference of guilt between the betrayed and the betrayer—between the heart that was too fondly weak to resist his seduction, and the treachery that destroyed it. When Eliza first met

R——, she was happy and innocent; while she loved him, warm and constant: leaning on his affection as tenderly as the glistening dew-drop on the floweret's stem. Love grew each day more devoted and sincere, and confidence more yielding and submissive, because unsuspecting and ardently engaged. But mark! how R—— employed his power; how basely, how cowardly, did he use it to forward his infamous purpose! There is no doubt but it was a regular scheme of infamy from the commencement: a meanness to his friend, was a poor sample of the man. But be it remembered, Eliza was not informed of this till many years after, or even she might have escaped him. Shew me the heart so steeped in villany, so blasted in its sympathies, as to form, conduct, and complete a seduction, the more cruel, as it was the long-concealed, the deep-plotted, object of prostituted principles, and I shall be able to paint it in its proper colors. He that can deceive an enemy, may be a clever knave; but he who traduces his friend, is the basest, the most pitiful of villains. To him Eliza was beyond a friend; she had given her whole heart's affection to him, and looked on him as one that was to be the future guardian of her days, the protector and sharer of her happiness, united by the dearest, sweetest ties of humanity. It was weak and wrong in *her* to yield herself to his insinuating arts; but it was cold-blooded and inhuman in *him* to employ them. Supposing even (as is sometimes the case) a woman is the first inclined to be imprudently passive, where is the man of honor, principle, or virtue, that will take the advantage of the weakness of her, for whom he professes his love? R—— did! and after he had debased, ruined, and rioted on his victim; deserted her in her helpless, solitary misery—to blush for ever knowing him, and feel a remorse that one day must rack his bosom with its bitterest pangs.

It is necessary and proper that the world should treat prudence and indiscretion with a marked distinction; but why not stigmatize most, where guilt is the strongest? Why crush the most injured and the weakest, and allow the spoiler to boast an unworthy triumph over a fallen—not a foe—but a woman? the creature that sacrifices fame, happiness, and reputation to him. R——'s purpose being completed, he turned a deserter, and *for the first time betrayed his real character*; While Eliza was daily becoming more wretched and hopeless, her seducer used to parade before her window, with another intended victim on his arm!!! But in the midst of her forlorn situation, her spirit was too proud to attempt to recal the hypocrite, and suffered him to continue unmolested by any reproach or complaint.

The time soon arrived when concealment was impossible; and then it was, that for the first time in her life she felt the degrading smart of vulgar censure, the bitter aspersion of every reprehending paltroon. O God! is there on earth any thing more agonizing, more repulsing and indignant to a refined mind, than the taunt, the disdains, and the pitiful reprehensions, of the vulgar and illiterate? They never stop to inquire, analyze, or discriminate; but seize the broad fact, and flatter round the unfortunate, like Harpies, to taint what remains unsullied. It is a novelty, a delicious subject, for their flippant tongues; and on it they spit its foulest venom. Let it not be imagined that every woman that falls from the path of virtue, has also lost the acuteness of her feelings,

which, from their bruised state, feel the point of every weapon the deeper. It was Eliza's lot at this period, when consolation was most needful, to meet with none to offer it: she had degraded herself—her fame was blighted, and therefore it would have been unpardonable to condole with her. The tradesman, whose gentility a few years back was buried in the dust of plebeian vileness; the professional upstart, exalted from behind the counter of his sire, to the eminence of refinement; the French dancing mistress, whose autocrat consequence originated and existed on a pair of heels; all these, and similar creatures, without hesitating to inquire, removed their "patronage," and fulminated censures against her. Surely it was a punishment sufficiently severe, to meet every where the vulgar frown of contempt, and the taunt of malevolent bickerers. She had her enemies, and now they too had a field to display themselves; which they did, as pitifully as was consistent with their love of gossip and slander. But this was *not all* that was to be endured: amid the general desertion, she had hoped that her hard fortune might have some alleviation from her father—that he would *now* be reconciled, when she had no one else to fly to; but he was too incensed at his daughter's treatment to pity her; he considered her disgrace more than her suffering, and refused even to own her! Sometime after, he offered to advance a handsome sum if R. would marry her, as he was bound to by every tie; but he was too fond of his character to relinquish it, by becoming an honorable man.

The reader who has a heart to sympathize with human woe, will conceive the state Eliza was now in. Her reputation blasted, her rising fortunes destroyed, her deceiver absented, unpitied by her parents, frowned on by the world, and made the butt for the scorn of unsparing censors,—destitute, and almost without a shred for a refuge—the grave would have been a welcome conclusion to her miseries. At last she was fortunate enough to find a retreat in the care and kindness of a humble, but generous-hearted, householder. And where was he who had caused all this? did he offer to assist, condole, and protect? to ward off the shafts which fell thickened around her, and pour a balm into a heart that bled for the anguish it endured? Did he advance like a man, to make those necessary provisions in this most trying hour? O no! He was far too merciless to attempt to alleviate the sorrows he had created, and mixed in Fashion's haunts as gaily, as happily, as ever; caressed by the gay and dissipated of both sexes, for having added another feather to his crest! So thoroughly do I detest such principles, that language here could not stully me with epithets strong enough to designate my meaning.

" 'Tis weak to curse,

'Tis madness to upbraid thee;

Hate cannot wish thee worse

Than guilt and shame have made thee !!!

For many years after, little but anguish and difficulties attended Eliza's fortunes—having fallen, there were plenty, who exerted themselves to lengthen and increase her degradation.—Anonymous attacks, above all, assailed her whenever she solicited any preferment.—Cruelty cannot devise mental tortures more agonizing to the sufferer, than anonymous lacerations. What more dreadful in endurance than to find,

when on the point of benefiting your condition, a secret foe has employed his fiendish hate, and by his slanders debarred you from the exaltation? Such frequently was her lot. No unprotected female could have been more persecuted by anonymous communications, or more pursued by the petty animosities of jealousy and envy. But there is always a Providence to shield the contrite, and protect the forsaken!! By steady, persevering conduct, and a resolution to hold herself above the calumniators who would have humbled her to their own sphere, heaven enabled her finally to surmount her opposers, and prove to them, that frailty is not irreparable, though little minds are contemptible.

As remarked in the preceding pages, Eliza's deportment and manner were pleasing, naturally refined, and strictly in unison with the real gentlewoman. These, aided by an extensive and solid education, at length procured her a situation of the highest responsibility, in one of the first families of the kingdom. Here it was that her virtues and merits were warmly recognised: mingling with characters congenial to her taste, though superior in rank, she was beloved, and often admitted on terms of affection and friendship. Throughout her chequered days, inferiors were ever her foes, and superiors her friends.

But it is not time or change that can repair the heart that has suffered so deeply as hers; sorrow has imprinted there a memento for future years. There is not one spark of affection left for her betrayer; for she must think of him as the mariner does the rock on which he was wrecked. Sometimes in a pensive hour, when memory renews the past, a tear quivers in her eye—for it recalls the blighted hours of youth, and all the dreary scenes which thronged them. But if years of remorse, and many a tear of unobserved sorrow, may plead forgiveness at an eternal throne, for the indiscretion of trusting love, Eliza has, ere this, obtained it. A fondness of retirement, a disregard for the pomp and pleasures of the world, and a sincere disposition of piety, now distinguish her character. Calmly and humbly she anticipates the hour when life shall be no more, and her spirit fly to "where the wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest." Then, and then only, a balance will be weighed that cannot err, for Truth, in all her godlike majesty, will preside. Then only will an impartial Judge determine between the guilt of the betrayed, and the crime of the betrayer!

R. M——y.

London, Sept. 26, 1826.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

1.

We name him not---nor o'er his grave
Need cypress or the laurel wave;
Nor needs his name a marble tomb,
'Tis written in the time to come.

2.

We name him not---the tearful eye
Shall still attest his memory;
Our hearts shall be the hero's grave,
Our sighs the laurels o'er it wave.

Bath.

G. H. S.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

A POEM, BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

1826.

It is the cooling hour when flowrets breathe
 Their farewell fragrance ere their beauties wreath,
 Ere yet parade of hue and perfume close
 Their dewy splendour in the night's repose :---
 All still and voiceless is the darkling scene,
 As if a human footstep ne'er had been,
 Or Earth herself was worshipping alone,
 In moveless silence at th' Eternal's throne !
 A pensive calm is shedding round my heart,
 Condensing all its dreaming thoughts that start ;
 Sigh follows sigh, as chasing waves that roll,
 Exhaustless from their mighty fount---the soul :
 Oh ! let me then to deep-felt homage free,
 Its swelling worship waft, O God ! to thee.

Thou Uncreate ! Unseen, and Undefined,
 Framer of worlds, and man's immortal mind ;
 Pervading Essence ! whom no eye can trace,
 But sees thy mightiness in time and space ;
 One boundless, vast, and everlasting Sphere,
 For ever distant, and for ever near !
 Breathes there the man that can design the spot,
 Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not ?
 Since first the spreading heavens and cavern'd earth
 Primeval 'woke to their created birth,
 When in the void this rolling ball was swung,
 And mass on mass in rude succession hung,
 Thine Omnipresence brooded o'er the deep,
 While hushed its waters in their darkling sleep ;
 Swift, at thy fiat, streamed the living light,
 And darted through the murky womb of night ;
 The sightless substances, which erst had stood
 Unmoved amid the vast and whelming flood,
 Unshrouded then, their rugged grandeur frown'd
 Amid the nameless entities around !---
 Before the birth of worlds, thy Spirit staid,
 Till morning stars sang forth, Creation made !

In moonlight rambles by the breezy wood,
 Or awe-struck gazing at the foaming flood,
 On mountain heights, whose hoary brows of snow
 Nod o'er the sleeping vale of flowers below,
 By fringed bank of green, whose rippled stream
 Reflects its verdure on the water's gleam---
 Or lonely wanderer in some silent cave,
 Damp as the dews that chill the wormy grave ;
 Where'er my fancy guides, or footsteps move,
 I feel some high communion from above---
 An Omnipresence, with its deep control,
 Pervades, and lives, and acts upon the soul.
 There's not a flower that decks the breathing earth,
 There's not a breeze that fans its bloom to birth,
 There's not a change that vivifies the air,
 But Nature feels an Omnipresence there !

At eve, when Sol his ruby splendor shrouds
 Sublimely gorgeous on his nest of clouds,---
 Meeting our gaze like beauty on the cheek,
 When deepening blushes there the passion speak,---
 A mystic homage stills the pensive mind,
 To all its inward greatness then consign'd;
 The soul releas'd and free from fettering care,
 Wings, plumed with hope, to where thy glories are !

Though 'tis not time, nor change, nor fleeting hour,
 That shews thy presence, and proclaims thy power,
 But all that thought can reach, or eye can see,
 Obeys, exists, and is replete with Thee !
 Yet, oft on Earth thou dost proclaim thy range,
 In Nature's awful wrath, and Nature's change,
 Convulsing all our energies of sense,
 To bow them down before Omnipotence.

Oh ! still may I remain the wond'ring child
 Of Nature's majesty, sublime or wild ;
 Still love the cataract on beetling rock,
 The lightning's wizard beams, and thunder's shock ;
 The peering mountain's grand and frowning peak,
 Whence horrent storms descending vengeance wreak ;
 The snow-capp'd hills that by the shore preside,
 Their rills that dash them in the Ocean's tide---
 The loneliest, rudest, most appalling spot,
 Where God is seen, and powerless man forgot !

Entrancing 'tis to watch the tempest move
 Along the black and ferid skies above ;
 And, while the rain-drops fall in raging showers
 To cool the parched ground and with'ring bowers,
 Oh ! then to stand alone on rocky height,
 And gaze with solemn raptures at the sight,
 While pillowy clouds their bursting bosoms clash,
 Ere yet the jagged gleams of lightning flash---
 To mark the dark and deep opaque disclose
 The burning gleams that in its womb repose,
 And see their trailing splendor fall and rise
 In fiery chase along the ruffled skies---
 How swells the spirit, while the thunders roll,
 To feel some presence act from pole to pole !

Did ever yet a doubting Atheist stand,
 And watch the breakers boiling on the sand,
 And while all Nature tremble to his nod,
 Deny unmov'd her vast Creator, God !
 We hear him in the Ocean's echoing roar,
 That swells her liquid mountains to the shore,
 Cresting their glazed tops with surfy froth,
 Ere yet with hollow dash they burst their wrath
 And crush the infant waves beneath their base,
 Like baby smiles before a scorner's face---
 We hear him in the loud and whistling blast,
 And shake while rush the sounding whirlwinds past !

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Reviews.

Vindicia Ecclesie Anglicanæ. Letters to Charles Butler, Esq. comprising Essays on the Romish Religion, and vindicating the Book of the Church. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate. 1 vol. crown 8vo. pp. 526. Lond. Murray, 1826.

Among the questions at present publicly agitated, there is none of such deep and momentous importance as what is denominated "the Catholic Question," i. e. "Shall the Catholics be allowed a political power, and Protestants tamely await the downfall of their Church?" The interest will be increased by the further consideration of the present state of things; the vacillating principles of different sects; the absurd rage of party spirit; and the lurking jealousies of discontented and rebellious plotters against the state. We cannot, therefore, we are assured, employ the pages of our Review in a better way than treating on this subject; and however we may be branded by Oppositionists, as the prejudiced heralds of a tyrannical cause, we shall still maintain, that our opinion has for its basis an *in-bred, a solid, and unshaken belief of the justice and truth of what we attempt to advocate, and that no true friend to the peace and future tranquillity of his country, can think otherwise.*

Had our Reformer been told that in three centuries after his death, all the Popish mummeries, the impious deceptions and polluting tricks, of priestcraft, he released his followers from, would again be permitted to intrude themselves, and meet with partizans for the political power of their superstitious observers, could he believe it? How can we recal the bloody reign of Mary, and enumerate the burning stakes where so many Protestant Reformers were martyred, and not shudder at the *slightest* chance of a revival of those inhuman spectacles? For be it remembered, as Mr. Southey observes, "the Romish Church is *inherently*, incurably intolerant. Every Roman Catholic proclaims in his Creed, *that none can be loved out of the Romish Church*; and vows in that Creed, *that he will, by all means in his power*, bring those over whom he has any influence to believe in it. This is the religious and sworn duty of every Roman Catholic; and this principle it was, which rendered the Revolution of 1688 necessary for the preservation of our civil and religious liberty. By that event, our twofold Constitution, consisting of *Church and State*, as it now exists, was established and secured. It would therefore be a solecism in policy, were we to entrust those persons with

powers in the state, *who are bound in conscience to use it for subverting the Church*; for undoing the work of the Reformation and the Revolution; for bringing us again into spiritual bondage, and re-establishing that system of superstition, idolatry, and persecution, from which the sufferings of our martyrs, and the wisdom of our ancestors, by God's blessings, delivered us."

Catholic Emancipation may sound very well to enthusiasts, whose warmth of feeling neglects the foresight of prudence, and confounds the distinctions of sober sense, in the foolish zeal of advocating what they call the "cause of liberty." Catholic Emancipation is deep-laid; a *cunning*, insidious scheme for attaining a political power, and slowly to undermine the foundations of the state, and gradually introduce the Papal dominion, and all the impious train of excommunications, anathemas, &c. &c. pertaining to the Pope's supremacy. "I could have proved," says our author, "the disqualifications which the Government is called upon to remove, are not the cause of the disordered state of Ireland, and consequently that their removal could not effect their cure; that further concessions would produce further demands, as *all former concessions have done*; and that, if the desperate error were committed, of conceding what is now required, the agitators would pursue their *darling* scheme, of overthrowing the Irish Church, and separating the two countries, with renewed zeal and heightened hopes---and with far greater probability, not indeed of ultimate success, but of bringing upon Ireland the horrors of a civil and religious war!" These observations are eminently correct, and are worthy consideration, from the nature of their argument. The Catholics cry out against the injustice committed against them; the cruel denial of privileges; the shameful restraints they are under; and then finish by a statement of the reasonableness of their request:---they pay taxes, submit in every thing as British subjects to the government of the country, and yet they are allowed no representatives in Parliament! no hand in the administration of authoritative and executive power!---Our belief is, that under this smooth and plaintive application, there is smothered a flame of long-concealed revenge, which only waits an opportunity to burst forth, and scorch its victims.

"The Roman Catholic," said the Duke of York, in his glorious speech in the House of Lords, "will not allow the Church of England or Parliament to interfere with *his* Church,

and yet he requires you to allow him to interfere with your Church, and to legislate for it !” Such is the “*reasonableness*” of the Catholic’s demand ! and with all their superfine complaints, too, they cannot always contrive to restrain their hate. That blustering democrat, O’Connell, for instance, in his abusive speech spouted in an assembly of the Catholics in Ireland the other day, openly mentioned *his avowed hate and enmity against the greater part of English Protestant Ministers* ; and then, after lampooning the dignities of the Church with a scurrility as impudent as misapplied, concludes by saying, “We supplicate,—we do not rebel :” an odd way, we think, of supplicating, by acknowledging a rank detestation for those whose favors he would intreat. This speech (spoken at a meeting at Waterford) was certainly not altogether a very politic one ; and like most intemperate and unbounded roaring, betrayed and contradicted itself. Our Churches in one part he calls “large barns, with steeples growing out of them ;” then comes, “tacitless Eldon and *his gang*,” and lastly, “or proud and haughty parsons.” Mark the concluding strain--- “we rear not the pike, we raise not the spear---our eyesore lifted up in intreaty”---and thy tongue in slanderous abuse and indecorous personalities. Oh ! thou mock dissembler in a rotten cause, great anatomical “Counsellor for all Ireland !”

To form a just view of the Catholic Question, we should take a view of their religious principles, (for by their Creed they will operate in political transactions) and see if there be any thing in their religion but superstition, and the monkish remains of idolatrous artifices, palmed on the deluded people by the priestcraft of their teachers, and converted into a means of enriching themselves, the Pope, or the Church. There are none, we imagine, so little versed in ecclesiastical history, as to be unacquainted with the original circumstances of the Protestant Reformation ; we will, however, just revert to them. Leo X. has been justly applauded as the great patron of the literature of the fifteenth century ; but in the midst of his literary patronage, he practised the most shameful venalities in the disposal of offices ; and his unprincipled and tyrannical piece of injustice in aggrandizing his nephew Lorenzo, by depriving Rovere, Duke of Urbino, of his possessions, with the pretext of their having escheated to the church from the want of legitimate heirs, is enough to sully his reign. It was at this period, when Leo openly sold

dispensations and indulgences for the vilest crimes, that our great Reformer, Luther, arose, “and ventured to oppose the opinion of an individual to the infallible determinations of the Church*.” It then † “appeared that the denunciations of the Church were as ineffectual to condemn, as its absolutions were to exculpate ; and, instead of an intercourse between the man and his priest, an intercourse took place between his conscience and his God.” The grand system of the Romish Religion is to keep up the Pope’s supremacy, the clergy’s aggrandizement, and the people--- why they are made the dupes of the most abominable tricks and deceptions. To many it will appear impossible that the superstitions and mummeries observed and revered among the Roman Catholics, should not have disgusted, at the very onset, those poor creatures against whom they were plotted. Witness the follow-vile deceptions in relation to the “Relics of Saints.” “The Roman Church (says Boyle) not being able to deny that there have been false relics which operated miracles, to this reply, that the good intentions of those believers who have recourse to them, obtained from God this reward for their good faith--- God multiplied and miraculously reproduced them for the comfort of the faithful.” Stephens, in his “*Traité préparatif à l’Apologie pour Herodote*,” c. 39, says, “A monk of St. Anthony having been at Jerusalem, saw there several relics ; among them a bit of the finger of the Holy Ghost, as sound and entire as it had ever been ; the snout of the seraphim that appeared to St. Francis, one of the nails of the cherubim, one of the ribs of the *verbum caro factum* (the word made flesh), some rays of the star which appeared to the three kings in the east, a phial of St. Stephens’ sweat, when he was fighting against the devil.” We think this is a sufficient specimen of the devout relics of the Catholics. In pursuing our subject, we cannot do better than return to Mr. Southey, from whose thick volume we have taken some pains to collect.

Mr. Southey’s Vindication of his Book of the Church is, as the title makes known, a vindication of what he THERE SAID against the charges of Mr. Butler, where his reply accuses him of false statements, and omitting his authorities when they ought to have been produced to substantiate assertions. For our part, we rejoice that Mr. S. was thus charged ; as the consequence has been, the production of a work which, whether we consider it as an admirable and energetic development of

* Roscoe’s Lorenzo.

† In the book of religious sales, registered in the Court of France, in the year 1699, are the following items : absolution for apostacy, 80 livres ; for bigamy, 10,050 ; ditto, for homicide, 95 ; dispensation for a great irregularity, 50 ; dispensation for new vows of chastity, 15 !!!

the Romish superstitions, or as a piece of composition, is equally deserving of applause. Mr. Butler is made to look very silly, and rather unprincipled. Southey's refutations, dealt out as they are with the boldness of manly truth, and with the feelings of a right cause, will (if they do not silence Mr. Butler, and the whole "Roman Catholic Associations," that voted their thanks to these puny champions,) tell the world how much they are to be relied on for *fidelity of statement, for candour, and ingenious investigation*. May they have a nice warm winter pair of breeches from the Pope, like Mr. Duncombe! it is all they deserve.

In answer to Mr. Butler's expression, that he ought not to charge upon the Roman Catholics any doctrine which is not contained, or any practice for which a sanction is not found, in the Creed of Pius IV., the Council of Trent, the Catechism, or one of those works referred to as the acknowledged standard of an English Roman Catholic's belief; Southey replies, "Are we to be told that the Papal Church is not answerable for its acts and deeds, but only such words as it thinks proper, at this time, to acknowledge? That it is not answerable for the crusade it proclaimed against the Abbigeneses? For the Marian persecution? For the tragedy of St. Bartholomew's Day? For the inquisition? For the sufferings of the Vandots? For the Irish massacre? And for the dragonnades of Louis XVI.? Sir, it is to history that I look for what the Papal religion has manifested itself to be. *I find its character in its actions.*" It is of course the intent of the Roman Catholics, while they are suing for power, to cloak themselves in all that is mild, and peaceful, and tolerant; but let us once see them armed with a political influence, and then what will they appear in their real character? They abominate Protestants in their hearts; but are as yet too weak to wreak their vengeful hate, and therefore they assume a gentle, harmless whine to serve the ends of concealed malevolence; the truth of this deserves consideration.

"In speaking of the Papal system as a prodigious structure of imposture and wickedness, I stated in a few words what had been fully expressed by Burnet; 'Learn,' says that prelate, 'to view Popery in a true light, as a conspiracy to exalt the power of the clergy, even by subjecting the most sacred truths of religion to controversies for raising the authority, and by offering to the world another method of being saved, besides that prescribed in the gospel. Popery is a mass of impostures, supported by men who manage them with great advantage, and impale them

with inexplicable severities on those who dare call in question that they dictate to them.'" A little farther on, in answer to Mr. Butler's charge of indecorous argument, and the mention of Barrows' *Treatise of the Pope's supremacy*, as a model for the conduct of controversy, Barrow himself is very aptly and conveniently quoted. Southey appears no fumbler in his quotations. "The Pope and his chief adherents are the teachers and abettors of the highest violation of Divine commands, and most enormous sins; of usurpation, tyranny, imposture, perjury, rebellion, murder, rapine, and all the villainies complicated in the practical influence of their doctrine." The Roman Catholics are all accustomed to boast of their succession of miracles in their church, as a proof of its being the true one; but none will stand the test of free inquiry; they crumble into nothingness, when looked at with the researching eye of truth.

"The titular Bishop Milner may, perhaps, bravely profess his belief in his miracles; for one who has taken under his protection, not only St. Minifred, but St. Ursula, and the whole company of the eleven thousand Virgins, may be valiant enough to defend any thing. Base the money is, but it is the currency of the Romish Church; the perpetual succession of your boasted miracles is made up of such stories; they are not the weaknesses of your writers, they are the frauds of your teachers and your Saints. It was the system of that Church to encourage, to accredit, and to practice them. *It is so still.* Witness the pictures of the Virgin Mary at Rome, that moved their eyes and squinted! Witness the conversation of Joseph Labre! Witness the episcopal Knight of St. Minifred's Well! Witness Prince Hohenloe! Witness the blood of St. Januarius! Would the Neopolitan priests exhibit this experiment in the presence of Sir Humphrey Davy, and permit him to examine the phial and its contents? Sir, you are conscious that they dare not submit their miracle to any such investigation. You know, also, that this juggle is *annually performed with the full knowledge of your highest ecclesiastical authorities, not with their sufferance only, but their sanction*; with the full approbation of your infallible Church, and its infallible head; and knowing this, is it 'with a sigh or a smile, sir, that you charge me with calumny, when I charge that Church with carrying on a system of imposture, and wickedness!'"

It would be impossible for us to follow Mr. Southey through his whole exposure of the "Romish Miracles," to which Butler so boldly challenged reference; but he has most conspicuously, fairly, and skilfully, analyzed their preposterous superstitions, and shewed

them in their naked wantonness and venal intentions. St. Eusey, Thorithgild's Vision, Drithelm's Vision, the story of a Merician Chief, and other absurd legends, tales, and indecent impostures, are inspected and exposed. Suffice it then to remark, that they are demonstrated (undeniably so) to be the artifices of the Church for promoting its supremacy, and enslaving the blind homage of the people. A question may not improbably be put: Do not the present Roman Catholics reject these fantasies, and wicked superstitions? we only answer it by quoting the words of one of their own writers: Mr. Francis Plowden, in his case stated, asserts, "*If any one says, or pretends to insinuate, that modern Roman Catholics, who have been the late objects of the bounty of Parliament, differ in one iota from their ancestors, he either deceives himself, or wishes to deceive others!*" We heartily believe you, Mr. Plowden!!

Before we conclude this Article with Mr. Southey's "Recapitulation," we will present the reader with his exposure of the mystery of the Rosary—one of the deceptions among the Romanish *hyperdulia*, or *ultra-devotion* to the Virgin.—The Rosary was at the first introduced by St. Dominic, by the aid of miracles plotted for his purpose. It, however, ceased to be in use when, in the year 1460, the Virgin appeared to the Blessed Alain de la Roche, a Dominican Friar, belonging at that time to the congregation of Holland; she regarded him with a sweet and dove-like expression, and asked him if he were not aware that the form of devotion which the patriarchs and the brethren of this order had instituted and propagated, so greatly to her pleasure, and so profitably for Christendom, had fallen into neglect? By the *Ave Maria*, it was, she said, that this world had been renovated, Hell emptied, and Heaven replenished; and by the Rosary, which was composed of Ave Marias, it was that in these latter times the world must be reformed. She had chosen him as her dearest and most beloved servant, to proclaim this; and exhorted her brethren to proclaim it; and she promised to approve their preaching by miracles. With that, in proof of her favor, she hung round his neck a Rosary, the string whereof was composed of her own heavenly hair; and with a ring made of that same blessed hair, she espoused him, and she blessed him with her virgin lips, and she fed him at her holy bosom!!! I thank God, that long converse with monastic writers has neither blunted my sense of such impleties, nor abated my abhorrence for the system of such imposture and wickedness, which has been raised and supported by such

means. But those Protestants who will shudder while they read, (and many such I trust there are) will know how fitting, how needful, it is that those impieties and frauds should be exposed to the people of Great Britain and Ireland at this time!—Who will not concur with this?—however abhorrent to our readers some of the scenes we may have adduced here, we have, we conceive, done no more than our duty by the exposition. Exposition should always accompany condemnation, or the former may be adjudged improbable, and the latter unjust.

Recapitulation:—"I have shown (says Southey) that the Creed of Pope Pius IV. whereby, according to your own statement, Romanists of this and every other country are bound, comprehends an assent to all those intolerable principles which the Papal Church has proclaimed, whenever it had no motive for concealing them, and has acted upon wherever it had the power;" have shown in what the Papal laws concerning prohibited degrees began, and in what they ended; that while religion and morals were the pretext, the real object was first to obtain power of the Papal Church, and afterwards money.—I have put down the bootless boast of your speech makers, that England is indebted to the Romish Religion for Magna Charta; and shown, that Charta was pronounced null and void by the Pope, and maintained in spite of him. I have glanced at the history of the Popes in reference to the pretensions advanced for and by them; and as you had claimed our approbation for them on the score of their conduct towards the Jews, I have given a faithful summary of that conduct. Lastly, I have compared your statement of the Romish devotion to the Virgin, with what is taught in your books of popular instruction, and in the practice of your people: I have entered upon the history and mystery of the Rosary; touched upon the rise and progress of the Hyperdulia; and in so doing, have produced proofs of idolatry, superstition, and imposture against the Papal Church." We lay down this book, with the conviction of Mr. Southey's having done an essential service to the weal of his country, by summoning truth to combat against deception. No apology is necessary for the unusual length of this Review: a novel might have toyed with the reader's imagination; but we hope this statement of Papal facts will do something better than this—make him, like ourselves, ardently thank God that He raised up a Luther to reform; and ardently hope He will still continue to preserve us from the innovations, the bigotry, and wiles of the Pope, and his idolatrous religion!

Aphorisms, Opinions, and Reflections of the late Dr. Parr. 1 vol. royal 18mo. pp. 192. Lond. Andrews, 1826.

Dr. Samuel Parr was a man of Johnsonian mind, but the public and the world have to regret that his works are not of such general and permanent interest, as to give him lasting celebrity as an author. "He wasted," as was said of other persons by Dr. Johnson, "a barrel of gunpowder in squibs!"

He was born at Harrow Jan. 15, 1746-7. His father was, to use Dr. Parr's own words, "an apothecary and surgeon at Harrow, a man of very robust and vigorous intellect." His family for several generations had been determined Jacobites, and Mr. Parr, the father of the Doctor, advanced nearly his whole property (£800.) in aid of the Pretender. The son was therefore brought up a strict Tory; but his attachment to that political faction was very early shaken, as he himself had said, by the perusal of Rapin, which his father gave him to read. The violent ultra-Whiggism, for which he was afterwards so distinguished, seems to have been imbibed at Harrow School, to which he was sent at Easter, 1752. Here he was contemporary with Mr. Halsted, Sir W. Jones, and Dr. Bennett, the late Bishop of Cloyne; an account of their school games and exercises may be found in Lord Teignmouth's life of Sir W. Jones. Parr became head-boy at Harrow in 1761, when he was not quite fourteen; this early proficiency attracted great attention from Dr. Sumner, the head Master, who was always very much his friend.

When he was between nine and ten years of age, he lost his mother, of whom he always spoke with great affection. His father married again shortly afterwards.

Upon leaving Harrow School, his father wished to educate him for the medical profession, and "for two or three years," he says, "I attended to his business;" but the distinction he had already acquired, rendered him desirous of obtaining academical honors, and nothing would satisfy him but an University education. His wishes in this respect were opposed, principally by his step-mother, who being fearful of the expense, influenced his father to object to his being entered at College, except as a Sizar. Parr's independent spirit could not stoop to appear amongst his old Harrow friends in an inferior situation: he had borne himself amongst them with such pride as became the best scholar in the school—the richest and the noblest had felt honored by considering themselves his equals, and he refused to place himself in any situation in which they might look down upon him as their inferior. His

hope of College education was thus frustrated for a time; but the pride or the kindness of his father induced him shortly afterwards to advance a small sum of money; with which the young and ardent student immediately repaired to Cambridge—entered himself of Emanuel College, and placed his fund in the hands of his friend Bennett, who had reached Cambridge before him. How long he remained at Cambridge does not appear: his stock of money was soon exhausted, and with an aching heart he determined, rather than involve himself in debt, to quit the place in which his poverty would no longer permit him to reside. "I looked back," he says, "with mingled feelings of regret and humiliation to advantages of which I could no longer partake, and honors to which I could no longer aspire."

In 1767, Dr. Sumner, whom he styles "his beloved instructor, guide, and friend," invited him to Harrow School as his first assistant, and for four years he filled that situation with great credit. Dr. Sumner treated him with distinguished favor; after school bed-time, it is said that he and Parr were accustomed to give themselves up to literary and theological discussions—a practice which greatly contributed to the formation of those opinions, for a steadfast adherence to which Parr was afterwards distinguished. At Christmas, 1769, he was ordained to the Curacies of Wilsdon and Kingsbury, in Middlesex; which he resigned at Easter, 1770. In that year Dr. Sumner died, and Parr became candidate for the vacant Mastership of Harrow; and in expectation of success, was created, early in 1771, M. A. *per litteras regias*. The election fell upon Dr. Heath; upon which, Parr opened a school at Stanmore, and was immediately joined by forty-four of the Harrow boys. The conduct of his school rendered it necessary that he should marry; and he, in consequence, allied himself to Jane, daughter of Zechariah Massengale, Esq. of Carleton, in the County of York. The union was not happy—it was a match of convenience on both sides, and was as fortunate as such matches usually are, and perhaps deserve to be. Her bad temper, and the manner in which she ridiculed his peculiarities, drove him from home, and were perhaps the reasons why the world has received so little benefit from all his vast learning. Porson used to say, that "Parr would have been a great man, but for three things—his trade, his wife, and his politics!" Amongst the persons educated by him at Stanmore, were Headley, Beloe, Dr. Maltby, and several other very eminent men. His establishment, however, was not successful; the labour was most oppressive—the profits inconsiderable, and he therefore relinquished

it at the end of five years, and accepted the Head Mastership of Colchester School, whither many of his Stannore scholars followed him. In 1777, he was ordained priest to the Curacy of Trinity and the Highe in Colchester. In 1778, he obtained the Mastership of Norwich School, and held two Curacies in that city. In 1780, he was preferred to the Rectory of Asterby, in Lincolnshire, which he held until he removed, in 1783, to Hatton, in Warwickshire, the perpetual Curacy of which was presented to him by Lady Trafford, whose son he had educated. Previous to this, however, in the year 1781, he was admitted to the degree of L.L.D. at Cambridge. Upon his removal to Hatton, he gave up public tuition, but still employed himself in educating a few pupils, chiefly the sons of his friends. He continued to reside at Hatton during the remainder of his life, and declined many ecclesiastical preferments, which, had he accepted them, would have rendered his removal from that favorite place imperative. In 1783, Bishop Lowth collated him to the prebend of Wenlock Barns, in the Cathedral of St. Paul. In 1790, he exchanged the Curacy of Hatton, for the Rectory of Wadenhoe, in Northamptonshire; and in 1802, Sir Francis Burdett presented him to the Rectory of Graffham, in Huntingdonshire; but amidst all these changes, he continued to reside at his admired Hatton, and until a little while before his death performed the duties of the Church there.

In 1807, he was on the point of obtaining a Bishoprick: had the Whig party, of which he was throughout life a strenuous---we may say a violent, supporter, continued in power *a fortnight longer*, he would have been Bishop of Gloucester. Every thing was settled, even his family arrangements, when a sudden turn of Fortune's wheel removed the mitre from him for ever.

In 1810, his first wife died. He had three daughters: one died in infancy; the youngest died in 1805, unmarried, and was buried at Hatton; the oldest was married in 1797 to John, the eldest son of Colonel Wynne, of Planwydd, near Denbigh, and died at Hatton in 1810. Two daughters of this lady are now living; one of them is married to the Rev. John Lynes, of Elmley Lovett, in the County of Worcester, one of Dr. Parr's executors.

In 1816, Dr. Parr married his second wife, Mary, the sister of Mr. Eyre, of Coventry, who survives him.

Dr. Parr's last illness was protracted for about two months; but until within about a fortnight previous to his dissolution, his recovery was considered far from improbable. His death occurred on the 6th of March,

1825, having completed his seventy-eighth year on the 26th of January in that year. His remains were interred in the Church of Hatton.

Dr. Parr's name stands conspicuous for erudition, hospitality, and extraordinary powers of reasoning. His conversational talents have been rarely equalled, and perhaps never surpassed; but his ardent political feelings tinged his whole character, and interfered, as some people thought, with the performance of duties, and the propagation of peculiar opinions in matters which ought to be far---very far, removed from any temporary bias. Of his eccentricities, if such existed, we forbear to speak---those who knew him best, describe him as a worthy and excellent man. Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, portrayed him thus in a sermon, preached, "in obedience to his commands," at his funeral. "He was gifted by nature with a most powerful and capacious intellect, which he cultivated by early and diligent application. His memory was almost miraculous, and the stores which he could pour forth from it on every subject of literature, were perfectly inexhaustible. In abstruse and metaphysical inquiries, he had no superior. The quickness of his perception, led his mind to remote and occult causes, and their consequences; and the soundness of his judgment, enabled him to discriminate between truth and error, between hypothesis and fact. Deeply versed in the writings of the ancient philosophers, and especially in those of the Academic and Peripatetic schools, and ultimately conversant also with all the eminent writers on moral and metaphysical subjects in modern times, he could pierce into the most secret recesses of the human mind, and trace its passions and its habits, its virtues and its vices, to the very source from whence they spring.

"He combined in himself a rare and happy union of qualities that are seldom compatible with each other; quick perception and sound judgment, retentive memory and vivid imagination, unwearied assiduity and accurate research.

"Thus pre-eminent himself in learning, he was most liberal in communicating it, and in sowing the seeds and fostering the growth of it by his advice, by his interest, and very largely and frequently by his pecuniary assistance, to all scholars who stood in need of it; and especially to his brethren in the Church, and to young men of promising talents, whose means were inadequate to their support at the Universities.

"In politics, his ardent love of freedom, his hatred of oppression, and his invincible spirit, joined to the most disinterested and incorruptible integrity, and the most resolute independence, even in the days of poverty

and privation, made him always a prominent and conspicuous character."

The works of Dr. Parr consist chiefly of sermons and political publications, and the book named at the head of this article is, as it purports to be, a selection of "Aphorisms, Opinions, and Reflections," extracted from his printed works, by "E. B. H." There is prefixed a *very slight* "Sketch of his Life." Dr. Parr is a man whose talents and whose character deserve that the events of his life should be recorded by some pen, whose productions will endure---we have been given to understand that such will be the case---if written in a fair and liberal manner, there can be no question but that it will be successful.

The following extracts are fair specimens of the bold, vigorous, and manly style in which Dr. Parr wrote. The present selection, we are bound to say, has been made with judgment and propriety.

"*Benevolence.*---And thus we may ask, if the elements which give life and vigor to the moral world should be dissolved,---if the mother could forget the child that 'hanged from her breasts,'---if the friend 'with whom we took sweet counsel together' should forsake us when we are compelled to beg our daily bread: if they to whose succour we ran on the first sight of their distress, and poured 'wine and oil into their bleeding wounds,' should ponder ere they stretch forth their hands to rescue us from wretchedness, and pause, lest peradventure some other human being might be found a little more virtuous, and a little more miserable than ourselves: if the tears of the widow and the cries of the orphan should be disregarded till their conduct had passed the ordeal of some rigid principle, or it may be too, of some untoward prejudice, in those before whom they lie prostrate; if they who have trodden the same soil with ourselves, spoken the same language, followed the same customs, enjoyed the same rights, obeyed the same laws, bowed before the same altar, should be no more endeared to us than other men, whose kindness we have *never* experienced, whose faces we have never seen, whose voices we have never heard; if all these things were done under the pretence of some obligation, which stern, inflexible justice lays upon us, to be extreme in marking what is done amiss, and to weigh every action of man, every motive to act, every consequence of acting, in the balance which every individual must set up within his own bosom, for adjusting in every case the direct and efficacious means to promote the general good,---what would become of society, which parental affection, which friendship, which

gratitude, which compassion, which patriotism, do now uphold? how changed would be the scenes around us! how blunted the edge of all our finer affections! how scanty the sum of our happiness! how multiplied and embittered the sources of our woe!---*Spital Sermon, p. 2.*"

"*Education.*---The opportunities of training up the poor in the fear of the Lord, are very favorable. They are not entangled in that pernicious scepticism which explains away the evidences of Christianity, and the obligations of virtue. They are not deluded by that wanton and licentious sophistry which draws a lustre around profaneness from the plea of fashion, and which measures the right to be vicious by the impunity, which, amidst the blandishments of opulence, and the privileges of power, vice too often enjoys. Their minds are neither relaxed by luxury, nor pampered by pride. They do not affect a haughty and impious independence, upon the power or the bounty of Heaven. In the counsels of their own wisdom, or the strength of their own arm, they dare not confide. Pinched as they are by want, buffeted by affronts, or pining in sickness and in sorrow, they gladly flee for shelter to a Master who can protect, and to a friend who *will not* desert them. *THAT* Friend, and that Master, is the God whom we teach them to fear, to love, and obey.---*Discourse on Education, p. 39.*"

"*Patriotism.*---In regard to the greater part of mankind---to men who neither pant for extensive power, nor shine in public opinion, the love of our country may be traced up, not to the blind prejudices of education, not to the sordid desire of gain, not to the insatiable thirst of glory, not to a savage appetite for devastation; but to other and better motives:---to the remembrance of scenes where we have passed the delightful seasons of boyhood and of youth;---to sympathy with the complicated interests of parents, children, and kindred;---to joy for the safety, or for the prosperity, of those who have lightened our own sorrows, or promoted our own success;---to the pleasing recollection of the hours we have spent in learned or in cheerful society;---to respect for the laws by which our liberty, our prosperity, and our lives have been protected;---to reverence for that mode of religion which we believe to be most warranted by the law of God;---to the rapid communication of passion over related objects brought into a group;---to the mechanical and potent influence of numbers upon our imaginations; and to the facility with which they pass from ourselves and our countrymen, to a near, and even a remote, posterity.---*Spital Sermon, p. 59.*

DOMESTIC AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

His Majesty is about to visit Ramsgate, where a house has been taken for him on the East Cliff. Alas! poor Brighton! Some of the *soi-disant* wits have nick-named it "The Deserted Village."

A *dreadful* schism has arisen amongst the members of "The British and Foreign Bible Society." Many of the branch societies have separated from the parent stock, and the religious public is greatly agitated upon the subject. A meeting of the Society was held a few days since, at which a Mr. Williams was desirous of shewing the members how iniquitous the society had become. They refused to hear him, although he offered them half-a-crown for every minute they allowed him to speak. The charge against the society is, that they circulate the Apocrypha as well as the Bible. Might not Mr. Williams' plan of paying for the right of easing a troubled conscience, be adopted elsewhere to advantage? Suppose it were introduced into St. Stephen's: Hume, Brougham, &c. would be really useful men in that case; their long-winded orations would form a profitable branch of revenue, and by lessening the burthen of taxation, they would do some good at any event. We advise the Chancellor of the Exchequer to bear it in mind.

The two Patent Theatres have recommenced their career---Drury Lane on the 23rd of September, and Covent Garden on the 25th. There are several country performers engaged at Drury Lane, and the White Lady who has been so popular at Paris, is to be produced early in the season.---At Covent Garden we hear of nothing new.

Sir J. S. Copley has been created Master of the Rolls; and it is said will be made a Peer, in order to enable him to sit in the House of Lords upon Appeal Cases alternately with the Chancellor. Sir C. Wetherell, the Solicitor-General, is the new Attorney-General; and Mr. Tindal is considered likely to be Solicitor-General.

Parliament is to meet on the 12th of November. The only reason for its meeting so early, is to afford time to obtain an indemnity for Ministers for opening the ports; and to elect a Speaker, and go through the usual business of disputed returns, &c. which always occupy considerable time on the sitting of a new Parliament. The state of the country, we are happy to learn, is gradually improving, and does not furnish any reason for the early meeting of Parliament.

LITERARY.

L. E. L. is about to publish a poem to be called "The Golden Violet."

Archdeacon Coxe is in the press with a History of the Administration of the Right Honorable Henry Pelham, with Private Correspondence, from 1743 to 1754.

The Life of Buonaparte, by the Author of Waverley, which was announced some time ago in such a serio-comic manner, that the world was in doubt whether it was not altogether a hoax, is, we understand, in a fair way for publication. Some of those who pretend to be very much in the secret, say that it abounds in passages of surpassing eloquence. We hope so: the Author of Waverley must have degenerated, if he could not write eloquently upon such a subject.

Moore, the world says, is employed upon a Life of his friend Lord Byron. Without doubt, when complete, it will be a highly interesting publication: let us hope he will not keep the world so long in suspense as he did with his Life of Sheridan.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 22; at her residence in South Audley-street, the Marchioness de Palmella of a daughter. 24; Mrs. William Fox, of Russell-square, of a daughter. 25; Mrs. Lawrence Marshall, of Upper Clapton, of a son. 27; Mrs. Gowler Bridge, of Mecklenburgh-square, of a son. 31; at Thurlow Cottage, Wandsworth-road, Mrs. Joseph Blades of twins.

Sept. 1; Mrs. Frances Henry Echazal of a daughter. 4; at East Moulsey, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Ross of a son. 6; in Euston-place, Mrs. W. Abbot of a daughter. 7; at Clapton, the lady of Philip Cazenove of a daughter. 9; at Tooting, Mrs. Ford Barclay of a son. 11; at Upper Belmont-place, Vauxhall, Mrs. Thomas Sandys of a daughter; at Chelsea, the lady of the Rev. Peter Felix of a daughter; the lady of Henry Stafford Northcote, Esq. M.P. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 19; at St. Peter's, Tiverton, Samuel Amory, Esq. of Throckmorton-street, London, to Anne, second daughter of John Heathcoat, Esq. of Tiverton. 20; at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Mr. W. Meller, of Beaufort-terrace, King's-road, to Miss Hollins, of Great Pulteney-street; and Mr. J. Aveling, of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, to Miss Charlotte Meller, of

Panton-street, Haymarket. 21; at Yeovil, Major Milles, 14th Light Dragoons, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late William Hasbin, Esq. of Newton House. 23; at Stoke Damarel, Devonshire, the Rev. John Briggs, Chaplain of His Majesty's ship, "Windsor Castle," to Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. Joseph Potts, of Devonport. 24; at Marylebone Church, Joseph William Thrupp, of Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Thomas John Burgoyne, Esq. of Edward-street, Portman-square; at Heston, Ralph Allan Frogley, Esq. of Hounslow, to Mary Harriet Georgiana, only daughter of the Rev. John Neville Freeman, of Hayes, Middlesex. 26; at St. Luke's Church, Mr. L. Amy, of Antwerp, to Miss Henriette Kuerpenning, youngest daughter of Mr. E. Kuerpenning, of Windsor-terrace, City-road; at Antwerp, John J. de Hochepele Larpent, Esq. His Britannic Majesty's Consul, to Georgiana Frances, daughter of Frederick Reeves, Esq. of East Sheen, Surrey.

Sept. 1; at Allhallows, London-wall, Mr. James Smith, of Cooper's Hall, Basinghall-street, to Harriet Sophia, daughter of Mr. Richard Webb Jupp, of Carpenter's Hall, London-wall. 4; at Old Swinford Church, by the Rev. Henry Hickman, Thomas Price, jun., Esq. of Woburn-place, to Miss Anna Maria Hickman, of Old Swinford. 5; at St. Werburgh's, Derby, Ambrose Moore, Esq., of Milk-street, London, to Harriet, eldest daughter of Francis Fox, Esq., M.D., of Derby; at Welton, Yorkshire, Charles Lever, Esq. of Gray's-inn, to Rebecca, third daughter of the late James Lowthrop, Esq. of the former place. 9; at St. Saviour's, Southwark, William Lemon Dunlap, Esq., to Mary Ann Milligan, eldest daughter of George Guilt, Esq., of Southwark; at St. John's, Devizes, Mr. Joseph Whatley, Solicitor, Reading, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. Wm. Biggs, of Devizes. 12; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Lord Suffield, to Emily Harriet, youngest daughter of Evelyn Shirley, Esq. of Ealington-park, Warwickshire; at Marylebone Church, Colonel Latour, C.B. and Knight of the Guelphic Order, to Ann Cameron Barclay, eldest daughter of John Idnes, Esq. of Cowil, N. B. 15; Francis H. Ramage, M.D. of Ely-place, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Bell, Esq. of Chobham, Surrey. 19; at Stamington Church, Northumberland, Adam Burn, Esq. of Bath-terrace, Kennington, to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of the late George Hall, Esq. of Stamington Vale. 20; at Ewell, Surrey, Mr. J. Waghorn, of E. I. H., to Miss Slee, of Nenville, in Normandy.

DEATHS.

Aug. 15; at Staines, Peter Verbeke, Esq. late of Demerara, aged 58. 17; in his 72nd year, Mr. William Alder, of Esher. 18; Mary, wife of L. B. Hollinshead, Esq. of Stanwell, and Hollinshead Hall, Lancashire; John Lister, Esq. of Herne-hill. 20; Mr. Robert Duffield, of Duke-street, Portland-place, aged 63. 21; Elizabeth, relict of the late General Sir Thomas Blomefield, Bart. in the 81st year of her age. 22; at Tottenham, Mrs. E. D. Curtoys, in her 74th year. 28; Mr. John Lee Sprague, of Cecil-street, Strand, aged 62. 31; Lieut-Col. Archibald Ross, at East Moulsey; at Fletching, Spencer Maryon Wilson, Esq. aged 22.

Sept. 2; Mary Townes. 3; daughter of Mr. Samuel Turner, Haymarket. 4; at Claydon House, Bucks, General Sir Harry Calvert, Bart., G.C.B., and Lieutenant Governor of Chelsea College. At Dover, of an internal inflammation, Robert Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls, aged 47. His lordship was born at Exeter, and articled to an attorney there. His brother, a grocer in that town, defrayed the expense of his studying for the bar, and afterwards kept him there for several years, until his increasing talents and practice drew upon him the attention of the late Lord Ellenborough and Sir Vicary Gibbs. He successively rose through the offices of Solicitor and Attorney-general, and on the resignation of Sir Thomas Plumer, was appointed Master of the Rolls. He was also created a peer by the title of Baron Gifford, and appointed to sit in the House of Lords alternately with the Lord Chancellor for the purpose of hearing appeals. His lordship was esteemed an able lawyer, and in private life was an amiable man. 6; at Lee, in Kent, in her 83rd year, Mrs. Mary Ann Morland, relict of the late William Morland, Esq. of Pall Mall, M.P. for Taunton. 7; at the Palace, Lichfield, in his 76th year, Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart., D.C.L., formerly Governor of Madras. 8; William Franklin, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, at Hampstead. 10; aged 63, Mrs. Pearson, relict of the late John Pearson, Esq., of Golden-square. 12; Alicia, wife of Edward Amketell Jones, Esq., of St. John's Wood-road, Regent's Park. 13; Catharine, wife of John Stapleton, Esq., Thorpe Lee, Surrey, late Secretary to the Barrack Department; Mr. Samuel Robinson, of Fenchurch-street, in his 40th year. 15; in his 52nd year, Joseph Jones Reynolds, Esq., of Wood-street, Cheapside, and Folly House, Coventry. 18; at Eltham, Mrs. Harness, relict of Dr. Harness, late of Abbott's Langley. 19; in Gower-square, Dowager Lady Riggs Miller, widow Sir John Riggs Miller, Bart., and formerly Lady Davenport, relict of the late Sir Thomas Davenport, one of his Majesty's Sergeants at Law.

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